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THE *Atlantic*

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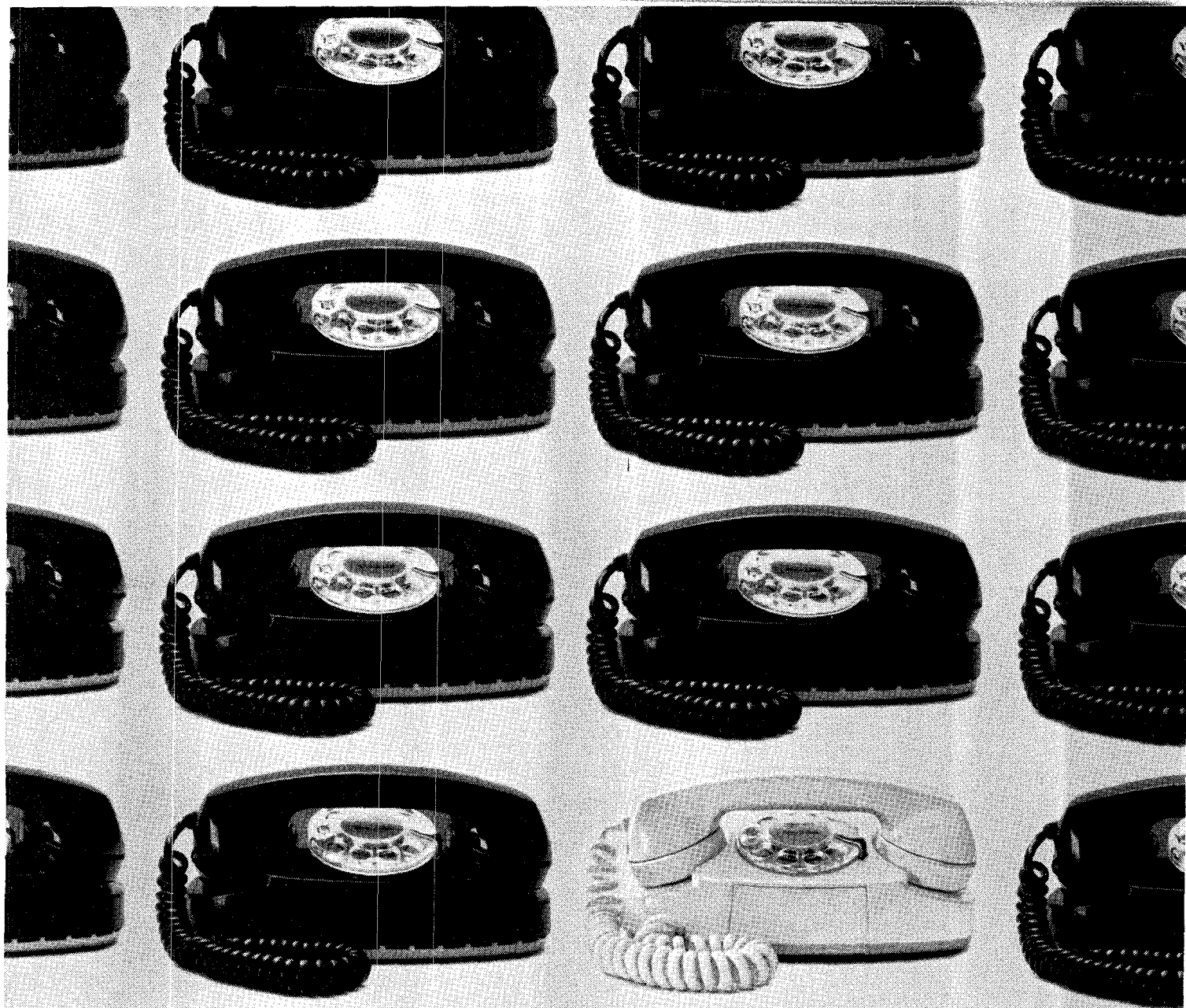


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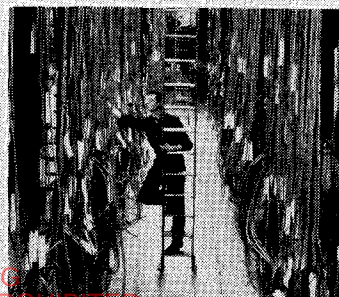
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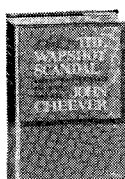
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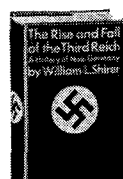
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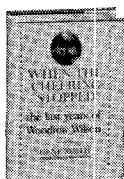
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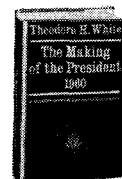
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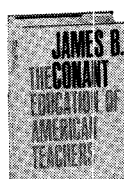
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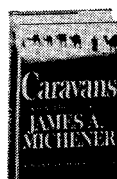
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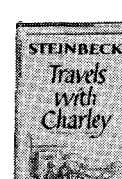
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

LONG recognized as a consummate politician, President Johnson nevertheless has surprised the majority of Washington observers by the skill with which he has included almost every major strand in the American heritage as he has attempted to gather an army of voters under his banner. Few Presidents have made more speeches in their first year than Johnson. His speeches have not often been distinguished for literary style or original ideas, but they have been distinguished for their restatement of the American dream.

His critics say that he is all things to all men, while his supporters picture him as the great conciliator and healer in American life. It can never be denied that he wishes to settle every argument and resolve every conflict so that the nation may unite behind him as the leader of what he likes to call "the great society." One Washington wag has said Mr. Johnson is above politics and has no interest in partisanship: he just wants everyone to vote Democratic.

Cynics claim that it is the President's ambition to win more votes in November than any politician ever did before. That ambition helps explain the President's enormous sensitivity to criticism. It also explains why he likes to speak in broad generalities and to sound a harmonious and optimistic note about the nation and its problems. But the cynics miss an essential point. Johnson is a Texan who for many years suffered in the knowledge that geography stood in the way of his becoming President. He also suffered from the charge that he was at heart a segregationist. An inner compulsion makes him strive endlessly to remove all doubts on both scores.

The President's philosophy

Two substantial themes echo in the President's speeches as he carries his message around the

country. They are that the nation must be united, avoiding clashes over race, region, or class, and that an industrial-urban society engaged in a cold war cannot act as a predominantly rural society did in the nineteenth century. Those are basic elements in Mr. Johnson's thinking. He is fond of pointing out that a century ago 80 percent of the American people lived on farms while today 70 percent live in urban areas.

To meet the needs of the people, the federal government must contribute to a solution of the manifold problems of modern urban life — housing, education, welfare, mass transportation, health, and civil rights — and it must promote policies that stimulate a healthy economy. The President makes his points in language that can be easily understood. "The idea that we are fifty separate countries, that the federal government, representing the destiny of 190 million people, does not have a duty to meet the needs of the people — this idea is as out of date as the dinosaur," he says.

In almost every speech since he became President, Mr. Johnson has emphasized the importance he attaches to equality of opportunity for all citizens. "We must now work to show the American people that our test of greatness will come not from open conflicts between fellow citizens," he argues, "but from facing the forces of poverty and racial injustice, not from ambitions of our neighbors but from the abundance we must use to enrich the life of our nation."

Russia comes to the aid of India

When the Indian government announced earlier this year that the Soviet Union had agreed to build the controversial Bokaro steel mill northwest of Calcutta, Washington was at first stunned. Now, on second thought, officials who have

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Report on Washington



studied the problem think that while the damage to the United States will not be comparable with that which followed the cancellation of funds for the Aswan Dam, the loss is nevertheless substantial. Not only has the United States been hurt in the eyes of the underdeveloped world, but American business has lost orders that might have flowed from the Bokaro development. And Moscow has another claim on the sympathy of the Indian government and people.

The Bokaro development was to have been a showpiece of American aid. It was to have been tangible evidence that the United States would not follow a narrow dogmatic attitude in its approach to a mixed society. Russia, Britain, and West Germany previously had helped India build publicly owned mills. The Kennedy Administration agreed that the United States should not refuse India's request to help build the largest steel complex in the country.

But last summer Congress vetoed the plan, proving again that Congress does make foreign policy. Congress was in full agreement with an earlier report on foreign aid by the Clay Committee which argued that the United States should not assist a foreign government "in projects establishing government-owned industrial and commercial enterprises which compete with existing private endeavors." After Congress adopted an amendment by Republican Representative William S. Broomfield of Michigan aimed at the Bokaro project, the late Prime Minister Nehru withdrew India's request for assistance.

This spring, when the agreement was reached with Russia, L. A. Korobin, the Soviet Embassy counselor in New Delhi, chortled, "It took us three weeks to agree to give you what America took three years to refuse." More than a year ago, President Kennedy told a news conference that India needed the steel and that it would be "a great mistake" to refuse aid for the Bokaro project. Congress was on a rampage against foreign aid at that time. Despite the Kennedy appeal, Congress approved the Broomfield amendment. The congressman is still convinced that he was right. "The main issue is private enterprise versus state socialism," Broomfield said after the Moscow agreement was announced.

If Moscow will provide the assistance without strings attached, as it apparently did in the earlier Soviet-built mill at Bhilai, India, no great damage to Indian freedom and democracy may be suffered. But because of its decision, Moscow is in a stronger position to capitalize on the ill will that was left by America's failure to do what the late President said we should do. Left-wing Indian officials will be more convincing in the future when they tell their followers that India should not depend upon American help but should look increasingly to the Soviet Union. Soviet propagandists in other underdeveloped lands will make the same argument, using Bokaro as an example. The pragmatic new government in New Delhi, strongly anti-Chinese though it may be, cannot help but be more attentive to advice from Moscow than it was before the Bokaro incident.

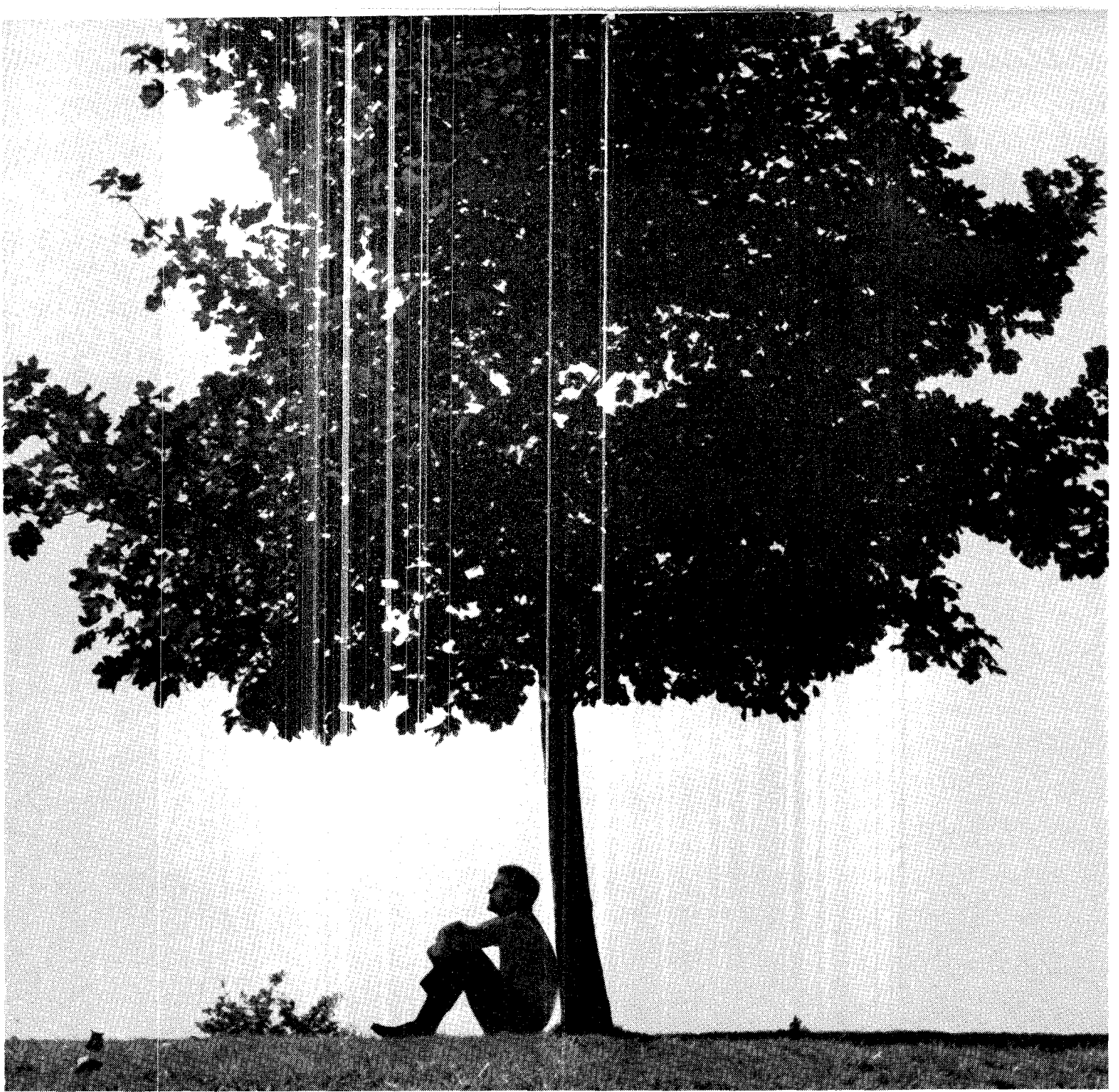
Where appropriations are concerned, Congress obviously has a right and a duty to participate in foreign policy decisions. But it often confuses domestic and foreign political interests, as it did when it adopted the Broomfield amendment. It is easy to campaign in Michigan against spending money for a socialist project overseas. But we have socialism at home in a variety of ways that are taken for granted. Until we abandon some of our clichés, our help to underdeveloped countries can never be as successful as it should be.

Goldwater's views

For a full understanding of the mind of Barry Goldwater two visits are helpful. One visit is with Goldwater to his ancestral home in Prescott, Arizona. There one sees an isolated community that is blessed with abundant land. Its people have an almost unlimited opportunity to live a quiet and unobstructed existence. Men with revolvers on their hips or rifles in their hands are a common sight. Life is simple and in many ways appealing. There are easy answers to everyday questions. Washington is thousands of miles away. Vietnam is a tiny blob on a map. There are fewer than a hundred Negroes in the community.

As Goldwater walks the streets of Prescott greeting old friends and being applauded by them for his unflinching attacks on Communists and bureaucrats, it is not hard to understand the origin of his simplistic view of the world. Proud and independent people, satisfied with their ways and devoted to their freedom, they want to be left alone. They expect their government to strive for the peace and freedom which they want. But they are so completely self-contained in their own lives that they wonder how much government is really necessary.

A second visit that is worthwhile is to a rally of the Youth for Goldwater organization. There



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Report on Washington

was one in San Francisco two days before the Arizona senator won the Republican presidential nomination at the Cow Palace. Some 3000 persons of all ages crowded into the Masonic Auditorium to pledge their allegiance to the man who now has taken over the party of Lincoln. Young Michael Goldwater, recently out of college, spoke first and, in a sense, provided the keynote of the Goldwater appeal. Michael told how his father had repeatedly instructed his children to "be wary of any man who tries to take our land away from us or our God away from us."

Michael's statement evoked ear-splitting applause. Many Goldwater fans are convinced that there is a vast conspiracy at work to rob them of their land and of their right to worship God. That is why his campaign has become to them a moral and religious crusade.

When the senator told the crowd that there is no peace in the world because of "weakness and cowardice" in Washington, the crowd roared. If only there were no cowardice in dealing with the Communists, most of our problems would disappear.

Turning to domestic issues, Goldwater said that although the Democrats had been in office for four years, they have solved none of the nation's problems because they have followed "the phony, dangerous, stupid ideas of the New Frontier." He then turned to two themes that are basic to the Goldwater appeal: patriotism and religion, which he developed as if to say that his political opponents were deficient in both. Certainly the audience in their frenzied reaction to the senator made it clear how they felt.

It was in fervid dedication that the Goldwaterites went about their work in San Francisco. Many of the delegates were disturbed by the issues of presidential control of nuclear weapons, extremism, and civil rights. But there was almost no communication and certainly no debate. The moderates could not make themselves heard, and the columnists, editorialists, and pollsters

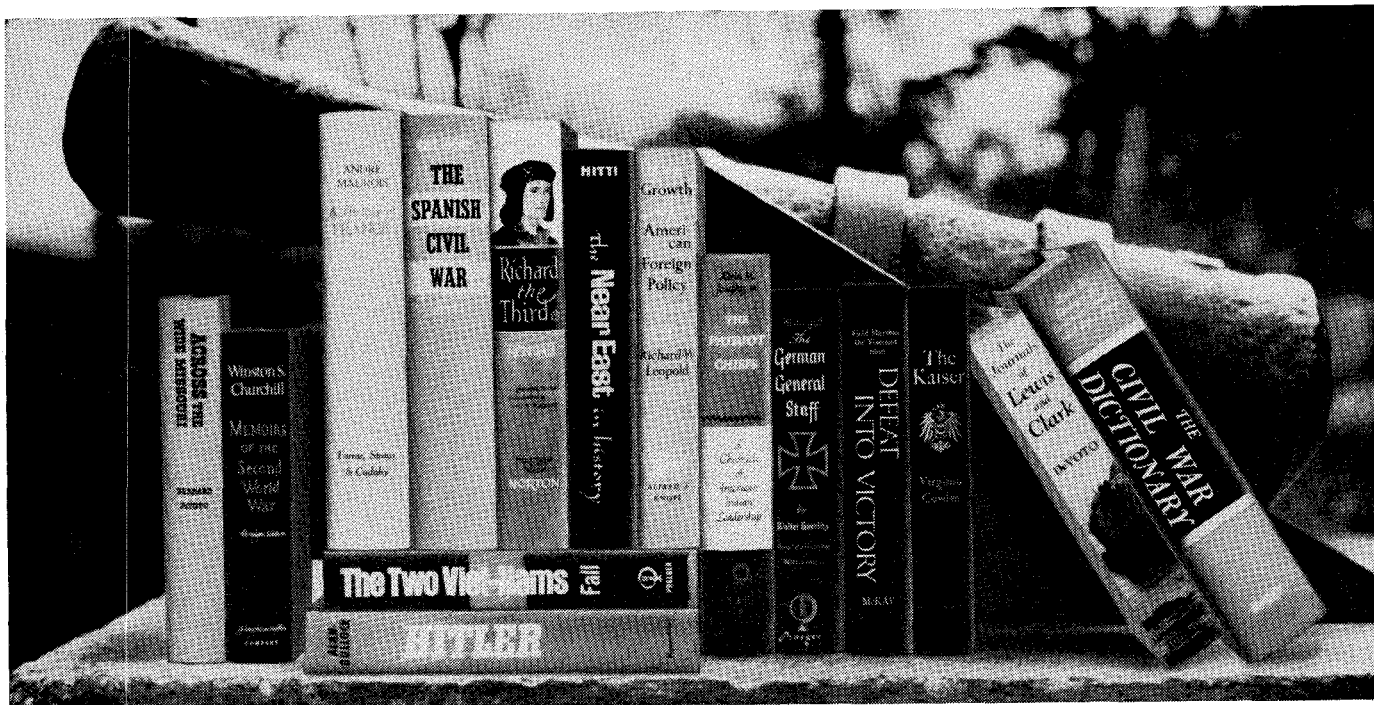
were dismissed as paid lackeys of the Eastern establishment.

Like Goldwater, the majority of the delegates were weary of high taxes, against spending money on foreigners, frightened by the Negro demand for equality, tired of struggling with difficult allies, and terribly upset over the long and seemingly unending cold war. Goldwater not only symbolized their frustration; he also had a quick and ready answer to every problem. Turn the job over to the military, and let them solve the problem in Southeast Asia. Ignore the civil rights revolt by leaving its solution to the states. End the cold war by winning it in some vague new power play. Strengthen NATO, but otherwise disregard timid allies by going ahead and destroying Castro, tearing down the Berlin Wall, and giving the NATO commander authority to use tactical nuclear weapons.

When Goldwater spoke in those terms he was speaking from the heart and saying what his followers wanted him to say. Nothing could be more mistaken than to question his sincerity or honesty. He has believed these things all his life. They are part of his very being.

They explain his rebellion against the problems of modern life. Instead of having President Johnson's ambition to meet the issues of an industrial and urban society, Goldwater rebels against them and tries to play them down. He expresses the negative influences that characterized American politics in the dozen years before the Civil War. He is a throwback not to conservative Republican principles but to pre-Republican principles embodied in Whiggery at its weakest.

In addition, the senator's incredible defense of extremism discloses a radicalism which often has been known in a minor politician but which never before has been the avowed doctrine of a major presidential candidate. When this radicalism is coupled with his eccentric and impulsive foreign policy it causes nearly all of America's friends to run for cover. There are in Washington today many responsible men in both parties who are more deeply disturbed than ever before in their lives by the implications of Goldwater's nomination and campaign.



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RHODESIA, a landlocked territory in South-Central Africa with a population of four and one half million, of whom 200,000 are of European origin, is jammed between the Zambesi and the Limpopo rivers. White-ruled, nonsovereign but self-governing in internal affairs for forty years, it is the borderland between white nationalism in the republic of South Africa and black nationalism in the republic of Zambia.

Britain is internationally answerable for Rhodesia in the eyes of the world, but the self-governing colonists have frequently warned Whitehall that they would emulate the Boston Tea Party if the British Parliament dared to exercise its residual sovereignty.

For ten years, from September 3, 1953, to December 31, 1963, Rhodesia, Zambia, and the state of Malawi, which became independent on July 6, 1964, were linked together in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. To a constitutional lawyer the federation was a monstrosity. The federal government itself was nonsovereign, since it was not fully independent of Britain and it shared power with three territorial governments of radically unequal status, Southern Rhodesia being self-governing and Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) and Nyasaland (Malawi) being protectorates whose constitutions and policies could be changed at will by the Colonial Office. The division of powers was based on race rather than on function, while the preamble to the federal constitution said that the object of the whole operation was to promote racial partnership.

Federation: a package deal

The federation appears to have been a package deal intended to harmonize conveniently a great many separate interests and policy objectives. The first two of these objectives were identified with the white Southern Rhodesians, led by Lord Malvern, the longtime Prime Minister: to emphasize the distinction between Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, which had come some years before under a nationalist regime suspected of aiming at breaking the link with the British Crown

and subordinating British to Afrikaner culture; and to tie Southern Rhodesia's economy, hitherto controlled by South African interests, to that of Northern Rhodesia, formerly a poor cousin but now booming because of copper. Rhodesians were to be taught that the Zambesi was an easier river to cross than the Limpopo; Southern tobacco and Northern copper were, between them, to provide a more diversified economic base than either could separately; the Zambesi, no longer a frontier, could be dammed dramatically; and overseas capital would be attracted to a large market, politically stable because white-ruled on British lines.

A third objective, the policy of the Northern Rhodesian whites, led by Sir Roy Welensky, was to prevent their protectorate, whose small white population was largely concentrated in a string of mining towns just across the frontier from Congolese Katanga, from becoming "another Gold Coast." By the early 1950s the Gold Coast was well on the way to its present status as the African republic of Ghana. To head off what eleven years later has now come to pass — the African republic of Zambia — Welensky was willing to share Northern Rhodesia's wealth with Southern Rhodesia's bigger, constitutionally better-entrenched white population and, if necessary, with the impoverished protectorate of Nyasaland.

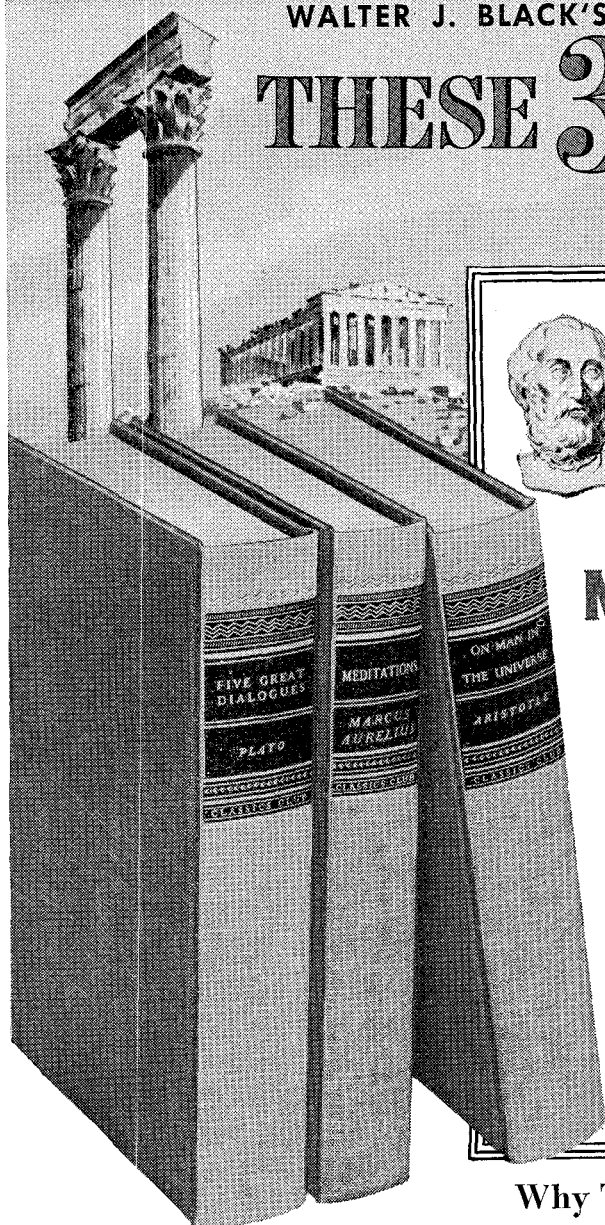
Two other objectives were typically British. When Southern Rhodesia had been recognized as self-governing in 1923, nobody thought it peculiar to treat it as a white colony in the same category as Australia and New Zealand. The only doubt had been whether a viable economy could be created by such a small colony. But ideas in Britain changed in the thirty years of Southern Rhodesia's self-government. How could independence then be granted to a minority white government?

Southern Rhodesia in 1953 lived, though it did not preach, apartheid. No Africans lived in Salisbury, the capital of their country. Racial segregation and discrimination were almost total: strictly speaking, Africans were not allowed to

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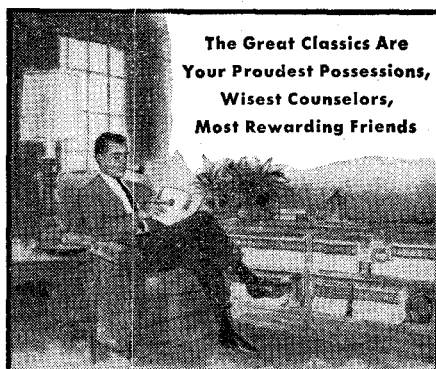
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Report on Rhodesia

“use” any facility in Salisbury or in any area, urban or rural, designated under the Land Apportionment Act as European. Half the land in the country was reserved for Europeans; the other half consisted either of reservations for the 94 percent majority or of Crown Land, which could under some circumstances be made available for African use.

The status of a self-governing colony was commonly assumed to be a one-way valve: once anything had been granted in the direction of independence it was impossible to take it back. Therefore, Southern Rhodesia's internal system could be reformed only by indirection.

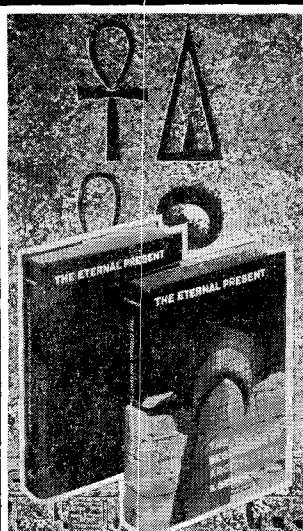
Lord Malvern, a subtle and persuasive politician of the old-fashioned paternalistic kind, persuaded Britain that this could best be accomplished by inducing the white Southerners to surrender voluntarily some of their internal autonomy and their expectations of early independence for the greater gain of economic union with the North. Moreover, it was argued that association with the more liberal atmosphere of the Colonial Office's protectorates would undermine the practice of white supremacy in the South. This would all be part of the process of moving Southern Rhodesia out of the South African orbit.

The final British policy objective, in line with the Colonial Office's standard practice of shifting the burden of carrying a poor colonial territory from the shoulders of the British Exchequer to those of a richer neighboring colony, was to tie Nyasaland into the federation.

Behind these mixed objectives a broader British political strategy could be discerned. In the British Central African salient, pushing down past the Belgian Congo from British East Africa, with Portuguese territory to the east and west and South Africa to the south and southwest, a new Anglo-African nation was to be born, color-blind, African in its destiny, British in its culture, industrial capacity, and democratic ideals. Sometimes this ideal was expressed as a “partnership” between

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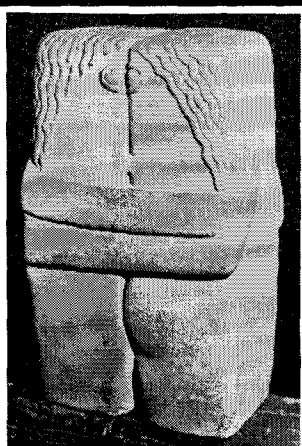
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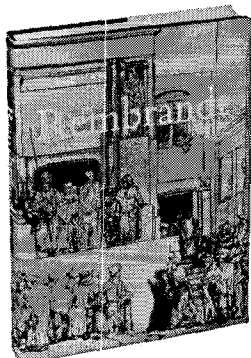
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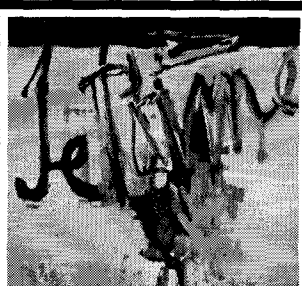
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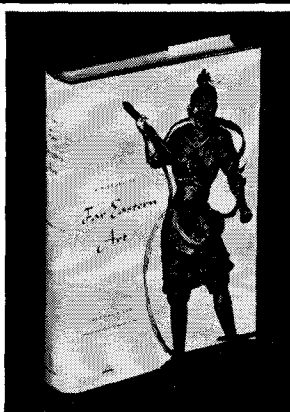
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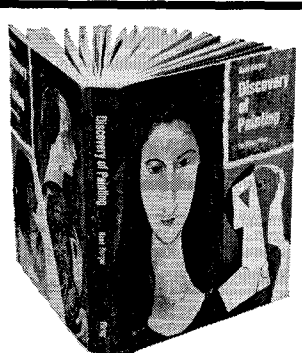
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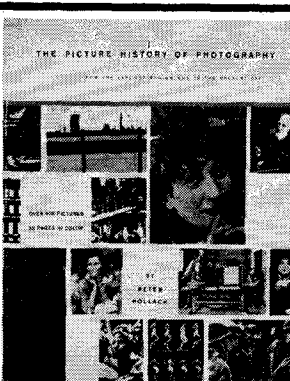
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Report on Rhodesia

two races whose difference would presumably still be clear, sometimes as the making of "one Rhodesian race." The larger hope was that if this experiment were a sensational success, it would act as a magnet to draw South Africa away from apartheid by demonstrating across the Limpopo that separate development and black domination were not the only available options.

Failure of the grand design

The Africans of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia were opposed to federation from the outset. There was but one chance for the whole scheme to come to something: that the position of the Africans in Southern Rhodesia, socially, economically, and politically, should be so drastically improved as the result of the association of the self-governing colony with the North that their leaders would beg their Northern colleagues to give the grand strategy a chance of working out. The white leaders of Salisbury, men of some competence but little imagination,

failed this test. The grand design, never fully explained or formulated, simply petered out in acrimony and mutual reproach. Left in the ruins was the self-governing colony of Rhodesia, still white-ruled, now actively demanding independence.

One remarkable feature of the ten-year experiment was that Rhodesia is not now a wholly segregated state. It has been contaminated by Northern liberalism, and it is significantly different in tone and daily practice from South African apartheid. The main hotels, movie theaters, park benches, and most, though not all, public facilities are desegregated.

Far too late to save the federation a serious effort was made by Sir Edgar Whitehead, toward the end of his term as Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, to turn his political party into a genuinely multi-racial team. The territorial constitution was changed as part of a maneuver which was represented to the white electorate as being a necessary price to pay to obtain virtual independence from Britain.

The electorate ratified the new constitution by referendum, which was a remarkable thing in itself since it committed white Rhodesians to eventual rule by a black parliament. If this had been done in 1953, it might have given the federation a chance; by 1962, when it was done, the federation was as good as dead.

More African representation

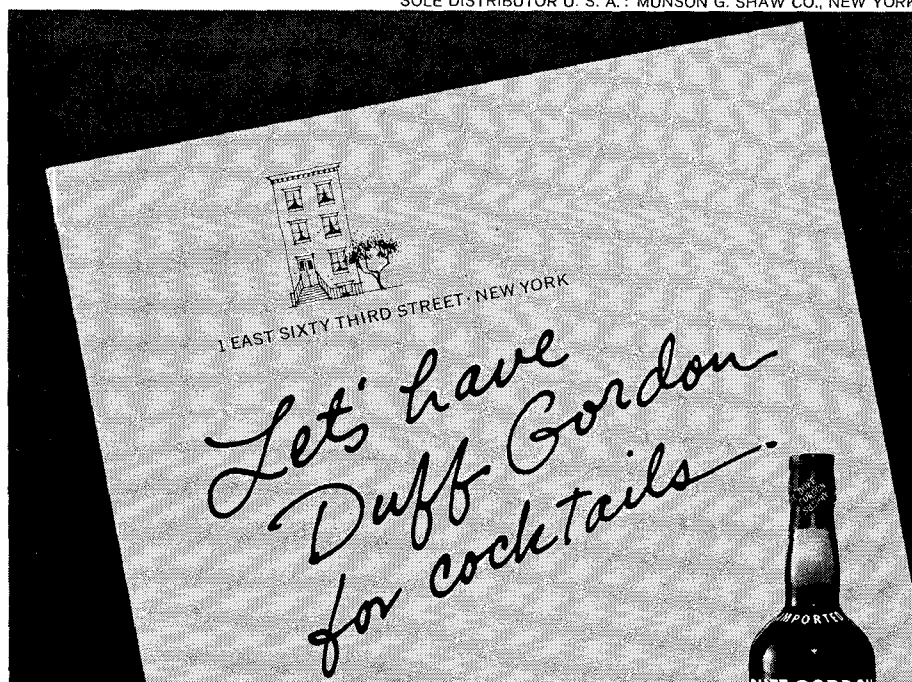
Under the old constitution there were no African MPs in the Southern Rhodesian territorial legislature and scarcely any qualified African voters. Under the new constitution, although racial categories were not stipulated, Africans were given the chance of electing fifteen out of sixty-five members of the unicameral legislature and of influencing, by a weighted voting system, the choice of rival white candidates for the fifty remaining seats.

Sir Edgar Whitehead's existing parliamentary opposition came from the right, from white Rhodesians who argued that he was selling out white supremacy. Having concluded that so long as he had to compete for an almost exclusively white electorate he would never be able to make enough liberal concessions to win African support, Whitehead had deliberately set up a model which would require his party to bid for African votes in order to win.

Moreover, the likely racial proportions of the first parliament would change later since the higher voter qualifications for the fifty seats were expressed in terms of education and income. The requisite income for a man who had not completed high school would for a long time be a hurdle few Africans would clear; but a rapid and sustained increase in African secondary education would, it was calculated, bring about a majority African electorate for the whole parliament in a period of fifteen to thirty years.

Whitehead was able to push through several liberal measures — including the partial dismantling of the color bar — carried into effect the new constitution, which includes a bill of rights enforceable by the courts, and made a major bid for the African vote in the coming election, promising that the Land Apportionment Act, the foundation of

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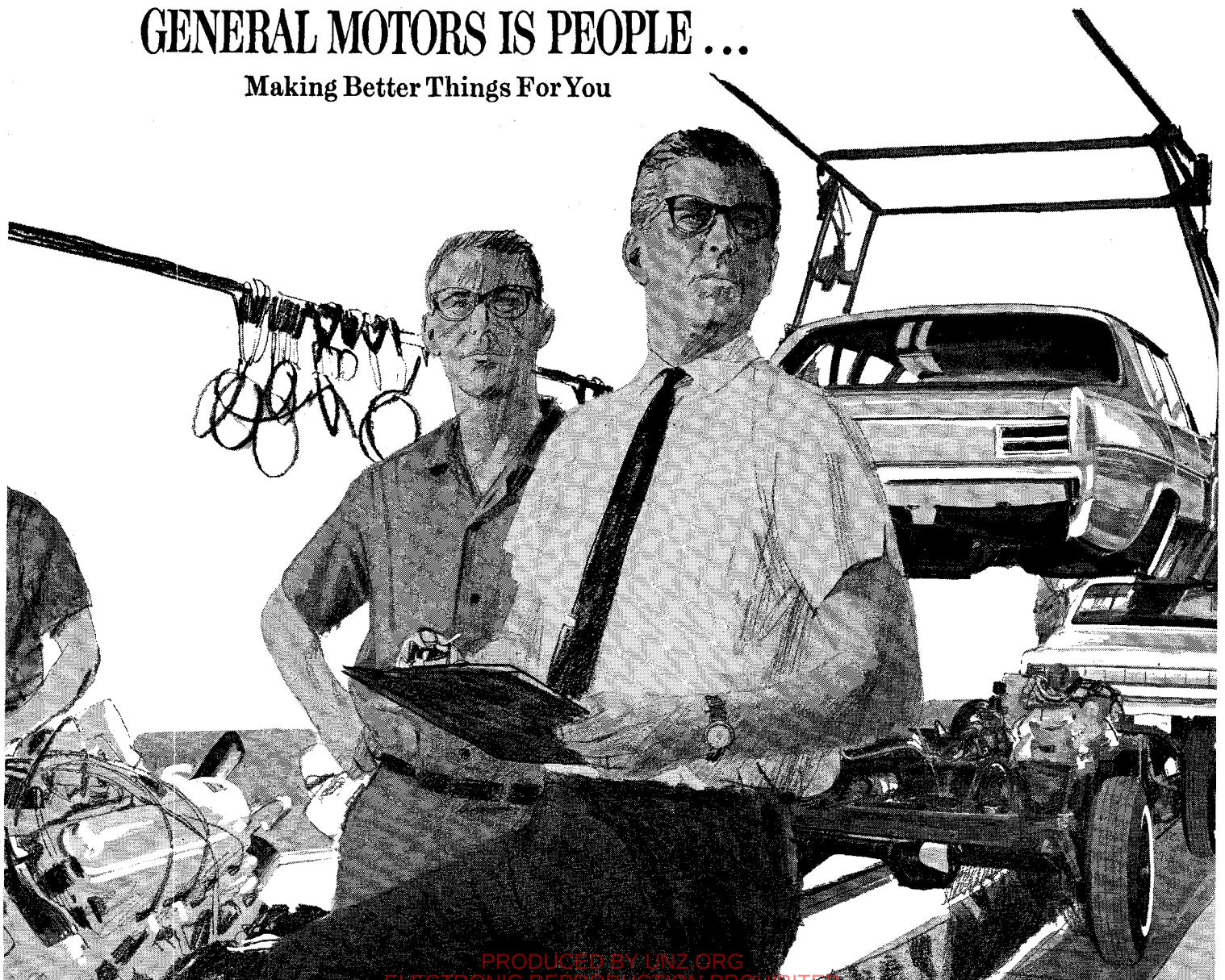
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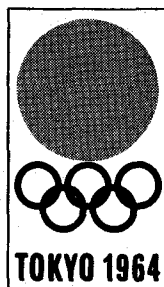
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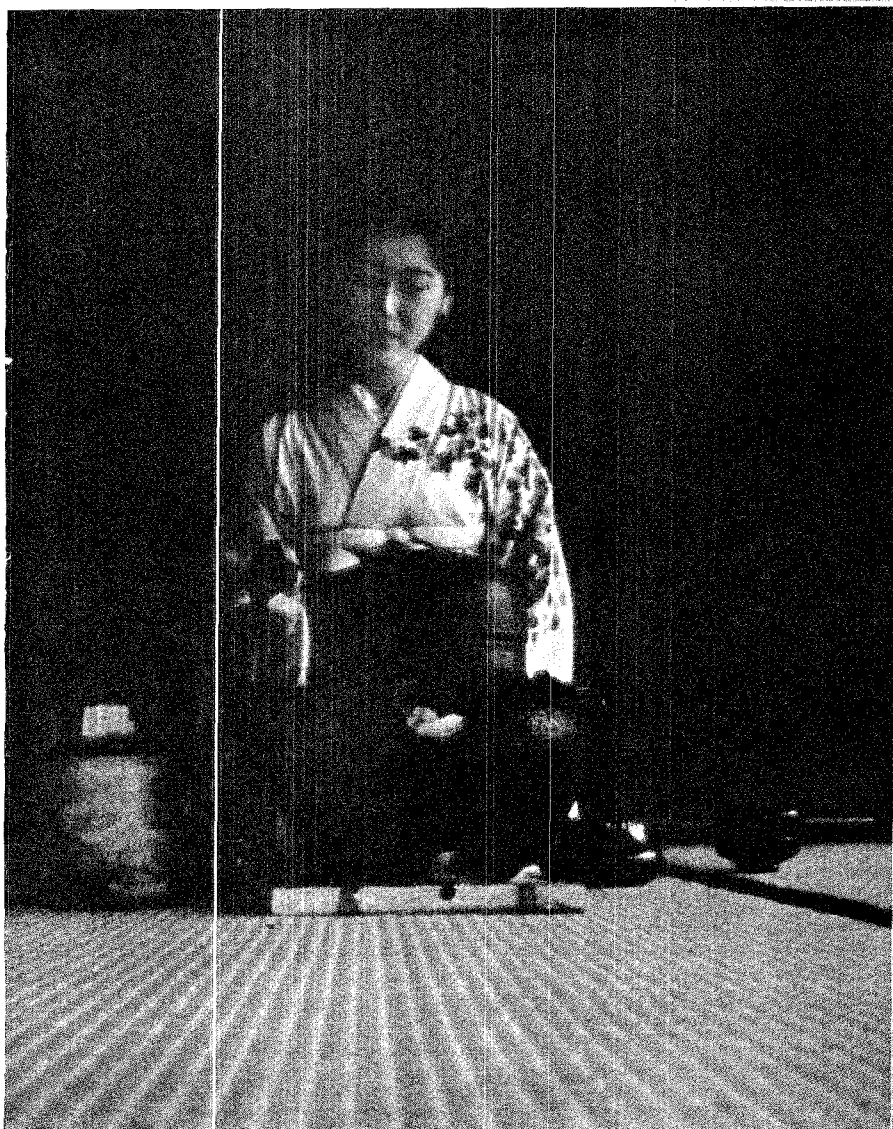
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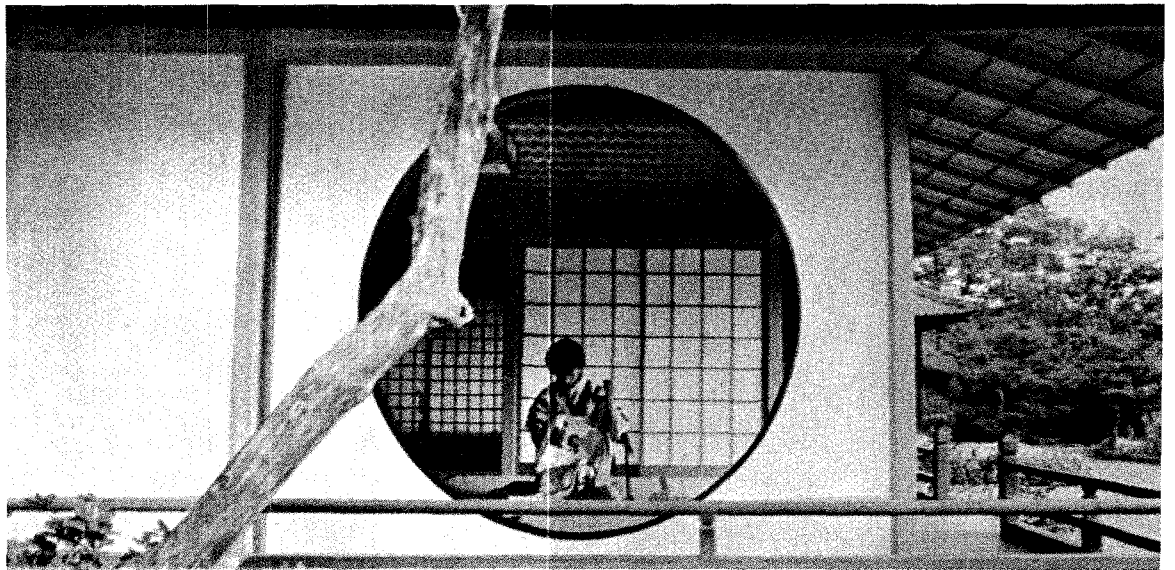
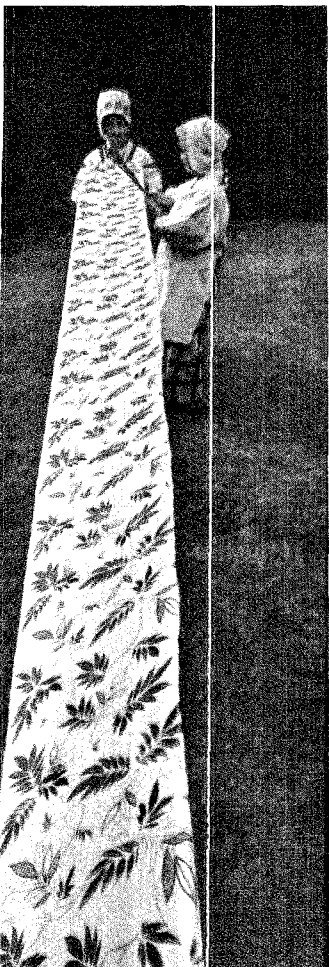
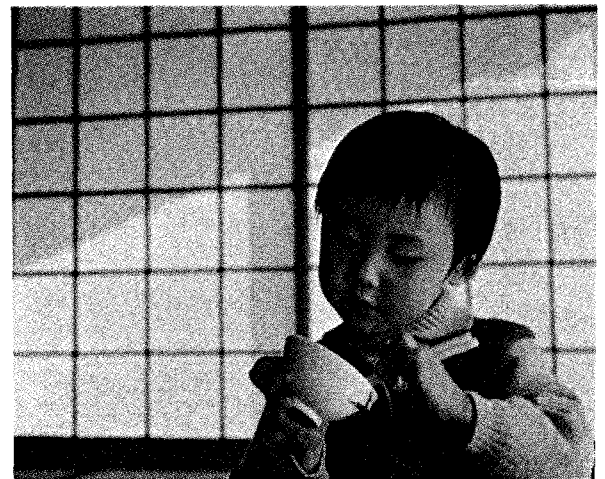


JAPAN AIR LINES
California/Hawaii to all the Orient and on to Europe

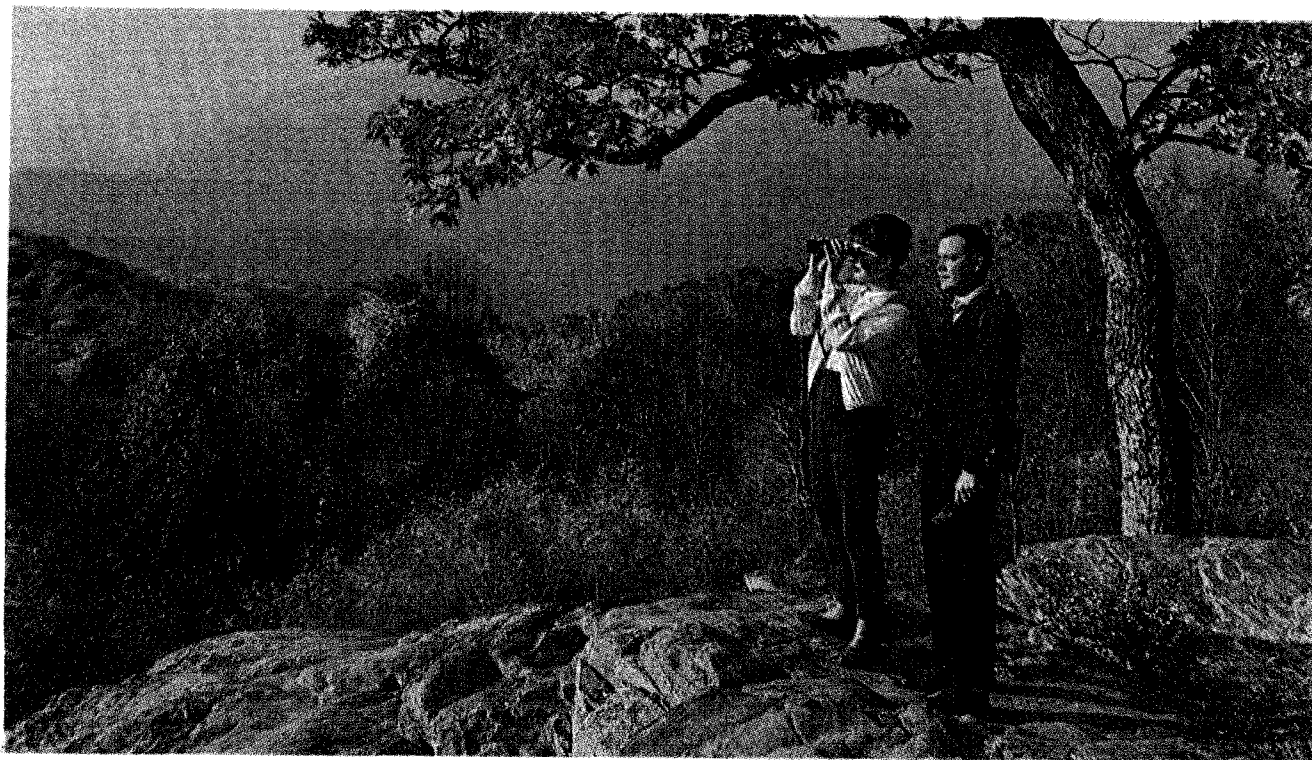




JAL hostess Tamae Nagashima practices the tea ceremony (left). This classic discipline reveals the pleasure and serenity derived from an act of hospitality performed perfectly... Lessons in manners begin early (below). By her fourth birthday every Japanese young lady is gracefully adept with hashi chopsticks. Your JAL hostess can teach you how to use hashi as she serves you Japanese delicacies.



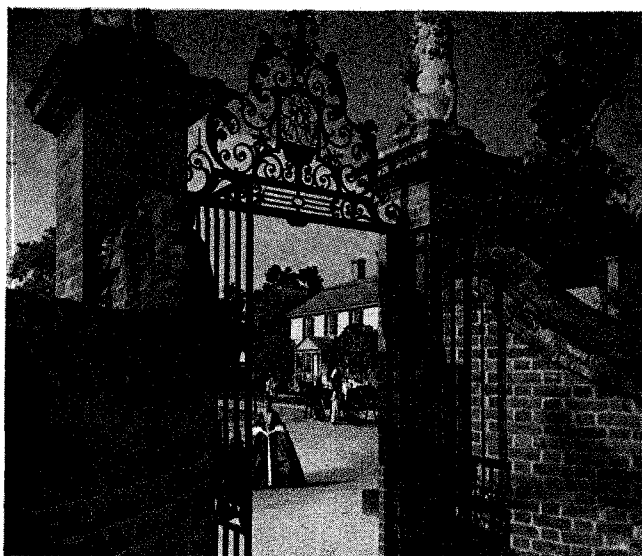
To clean a kimono, Tamae unstitches it completely (left). She launders and dries the silken fabric, then sews it together into the original garment (above). This painstaking performance of an ordinary task—and the tableau of beauty it always creates—are characteristic of the Japanese way of life. They are also yours to experience on your Jet Courier flight, and throughout the cordial "household" of Japan Air Lines.



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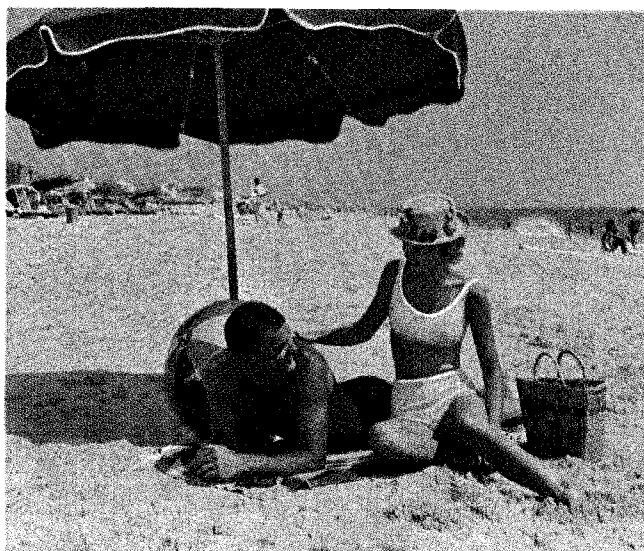
or close-ups of mountaineer cabins, a splashing millwheel, an old moonshine still. Late September through October, see vast hardwood forests stage a fall color spectacular.

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Report on Rhodesia

segregation, would be wholly repealed and that racial discrimination in public places would be made illegal.

But Whitehead's standing with the African masses was low because he had made a practice of timing crippling security measures against the main nationalist party and its leaders to coincide with liberal concessions on substantive matters of African grievance. On the instructions of their leaders, Joshua Nkomo and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, the Africans succeeded in boycotting voter registration almost totally.

Whitehead thus not only failed to get the African vote, but was also deserted by the majority of the whites who put the Rhodesian Front into office. The Front, first under Winston Field, a man of personal grace who commanded the respect of all races, then under the much cruder and more dynamic Ian D. Smith, announced that it would help bury the dying federation and would then go all out for Southern Rhodesian independence under its existing regime.

It is this commitment to the white voters more than the much publicized external pressures on Britain to intervene that has built up the pressure in Rhodesia at the present time.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home invited Ian Smith for talks, but the Rhodesian Prime Minister declined to come because of his irritation at being refused a seat at the July Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. Britain was urged to break the deadlock by convening a round-table conference of all parties as in any other colony on the eve of independence. But there was no way of forcing Smith to attend.

Britain's initiative paralyzed

In Rhodesia, quite unlike the situation in its other African colonies, where it never surrendered so many powers so long in advance of discussions about independence, Britain cannot in the last analysis impose a solution in default of round-table agreement. There are

simply no means on the spot for enforcing the British government's will. There are no British civil servants or troops in Rhodesia; the only official from London is the High Commissioner, whose function is a diplomatic one. The governor, a local resident, is Queen Elizabeth's ceremonial representative, who acts on the advice of the Rhodesian ministers. Army, Air Force, and police are all Rhodesian.

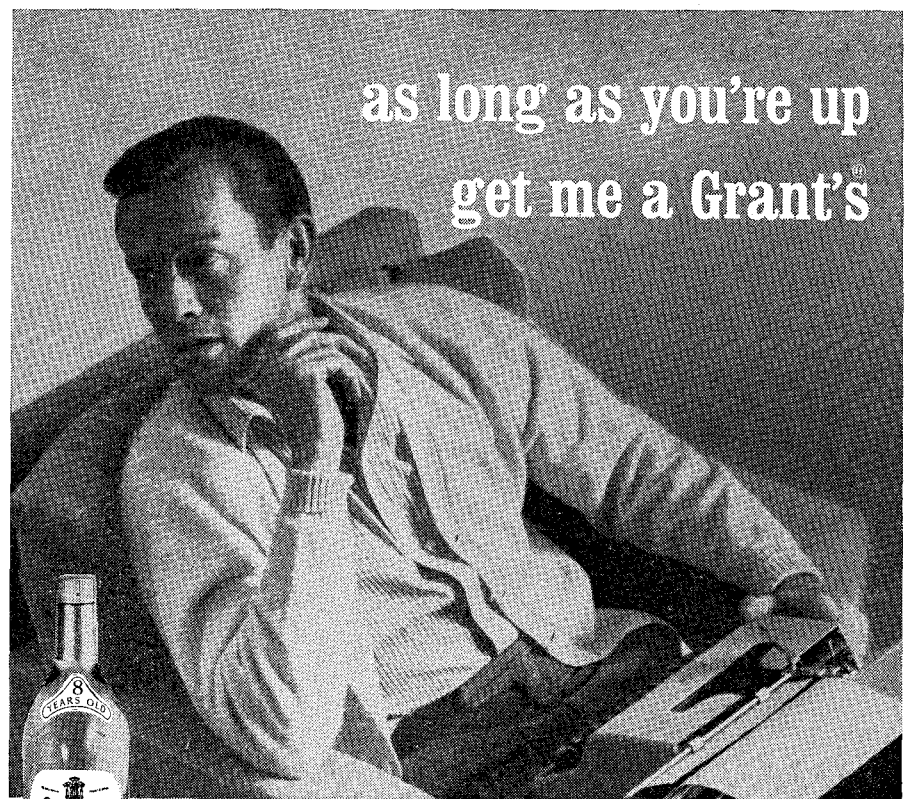
Fear of the consequences if British troops were called upon to open fire on white Rhodesian troops was one of the factors giving pause to the British government throughout the long death agony of the federation. Now British troops could only intervene by landing in the African republic of Zambia (the former Northern Rhodesia) and crossing the Zambesi against possible Rhodesian resistance. This is not a pleasant possibility to contemplate.

Why, then, with British initiative more or less paralyzed and Rhodesia resuming after the death of the federation most of the practical attributes of sovereign representation,

should Ian Smith move? The main reason is that he has his own electorate to consider. His cabinet and he himself (a fourth-generation resident of South Africa) are the unsophisticated mouthpieces of still less sophisticated white farmers.

After the rejection of his application to attend the Commonwealth Conference, Smith declared that the Queen was no longer the Queen Rhodesians used to know. She did not speak in her own voice but in that of her ministers. As this has been the constitutional practice since the early eighteenth century, the remark is revealing of the educational standard of the Prime Minister and his colleagues.

Since Winston Field was supplanted for being insufficiently dynamic, his successor must be seen doing something. But most of the Front's other electoral promises are impossible to carry out because the constitutional bill of rights prevents any further discriminatory legislation. The only recourse Smith has is to scrap the constitution, since action under its amending clause



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Report on Rhodesia

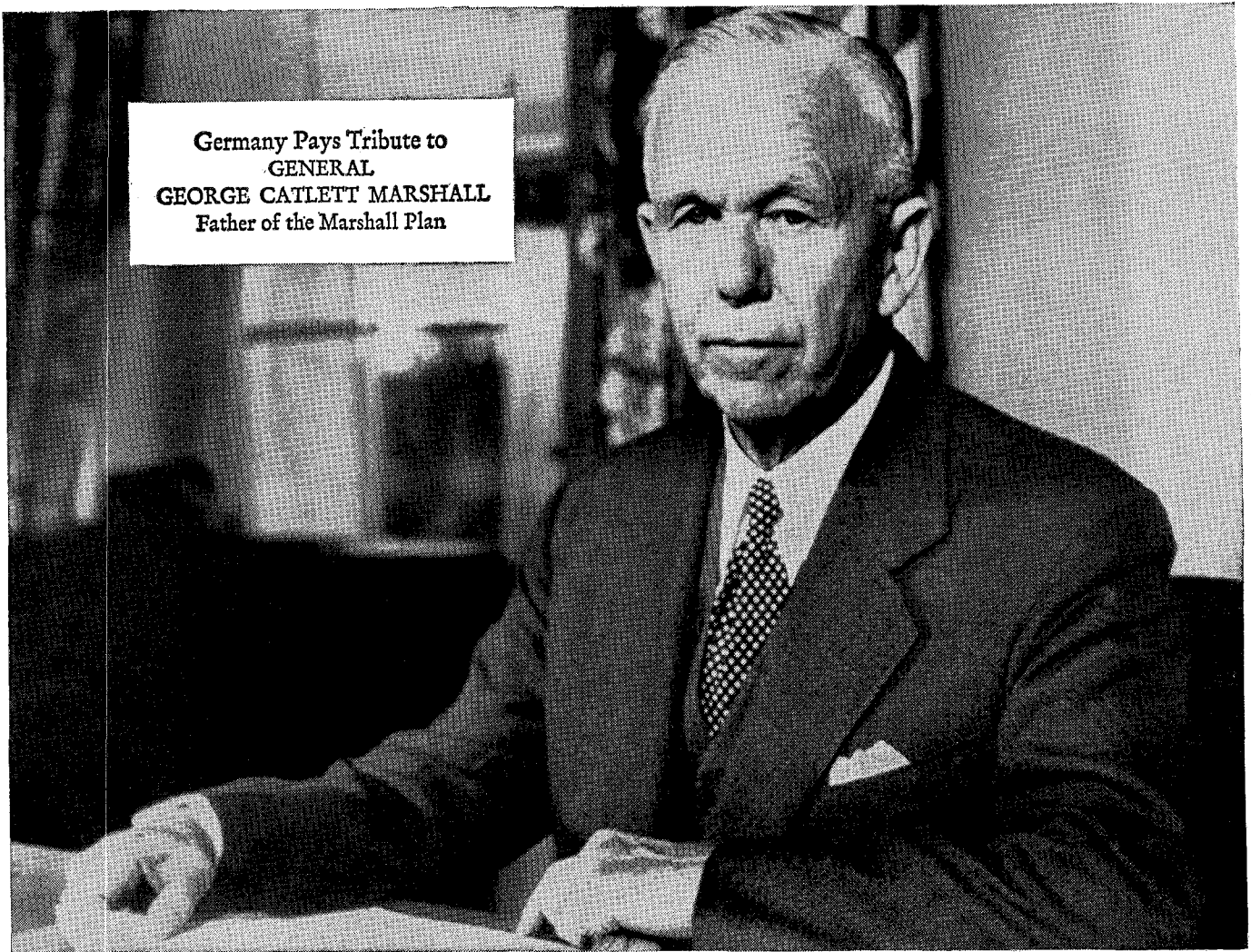
would not be feasible; but so long as Rhodesia is not independent, the integrity of its constitution is guaranteed by the British Parliament. Thus, in whatever direction the cabinet sets out, it always arrives back at the question of independence.

Independence without approval

The threat is that Rhodesia will simply proclaim its independence without Britain's approval. Early this year the idea began to be actively canvassed in Salisbury, although the government went to extraordinary lengths to prevent its being seriously discussed in the press. By speaking out courageously, Sir Edgar Whitehead, as leader of the opposition, brought the matter into the open. The Front leaders were planning to declare the country independent but at the same time reaffirm loyalty to Queen Elizabeth II.

It has now been made absolutely clear to every minister individually that such a move would be regarded as an act of rebellion and treason against the Queen. Certain possible consequences have also been pointed out, such as the freezing of Rhodesia's currency reserves (held in London), the invalidation of Rhodesian passports, a ban on its tobacco sales in the British market, a diplomatic boycott. And the Commonwealth Conference of Prime Ministers, held in London in July, issued a final communique which pledged that no Commonwealth country would recognize Rhodesian independence if it were proclaimed unilaterally.

If the Rhodesian Front ministers should attempt a coup, such action would be regarded by Britain as an act of rebellion; Sir Edgar Whitehead has also committed himself to declaring such a government illegal; and African leaders would not recognize the coup and would in turn proclaim the independence of Zimbabwe (the name they wish to give Rhodesia). It is with these many political pressures in the background that Rhodesians face September 12, known as Pioneer's Day, a day when white Rhodesians annually celebrate the arrival of the first colonists in Salisbury.



Germany Pays Tribute to
GENERAL
GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL
Father of the Marshall Plan

The principle of development aid which he gave us must be advanced

It is now acknowledged that the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt Europe, was also the forerunner of today's Atlantic partnership, and of the whole concept of self-help and mutual aid which has been generally accepted in the West. The people of Germany saw what Marshall aid did for them; they decided as early as 1950 to start their own aid program for the developing nations.

German Aid Goes to 83 Countries – Worldwide

By the end of 1963, Germany had allocated about 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.) for development aid purposes. Of this, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds, 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources—as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). Most of it went into many forms of direct and indirect capital aid; technical assistance; industrial development and trade promotion.

German aid is both bilateral and multilateral. When contributing through international or supra-national organizations, the Federal Republic of Germany cedes the right of distributing such funds to the groups concerned. Germany has no areas of special interest; within the limitations of the aid available, grants are made wherever progress seems to be most likely.

Germany is Doing Its Share – AND MORE

The commitment of the Federal Republic of Germany to the basic principle first exemplified by the Marshall Plan is shown by the record. In the future as in the past, we shall do our best to match our aid program to the needs of the emerging nations. In such action, we believe, lies our best hope for the future of freedom.



TOKYO, and all Japan, are sprucing up for three weeks of Olympic Games in October. The world's largest city is undergoing history's most extensive face-lifting, and the canny city fathers are using the brief Olympic Games period as the best possible excuse to push the seventeenth-century Edo-Period capital of the Tokugawa shoguns into the twentieth century.

In the meantime, Tokyo is about as upside down as a city can be. Construction continues through Sunday night. The wood boards across Ginza area intersections are ripped away after office hours so workers, like ants, can dig away at new three-level subways. Tokyo addresses still are the longest in the world, with unending syllables worthy of Wales. But Arabic numbers are appearing, signs with English lettering are being designed, and now there are to be street names in a city which has always been just a rabbit warren of one-level houses.

The governor of Tokyo Prefecture, Ryotaro Azuma, a seventy-year-old former physics professor and a rowing enthusiast, is supervising this \$3 billion face-lifting job. To get it going, he has had to become a sort of double-duty Robert Moses and Grover Whalen.

"We had an over-all plan for modernizing Tokyo, but until we thought about the Olympics four years ago it never got off the blueprint stage," Azuma says. And he explains that all these vast improvements — the subway-system expansion, a new water supply, a sewage system, new roads, even a new Tokyo-Osaka Bullet Express dream train which will be the world's fastest — will be financed with no increase in taxes. "Not necessary," declares Azuma. "Under the government policy to double the national income, more tax money comes in by itself."

From baubles to heavy industry

The income-doubling plan is one of Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda's chief objectives, and it is succeeding fantastically well. True, Japan was given a big boost from its post-World War II

doldrums by the Korean War, for Japan was a supply base during that war. But it has been the Japanese themselves, independent of any war prosperity, who have achieved the economic progress since Korea.

A few years ago, comparing an Asian nation with one in Western Europe would have been unthinkable. Yet today, Japan, with almost 100 million people and nowhere to expand beyond its four principal islands, has an economy as prosperous as Italy's. Japan's steel production in the current year will overtake West Germany's and will follow the steel output of only the United States and the Soviet Union. Japanese wool cloth, key American economists in Japan agree, is already both better and cheaper than comparable U.S. wool products.

This year Japan was voted by the United States and the countries of Western Europe into their Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (O.E.C.D.) and was also promoted to senior-nation status in the International Monetary Fund. The two moves signified to the world that Japan is a major financial power. No longer a country known for the manufacture of cheap Christmas tree ornaments, Japan is now a nation of heavy industry.

Japan's role in Asia

Considering this flush of economic prosperity, considering that Japan has one of the world's highest literacy rates and a population which has access to not one but several newspapers a day, considering Japan's long cultural and intellectual tradition, do the Japanese now intend to assume leadership in Asia? For example, will the Japanese, the nearest and most affected by events in Communist China, help prepare China's peaceful re-entry into world society?

The answers to this question vary in intensity, but they all fall on the negative side. "Whatever Japan does in this sense will always remind people of Japan's 'Asian Co-prosperity Sphere' ambitions at the outbreak of World War II. Moreover, na-



Puerto Rican children build a castle out of cartons that brought U.S. products to Puerto Rico. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now buys more from the U. S. mainland than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined

OUR PHOTOGRAPH was taken near San Juan. It makes two points. First, kids—the world over—love to play with boxes. And second, people in Puerto Rico buy quite a variety of products from the U.S. mainland (note the familiar names on the cartons).

Person for person, Puerto Rico is our best customer—by far. Each person in the Commonwealth buys almost *twice as much* from the U.S. as each person in second-place Canada.

Last year, the people of Puerto Rico bought a *billion dollars' worth of products from the U.S. mainland.*

The income from these purchases

was spread throughout the states. The South received \$288 million. The Mid-western states, \$255 million. East Coast states supplied \$256 million worth of goods. California, Washington and Oregon made sales of \$93 million to the Puerto Rican market.

Why Puerto Rico buys so much

Look around the Commonwealth and you'll see why Puerto Rico buys so many things from the U.S. mainland. You'll see new shopping centers, highways, homes and apartments.

The Commonwealth is flourishing as a result of "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto

Rico's famous self-help program.

This program has been a spectacular success. Almost 1000 factories have started operation in the Commonwealth during the past decade. And new plants are opening at the astonishing rate of *three a week.*

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Report on Japan

tionalism is very strong in some of the neutral nations of Asia and they would dislike us to take any action,” declares Yasuhiro Nakasone, one of the most forceful younger Diet members of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party.

Akira Iwai, the hardfisted secretary-general of Japan’s Sohyo labor union complex, takes the view that Japan should first solve its domestic problems. And he adds that this quiet role should pertain as well to any evangelical ambitions that Japanese labor unions might have abroad.

“Japan should take the leadership in urging some *American* policy shift toward Asia,” declares Hiroo Wada, the Socialist Party’s foreign affairs expert and announced candidate for party chairmanship.

The two Chinas

Ideally, Japan’s leaders would like to see both Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek represented in the United Nations, Mao as the representative of China and Chiang as “the representative of the something else,” as one Japanese Foreign Ministry official puts it. And ideally, Japan would like to become as friendly as possible with Peiping while still assuring itself that the island of Taiwan, to the south of the Japanese archipelago, remains part of the non-Communist world.

But any suggestion for putting these ideals into practice evokes only smiling evasion. Nor is it easy to provoke the Japanese. They readily acknowledge that it will be untenable for both domestic politics and inter-Asian relations if they support the United States in its opposition to China in a losing fight at the United Nations. Yet they are unwilling to face that day until it arrives.

Knowing Japan’s sentimental ties with the Taiwanese, and Formosa, which Japan once colonized, some have suggested a possible United Nations trusteeship of Taiwan, with Japan as the trustee power, but the Japanese recoil at this proposal.

The United States has shown some indications of wanting its ally, Japan, to take more of a leading role in

Parents should teach children that eating the right foods can also be an enjoyable experience

AMERICAN FOOD STORES and restaurants offer a much greater variety of good foods than were ever available to the mightiest rulers in ages past. All this food is available, too, at a reasonable cost, for today the average American family spends a smaller percentage of its after-taxes income for food than ever before.

Even though the food industry has made it possible for Americans to forget about the seasons and to have readily available many thousands of different foods, there are still many people who have not learned how to select foods properly to provide for themselves a well balanced diet. And there are many people who find eating a chore rather than an enjoyable experience.

Since many lifetime eating habits appear to be formed in the early years of life, at the family dining table, parents who want to help their children develop good habits should certainly set as a goal teaching children sensible patterns and reasons for food selection, as well as trying to make each meal an enjoyable family event.

ATMOSPHERE FOR EATING IS IMPORTANT

If mealtime is an occasion for pleasant family discussions, rather than for bitter arguments or talk about unpleasant subjects, it is likely that it will be easier to teach good eating habits. The atmosphere in which food is consumed is important to most of us. Families which avoid or hurry through breakfast, for example, seldom get off to as good a daily start as those who take the time to gather together, when possible, to eat a meal that really breaks the fast of the night.

Parents should try to understand why several food groups are recommended in the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have devised. By following this Guide in family meal planning, parents can set an example for their children and point out why it is important to good performance today and good health today and tomorrow to eat foods that provide enough of the right nutrients. Children may not be too interested in the future, as compared with today, and it may be difficult for them to understand how what they eat today affects their performance and development, but wise parents will try as many approaches as they can to impress this story on their children. But, most important, wise parents will set a good example of sensible eating patterns.

DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS A GOOD PATTERN

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in

these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

We'll send you a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide, (see instructions below), but here is an example of how the Guide works:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least 2 glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

If meals are pleasant occasions for all members of the family, it is perhaps possible that there may be fewer problems about whether the food does taste good or bad. Oftentimes the situation in which the food is consumed does have a direct bearing on how the food tastes and is digested.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.



a message from dairy farmer members of

american dairy association



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N. Y. TIMES

**"...THERE CAN BE
NO OTHER MIMI
ONCE ONE HAS
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OPERA MAGAZINE



Report on Japan

Asia. But the United States has given no clear guidelines. American policy in the Far East is based on a military defense against Communist aggression, buttressed by bases all the way from Japan to the Philippines. Japan's post-war constitution, written by its American occupiers, renounces war for all time.

American officials in Japan are grateful to Ikeda's government for the cool head it kept after French President Charles de Gaulle announced at the beginning of the year that he was going to recognize Communist China. Instead of rushing in with the hope that De Gaulle had found the way to hold hands with both Mao and Chiang, Ikeda's government waited. The Japanese quickly found that, despite all the advance hoopla from Paris, De Gaulle had found no way of holding on to both Chinese hands at once. Japan today is trying to make its relations with Mao's mainland more normal through trade agreements, privately conducted but governmentally blessed. And by being a major purchaser of the products of Chiang's Taiwan, Japan is trying to keep Nationalist China pacified.

The Chinese market

Kyushu, the southernmost of Japan's four islands and the one with closest geographical and historical ties to the mainland, is particularly anxious for trade with Communist China. "The Chinese market may have little to offer us now, but there is a huge potential. And, anyway, if we don't move in now, France and Britain are sure to," a member of the Japanese Cabinet explains.

Kyushu is reacting to history. Its profitable coal and steel industry was built up with the Chinese mainland as a market. In recent years, Kyushu has become Japan's West Virginia. It has had crippling coal strikes and mine disasters, and now its rate of economic growth, while considerable, still lags behind that of the rest of booming Japan.

In 1935, at the height of the pre-World War II trade, 92.5 percent of Kyushu's exports went to Asia, and half of this amount to China alone. Takeo Torii, managing director of

Coming in the

October ATLANTIC

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THE PRICE WE PAID FOR WAR

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Report on Japan

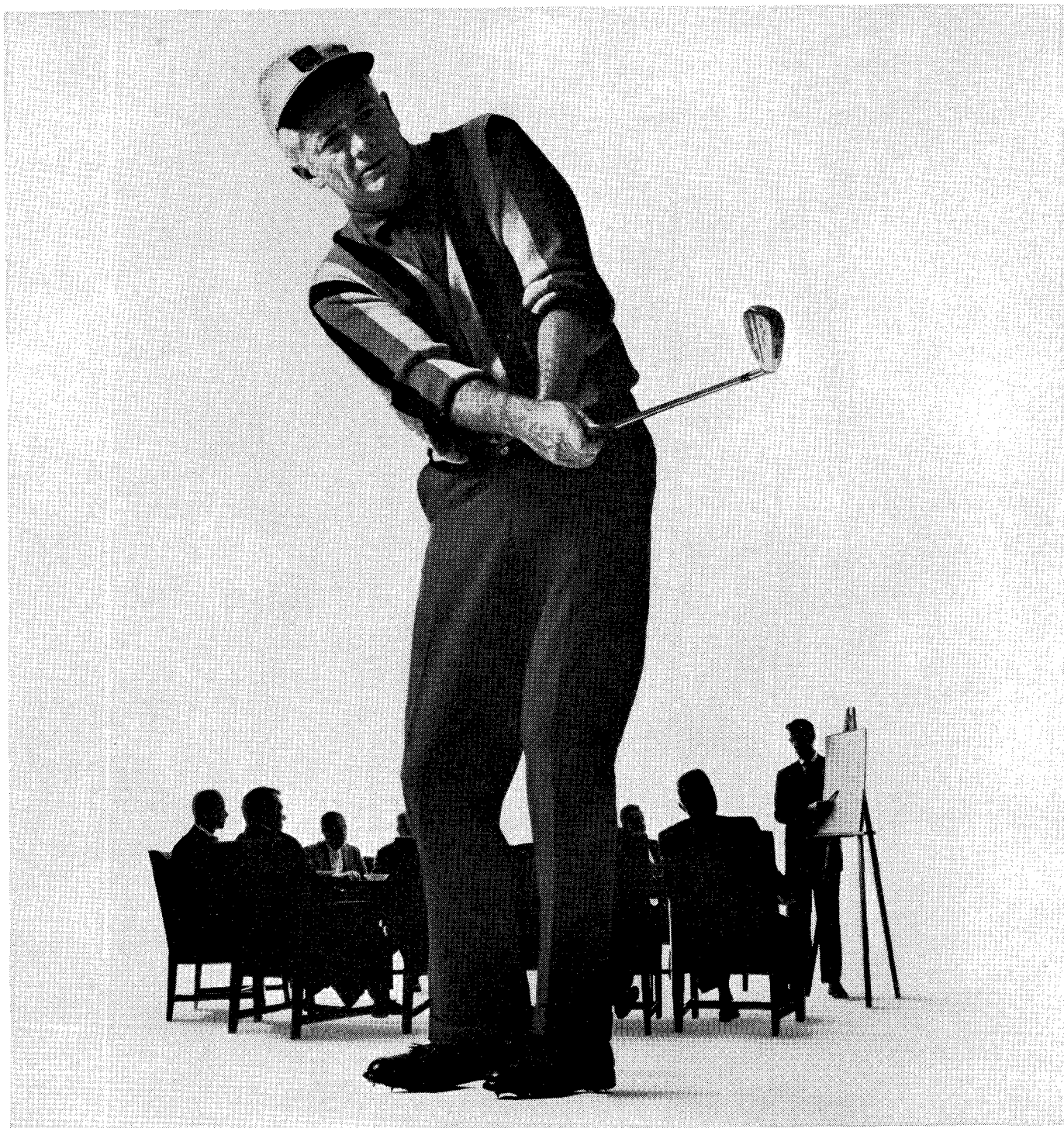
the Kyushu Economic Research Association, thinks that in the short run, while China currently is rebuilding and rehabilitating itself and needs iron, steel, cement, and chemical fertilizers, Kyushu has indeed a good potential market in China. But Torii is dubious about this potential once the construction period is over. He says Kyushu does not produce the machinery China will then need, and because of negligible freight differences, Kyushu does not stand much of a chance in competing with the well-established factories in Japan's big industrial center, Osaka. Torii does concede that China has four products that Kyushu can use: iron ore, coking coal, soy beans, and industrial salts.

Trade with the Reds

For the country as a whole, the Japan International Trade Promotion Association reported in February that trade with Communist China jumped 62.2 percent from 1962 to 1963 — to \$137 million. United States officials in Japan estimate that the China trade now accounts for perhaps one and one half to 2 percent of Japan's total trade and may expand in a few years to 4 or 5 percent; but they think it will be able to command little influence over political developments.

Earlier this year, a Chinese "peace offensive" called for an increase in trade, an exchange of reporters, and an air transport agreement. A key Kyushuan promoting this from Japan's side has been Sasuke Endo, a Westernized businessman who heads the Fukuoka-Japan-China Trade Promotion Association and looks upon trade with China as a combination of "nostalgia and humanitarianism — just like the U.S. Marshall Plan." Endo also says he fails to see how the United States can object to Japan's selling to China when the United States sells wheat to Russia.

Similarly, Atsushi Hara, assistant manager of the Fukuoka branch of Japan's mammoth Mitsubishi industrial complex, freely acknowledges that Mitsubishi, the very epitome of Japanese capitalism, has been trading with Communist China over the years through a dummy company approved by Peiping.



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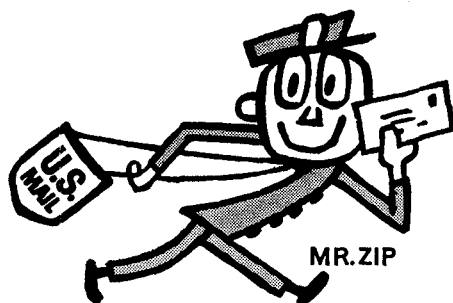
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Report on Japan

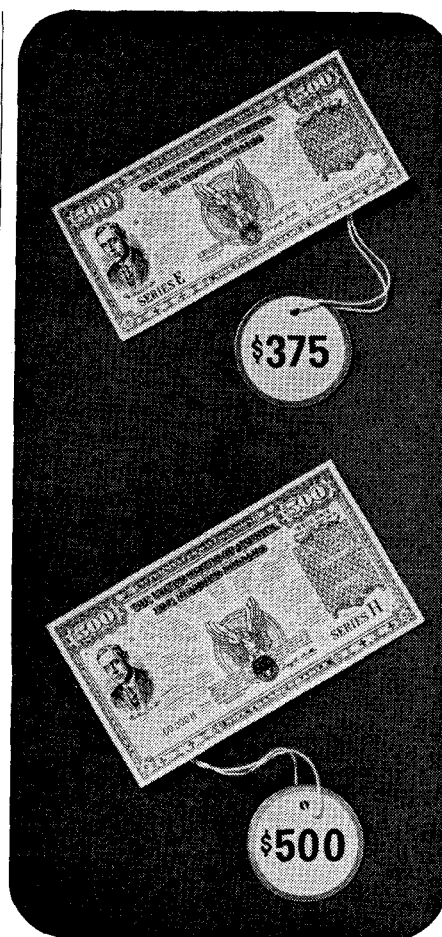
Kyushu's biggest local firm, Yawata Steel, suffered a severe loss during the 1958 Nagasaki "flag incident" when China, enraged by the desecration of the Chinese standard, canceled all Japanese trade contracts pending at the time and refused further payments. But this spring even Yawata Steel announced it was sending a survey group to China at Peiping's request, to "re-explore" trade possibilities.

The problem of Korea

Such Japanese overtures, however, do not seem to pertain to Korea—either the non-Communist South or the Communist North. Kyushu, in particular, looks with loathing on Korea and the Koreans, and with considerable skepticism on the negotiations that Japan began this year, with United States urging, to normalize relations with Seoul. Korea was Japan's pre-World War II colony, and the Japanese were cruel and selfish colonists. Some Japanese seem to have some degree of bad conscience mixed in with their socio-economic evaluations.

There have been some street demonstrations this year against the Japanese-Korean negotiations, but they have been mild in comparison with the 1960 riots, when street mobs demonstrated against Japan's mutual security treaty with the United States. Japan has come a long way in four years. The security treaty was revised, as intended, and is rarely mentioned now. The student rioters of 1960 have settled down with jobs. Nobosuke Kishi, the arrogant Prime Minister who was the butt of the 1960 protest demonstrations, was replaced by the mild-mannered Ikeda. And American Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II, who lectured the Japanese instead of listening, was replaced by Edwin O. Reischauer, a soft-spoken Harvard professor who knows the language and the people.

But it is no longer the question of Japan's difficulties with leftists at home and conservatives abroad that is at stake. The real problem lies in Japan's difficulty in trying to reassert its role of leadership in Asia without reawakening memories of World War II.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Stripes and repeats the words "with liberty and justice for all."

MICHAEL A. AHERN
Dorchester, Mass.

Stories

SIR:

Thank you so much for publishing another story by Mauro Senesi ("The Breach," May *Atlantic*).

I am a housewife and mother of three preschool children, and the monthly arrival of the *Atlantic* is a bright spot in my routine. I read the stories first and am almost never disappointed in them. Mr. Senesi's stories are particularly fresh and interesting. He delivers his message with no wasted effort.

CAROLE DEPP
Bayport, N. Y.

SIR:

The story "The Mute Singer" by Stanislaw Szukalski in the July *Atlantic* is one of the most beautiful stories I have ever read anywhere. Thank you.

JEAN EDGERTON
Chapel Hill, N. C.

SIR:

May we look forward to more of Stanislaw Szukalski's stories? Have just finished reading "The Mute Singer," with its haunting and exquisitely drawn characters.

JULIANA HUSZONEK
Portland, Me.

Pesticides and wildlife

SIR:

Our appreciation of the thoughtful, penetrating articles which the *Atlantic* brings us each month has always been immense — and, if any-

thing, grows with the years. I was particularly impressed by your remarks about pesticides in the Peripatetic Reviewer of the June issue. Anyone who has discovered, as we did more than ten years ago, that one can have most productive gardens with no pesticides or fungicides will applaud your observations. I wish that the *Atlantic* might give further attention to this subject.

WALTER E. CLARK
Lake Placid, N.Y.

SIR:

I was moved by the account of Clark C. Van Fleet ("Invisible Death," July), who relates the indiscriminate pollution of America's streams and rivers through the use of insecticides.

Although I have thoroughly enjoyed the outdoors my entire life, I cannot help wondering what the alternatives are, together with their consequences. Is it possible that by sacrificing our fisheries to some extent we are able to produce millions of tons of other types of food?

PEMBERTON H. SHOBER, JR.
Decatur, Ill.

SIR:

Ten million copies of Mr. Van Fleet's article should be distributed throughout California to alert Californians.

The influx of people into California is greater than taxes can cope with. We float bonds to the extent of our ability to pay the interest. Our smaller cities lag in modern sewerage disposal. The showdown decision is as things now stand: Fish or Humans — the extent of our reasoning.

No other issue in recent memory has prompted such interest and widespread comment as our Supplement on Mental Illness in July. The letters pro and con from members of the medical profession, from former patients, and from persons of all ages who are deeply concerned about the various forms of treatment will be published as a symposium in the October issue. —THE EDITOR

Atlanta's jails

SIR:

After reading Gloria Wade Bishop's article, "Four and a Half Days in Atlanta's Jails," in the July *Atlantic*, I can only suggest that Americans everywhere add strength to our brand-new civil rights law by forming a tourist boycott of any areas still practicing segregation. If we give our tourist dollar only to the integrated stores, restaurants, and motels or hotels, the remaining hold-outs will not only be breaking the law but also risking financial destruction.

ELINOR M. ATKINSON
Skaneateles, N. Y.

SIR:

I am sure many of your readers lost their appetites after reading Gloria Wade Bishop's vivid description of her encounter with Southern Hospitality.

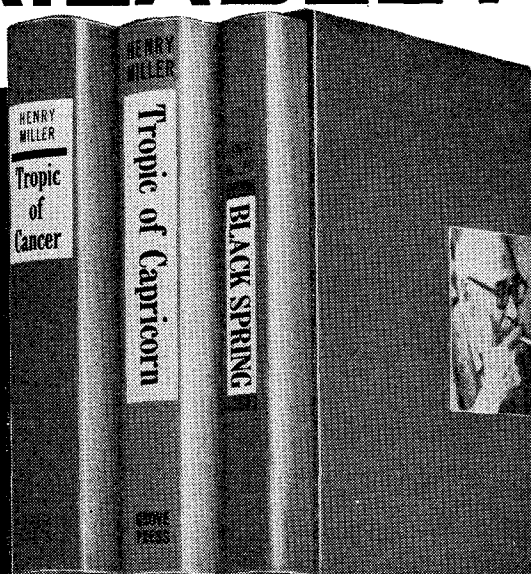
More and more the news coming out of the South confirms the opinions of many people that the distance between the North and South is about two to three hundred years. This courageous and dedicated woman's story makes one wonder how a Southerner squares his conscience when with hand over his heart he stands in front of the Stars and

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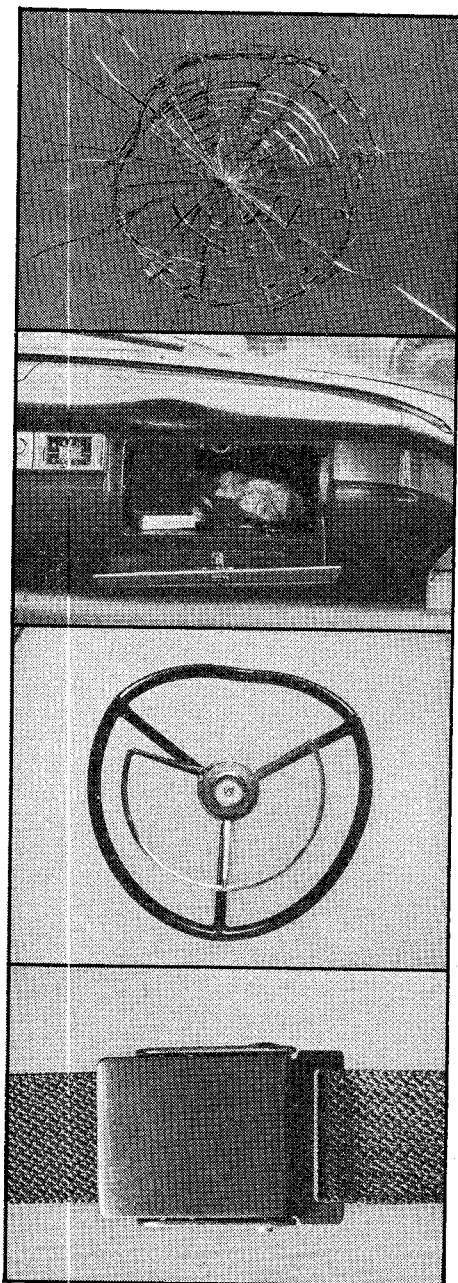
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The lawmakers, as far as I know, are not pressed to enact control legislation, because we do not know what we want or what arrangements we need to handle the pests, though handled they must be.

A. V. MITCHELL
Oakland, Calif.

The permanent poor

SIR:

"The Permanent Poor: The Lesson of Eastern Kentucky" by Harry M. Caudill (June *Atlantic*) should be a must on everyone's reading list. It sums up the facts which most of us know but to which many of us are indifferent unless we are personally affected.

The reference to similar conditions in ancient Rome is both interesting and thought provoking because history is bound to repeat itself under similar circumstances. This article brings to the reader a realization of what can happen if we do not rise to the challenge and attempt to solve the problem.

MRS. CHARLES TIETGEN
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

The article by Mr. Caudill demands thoughtful consideration by all of us. The title itself, "The Permanent Poor," is a challenge, a thrust at the weakest point in our private enterprise system. With each passing year, the problem will demand solution more and more loudly.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

I am an unofficial guardian of typographical correctness in American publications, but I have never caught the *Atlantic* nodding — until now. Surely in the July issue the "Milk, Beads, Thongs" of Bergen Evans' title on page 126 should read "Milk, Beards, Thongs"?

LOUISE E. RORABACHER
Purdue University
Lafayette, Ind.

We apologize for the typographical error which Professor Rorabacher corrects.
— THE EDITORS

SIR:

Contradictions between two articles within one issue of the *Atlantic* do happen. Contradictions between sentences of nearly parallel structure are rare.

In the July issue, Professor Neil W. Chamberlain in "What's Ahead for Labor?" states:

"The new breed of corporation executive being spawned by our business schools has been taught to regard administration as its profession — administration in itself, not the administration of a steelworks . . . or the administration of a shoe factory, but the administration of anything."

In contrast, Leland Hazard in "Mahatma Gandhi Was Wrong" — nine pages later — says in a derogatory tone:

"This elite cadre of well-educated men, experienced in governmental administration, is, with notable exceptions, imbued with the conviction that administration is an end in itself and that the administrator is competent to practice administration on whatever comes to hand, whether it be steelmaking, tax-collecting, or keeping the peace."

Our *new* breed seems to be India's old stock.

JOHN F. HANSEN
Menlo Park, Calif.

SIR:

How did it happen that the *Atlantic* should publish a poem, Margaret McGovern's "Ma: A Plain Song" (July *Atlantic*), that an ordinary dub like me could understand, enjoy, even read aloud to my wife?

For a long time I had given up hope. Please accept my thanks for this ray of light.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL
Wayland, Mass.

SIR:

How wonderful to find John Conly back in the pages of the *Atlantic* ("Tape Recorders: The New Models," July). It's like meeting up with a true and trusted friend after far too long an absence.

Many thanks for this, and for so many years of good reading.

NADINE HELEN KLOR
Modesto, Calif.

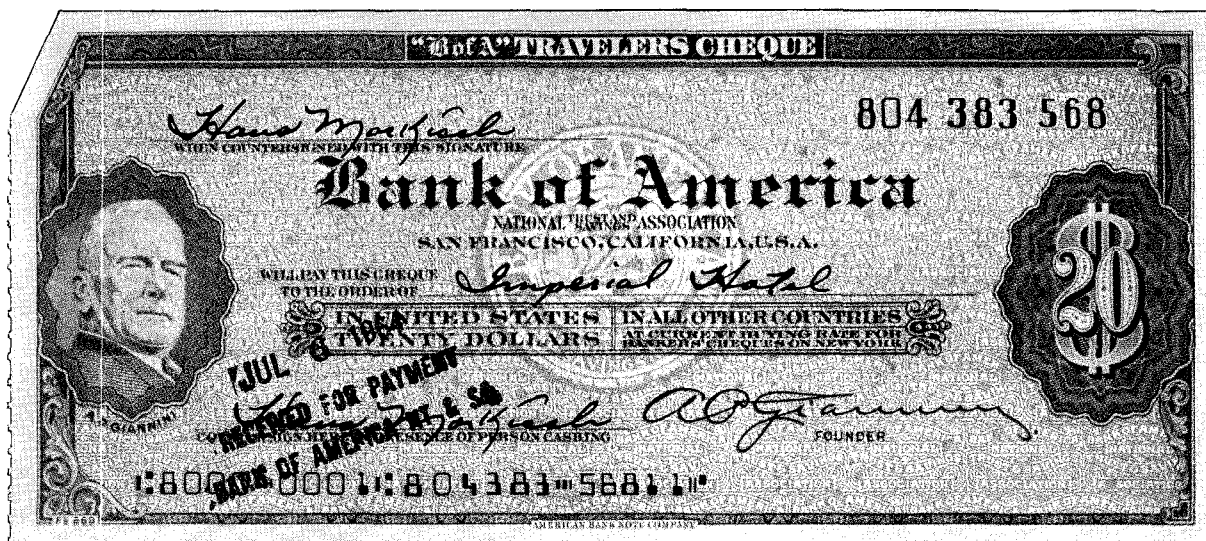
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Under the steadily rising demand for wood by you and by your neighbors, the supply for future generations could be seriously depleted. Not long ago this was a real hazard. Now, however, it isn't likely. More than 27 thousand tree farmers are growing timber as a crop on about 64 million acres of privately owned, tax-paying land.

There are certain problems, however. Because the crop

cycle is so long (it takes 60 to 80 years to grow Douglas fir to sawlog size) tree farming is fraught with risks. Fire can wipe out thousands of trees in a matter of days, or even hours. Insects and disease also can take a heavy toll. Control of all these forest enemies is very costly.

Because of these risks and costs, tree farming would be impractical under an unrealistic tax climate. Fortunately, this is not generally the case today. In most areas taxes paid by tree farmers, although substantial, still permit individuals and firms to grow timber as a long-term crop.

This is desirable. After all, private tree farms provide an endless flow of raw materials. They also are a major source of taxes, jobs, water, wildlife and recreation.

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RED FLAG OVER THE SEVEN SEAS

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

A graduate of the United States Naval Academy in 1924, who served for three years aboard battleships and destroyers in the Atlantic, HANSON W. BALDWIN joined the staff of the New York TIMES in 1929. He has been its military and naval correspondent since 1937 and its military editor since 1942. Author of numerous books and magazine articles, lecturer at the National War College and other service schools, Mr. Baldwin has received many awards for distinguished reporting on military affairs.

WINSTON CHURCHILL once likened the conflict between Communist Russia and the West to a contest between heartland and rimlands, between an elephant and a whale, a land beast and a sea beast. Today, the elephant is also trying to become a whale. Communist Russia — its goal a Communist world — is trying to achieve, as a means to that end, dominion over blue water, a dominion complete in all elements of sea power. This is an objective that Czarist Russia never achieved, or even attempted.

In the long view of history Russia's current drive for maritime dominance may well become the most important development of the latter half of the twentieth century. The ambitious maritime policy of the U.S.S.R. — greatest land mass in the world — is supported by four major programs, unmatched, so far, in the West in size or scope. In simple terms, Russia is attempting to do these things: acquire the largest merchant fleet in the world; operate the largest and most modern fishing fleet in the world; control or neutralize the narrow sea bottlenecks of global shipping (the Panama Canal, the Strait of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and the Strait of Malacca); strengthen materially the deep-sea elements of the Soviet Navy, already the world's second largest fleet.

The U.S.S.R. plans to support its maritime expansion by an oceanographic research program of great scope and by the development of a system

of global commercial airlines and long-range military aircraft capable of extended transoceanic flight. The possible implications in the light of past historical experience are ominous. The tremendous expansion of Germany's maritime and naval fleets and their challenge to England in world trade formed a basic cause of World War I. Japan followed the same course prior to World War II.

Control of the seas is vital to NATO and to the system of Western alliances upon which the security of the United States has been built. Our past superiority at sea has been one of two great strategic factors; the other is our superiority (in good part based on the sea) in nuclear delivery capability, which has deterred war and to some extent has contained Communism. If to vast Russian land power is added major maritime power, the problem of deterrence becomes formidably difficult. If we lose control of the seas, it becomes impossible.

Since World War II, the Soviet merchant fleet, like the Soviet Navy, has advanced from the ruck to the van among the merchant fleets of the world. Today, none of the absolute statistics — total tonnage, total number of ships, and so on — are impressive, but the relative statistics and particularly the rate of expansion are astonishing. More than 1000 Soviet seagoing merchantmen, with a total gross tonnage of perhaps 5 million tons, plow the seas today. In terms of gross tonnage this is only slightly more than one fifth the paper size of the

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U.S. merchant fleet, the world's leader, and Russia is ranked well down the list in size among the world's maritime nations.

U.S. maritime supremacy, however, is more apparent than real. The 22,833,000 gross tons of shipping flying the U.S. flag are further augmented by United-States-owned ships flying flags of convenience — those of Liberia and Panama. But our huge amount of shipping includes all the obsolescent inactive vessels lying in the backwater of many ports; two thirds of the total are rusting and idle. As of 1960, the age of our ships averaged almost sixteen years, reflecting the World War II gigantic ship-construction program and the post-war slump in building.

More important, figures in the U.S. Statistical Abstract, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and other sources have indicated a steady decrease in the U.S. merchant fleet. Between 1954 and 1960 the United-States-owned merchant marine decreased at an average annual rate of about 310,000 tons; the Soviet fleet increased at an average annual rate of 450,000 tons. In the two years 1961 and 1962, Russia added a total of about a million tons; the United States lost half a million. With the maritime fleets of the Eastern European satellites added to its own, the U.S.S.R. can command a fleet of almost 1300 oceangoing vessels, totaling some 6 million gross tons. In 1962, throughout the world, 1901 oceangoing merchant vessels were launched, totaling 8,375,000 tons. The United States in that year launched 90 ships totaling 449,000 tons for its ownership. In the spring of 1963 there were 47 ships under construction for the U.S. merchant marine; 236 were under construction all over the world for Russia.

The Russian merchant fleet has doubled in size in the past thirteen years. Already the U.S.S.R. actually operates in oceanic trade more merchant vessels than we do. The startling objective of the Soviet maritime program is a seagoing merchant marine totaling somewhere between 20 million and 27 million tons of shipping in the 1975-1980 period, the largest maritime fleet in the world.

SOVIET SHIPBUILDERS

This objective is not just Communist pie in the sky. Russia's own shipyards, shipyards of its Eastern European satellites, and the shipbuilding ways of Finland, Denmark, England, Japan are building or have built ships for Russian operation. One recent single order to Japan was valued at \$100 million. The Soviet shipbuilding industry, once the most backward and obsolete segment of its economy, has had something of a rebirth. It cannot yet be compared in efficiency, or in techniques, with the better yards of the West, but it no longer

requires nine to twelve years to build a ship in Russia, and the ships produced so far have apparently passed the test of the sea.

Russia has neither built nor ordered many prestige vessels. None of them are speed queens, like the liner *United States*, which holds the Atlantic blue ribbon. Most of the Russian ships appear to be 5000- to 15,000-ton cargo carriers, small, useful, and economical; some have accommodations for passengers. Ships that I saw building in Polish Szczecin (formerly German Stettin) were perhaps more elegant and better built than those constructed in Russia; for, Poland, the leading satellite maritime power, along with East Germany and other Eastern European satellites, has been building ships for export to the free world as well as for the Communist bloc. Cargo ships with accommodations for a fairly large number of passengers, in the 5000- to 18,000-gross-ton category, driven by German-built (East Germany) diesel engines (or by Polish copies of Swiss or German engines) at economical speeds, have proved attractive to a number of buyers, Brazil among them. The decor is quiet and attractive; these are comfortable ships built to serve and to last.

To an American used to the spaciousness of our shipbuilding yards and our heavy use of labor-saving machinery, the cramped yards and old ways of Poland seem inefficient. But they capitalize, as do the Russian yards, upon the most economical form of Communist power — human labor. The labor costs of the Communist yards can far undercut our own; this is one reason why Communist ships are proving increasingly attractive to new markets. Poland, next to Russia, is the leading Communist maritime power; the Polish fleet has increased from perhaps half a hundred ships after the war to almost two hundred today.

As in the days of the Czars, Leningrad is by far the largest and most productive of the Soviet yards. There are other important yards in Nikolaev and Kherson, and elsewhere in the Black Sea or its tributaries and in the Archangel-Murmansk area. A rapidly expanding complex is centered in the Soviet maritime provinces in the Far East.

It would be a mistake to underrate the capabilities of Russian marine engineers and naval architects. They still have much to learn from the West, but they are learning fast. Some of the newer Soviet-built ships are at least as modern in conception — if not as well built — as any in the West.

Russia constructed the world's first nuclear-powered icebreaker, the *Lenin*, 25,000 tons, probably the most powerful ship of its kind, certainly one with the longest endurance. The Russians have also taken a leading role in the development of the hydrofoil, principally for river use. Rudolf Sobotka reports in *World Petroleum* that two 62,000-ton-

displacement oil tankers, the *Sofia* and the *Hanoi*, the largest ships ever built in Russia, were launched from Leningrad yards in 1962 and 1963.

Russia's newest ships incorporate many of the latest engineering features — high-pressure, high-temperature steam, economical fuel consumption, gas turbines, welded hulls. Communist experts study Western developments; two technical institutes foster maritime research; and current emphasis on shipboard automation, improved cargo-handling machinery, and the newest propulsion systems indicates that future Soviet vessels may equal the best Western-built ships in operating efficiency.

Today, the United States has an undoubted technical lead in maritime developments. The *Savannah* is the only nuclear-powered merchantman in the world. Neither the Challenger-type cargo vessels — with their high speeds (twenty-five or more knots), their powerful cargo-handling booms and strong backs able to lift the heaviest tank or locomotive, and their small crews — nor the roll-on and roll-off vehicle ships of the Comet class specially developed for the Military Sea Transportation Service have any equals in Russia as far as is known.

But this technical lead does us small good. The American merchant marine is beset by troubles. The maiden voyage of the *Savannah* was delayed by ridiculous labor disputes. Management has too often been backward in fostering new design; American shipyards, except for a few of the most efficient, are outclassed in cost-effectiveness by foreign yards; obsolescent port facilities handicap cargo handling; and the implementation of U.S. maritime policy lends lip service, but not much else, to the ideal of a superior U.S. merchant marine. In costs we simply cannot compete.

The U.S.S.R., on the other hand, clearly sees its burgeoning merchant marine as an important means to an end. The economic effects already are becoming apparent. In an unusual and little-noticed staff study of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security published in 1961, it was pointed out that the "Soviet oil offensive" was already having an economic and political effect on the world. An estimated 200 to 300 million barrels of Russian oil — a small amount, as oil exports are measured — were shipped overseas from the U.S.S.R. in 1961 and were sold at prices 10 to 20 percent below that of the world market. The effect was dramatic: the oil shipments dislodged Western suppliers from long-established markets; won economic footholds for the U.S.S.R. in neutral and new nations and aided Soviet political and ideological penetration; and bought raw materials or industrial and technological equipment required for Russia's industrial-military expansion. Russia has programmed the export of something like 365 million barrels of

oil in 1965, and as of May, 1963, seventy-six tankers, totaling almost two million deadweight tons, were under construction to Russian order throughout the world to carry this black gold.

Frank A. Nemec, executive vice president of Lykes Brothers Steamship Company and a member of a delegation that visited Russia to study its merchant marine, summarized the trend recently in a press conference conducted by the Committee of American Steamship Lines aboard the S.S. *America*. He pointed out that in the three years ending with 1961, Soviet trade with the non-Communist world rose "to almost 70 percent above the 1958 level," and he listed some of the factors involved in the determination of the U.S.S.R. to expand its maritime establishment as follows:

The prestige value of Soviet flagships in the ports and on the sea-lanes of the world.

The leapfrogging of Soviet interests from contiguous land masses to areas which are reliant on sea transport: Cuba, Indonesia, Ceylon, United Arab Republic, India, and so forth.

The need to minimize their present extreme reliance on chartered free-world tonnage (as in the case of the wheat purchases, where foreign bottoms have carried much of the grain to Soviet ports).

The desire to conserve foreign exchange by shipping foreign trade in Soviet bottoms.

The expanded Soviet merchant marine obviously has naval auxiliary value, as any merchant marine does. In time of conflict its ships can carry troops, equipment, cargo. More important, it has military value in the cold war, as Soviet merchant vessels demonstrated during the Cuban crisis. The Russian missiles, troops, and equipment which threatened our cities were transported to Cuba by Soviet ships. The possession of a merchant marine with speed, capacity, and flexibility adequate to meet the fluctuating demands of cold war crises in many parts of the globe will give the masters of the Kremlin another string to their bow.

A large merchant marine also provides Russia with its own means of exporting foreign aid and political subversion. No longer must Russia's agents and goods move by circuitous or surreptitious, or foreign-controlled, routes; the sea-lanes of the world are free, and Communism can use them, via its merchant marine, to gain footholds, with goods or weapons or words, in foreign lands. The pattern is already familiar in Cuba, Panama, much of Latin America and Africa, and in Southeast Asia, Indonesia, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. How much easier it will be in future years for the masters of subversion in Moscow to implement with the aid of a powerful maritime arm the course of nibbling aggression.

Edwin M. Hood, president of the Shipbuilders Council of America, summed up the dimensions of

the Soviet maritime challenge when he pointed out that Moscow's current Seven-Year Plan contemplated doubling the 1960 Soviet merchant fleet by 1965, tripling it by 1970, and ultimately increasing its 1960 size by five to six times by 1980.

There can be only one major reason for such grandiose aims. Russia, already trading with some sixty foreign countries, is engaged in a race to capture the trade routes of the world.

THE SOVIET FISHING FLEETS

From the Lofoten Islands to Ghana and the estuary of the River Plate, the Soviet fishing fleets are ranging the seas of the world. In the Pacific, the Communist vessels cruise from the Gulf of Alaska and the Bering Sea southward to Antarctica. Every major fishing ground in the world has been saturated in the past decade by what a Senate Commerce Committee report published last January called "prowling and ravenous" Russian fleets. Already the most modern in the world, the Russian fishing fleet is expanding at a rate which will probably make it the largest in the world by 1965, according to the Senate committee report.

Experts differ — though not much — about the exact size and comparative standing of the Soviet fishing fleet today. But they all agree that since 1945, Soviet fishermen have turned from their own coastal waters to the open seas of the world, have enormously increased their catch, and have built or purchased a fleet of modern high-seas fishing vessels of all types that is second to none.

The Soviet fishing fleet is estimated in the Senate committee report to have grown from some 36,406 vessels of all types in 1940 to an estimated 75,000 in 1962. Most of these — or some 50,000 — are small, nonmotorized craft for coastal fishing. But there has been a tremendous increase in motorized vessels, particularly in long-range seagoing types. An additional 14,000 new fishing vessels are programmed — 750 of them what the Senate report calls "distant water, fish-freezing trawlers of over 1,300 horsepower each and 20-odd factory ships displacing about 18,000 tons each."

The Russians appear to be spending about \$320 million a year on their fishing industry. Trawlers and big factory and refrigerator ships have been built for Russia by Finland, Japan, Denmark, West Germany, and Sweden. In contrast, the U.S. capital investment in its fishing fleets is shrinking, and both U.S. vessels and U.S. methods are obsolescent. The United States dropped to fifth place in total catch in 1961.

The Russian fishermen use every type of gear from the most modern to the most ancient — bottom and mid-water trawls, drift nets, seines, and lines. They take every type of fish, particularly cod,

haddock, herring, and ocean perch. Lately, some of their fishing craft have extended their interest to the menhaden and shrimp catch off the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and in the Caribbean. The Russians are also developing a tuna and a sardine fishing industry. Anything edible, or usable in the form of fish oil or fertilizer, is included in their sea harvest.

Their newest ships are better equipped for finding and catching fish than those of any other fleet. Nearly all the new trawlers have at least navigational radar; some have extensive electronic equipment. Many trawlers or mother ships have sonar or sound-ranging equipment capable of detecting schools of fish, bathythermographs for recording ocean temperatures, and accurate sounding instruments. Some of the large ships even have helicopter landing pads.

Japan is building for Russia five tuna-factory ships of about 5000 gross tons each, with freezing and canning facilities. Denmark is constructing some smaller fish-freezer vessels with stern ramps for hauling in buoyed nets. In West Germany, eight floating fish factories, 17,000 deadweight tons each, have been built or are under construction. The \$62,500,000 value of this one order approximates one half of the total budget for U.S. merchant-ship construction.

Russian shipyards have constructed or are building such vessels as the *Andrei Zakharov*, with hull sheathed against ice, a huge 12,000- to 15,000-gross-ton floating cannery and mobile repair vessel. It can produce 1575 cases of canned fish every twenty-four hours and carries a machine shop to repair smaller fishing vessels. It has a crew of more than 100 men, in addition to more than 500 cannery workers who work three eight-hour shifts. The *Sovetskaya Ukraina* is one of a number of giant whale-factory ships, each of which mothers some seventeen smaller whale-killer boats, and can render and reduce whale carcasses at high speed (an estimated sixty to seventy daily). The Severodvinsk class (built in Poland), with displacement of more than 17,000 tons, can "service along her sides," the Senate report states, "eight herring trawlers simultaneously."

Most of the new Soviet trawlers are motor vessels — 500 to 3000 gross tons — equipped for stern fishing. A new class, the Tropik, a product of East German yards, is designed for fishing in warm climates. It is a kind of "universal fishing vessel . . . equipped to freeze fish and to produce fish meal and fish oil en route. . . ."

Under construction, or planned, in Russia is a fish-catching mother ship of 35,000 tons displacement, self-sustaining for six months at sea. It will have a fish-processing plant with a capacity of about 300 tons daily of frozen fish, fillets, salted fish, fish

meal, and fat. Automation is stressed, and there will be a helicopter platform on the stern. It will carry on deck fifteen to twenty small fishing seiners of about fifty tons displacement each. An automated trawler, computer-controlled, which will search and find fish, net, clean, and freeze them with minimum human effort, is also being planned.

The Russians use any and all methods to take fish. In the Caspian Sea, kilka, a kind of anchovy, is lured at night, by powerful lights, to a suction hose, and schools of the little fish are pumped into special refrigerator vessels at the rate of about one ton per hour per vessel.

This fishing fleet obviously has much ancillary usefulness. It is keyed, like all Communist endeavors, to political-economic purposes. It is important as a source of food for Soviet Russia and for export to other countries. (In 1961, Russia imported only \$8,400,000 worth of fish products and exported five times this amount, whereas the United States imported \$397,000,000 worth of fish.

The Soviet fishing fleet provides another means of entry for Communism into nations of the world far from Soviet Russia's land mass. It is significant, for instance, that one of the first agreements made between Moscow and Fidel Castro's Communist Cuba concerned the fishing industries of both countries. With Soviet money, know-how, and aid, a base for the fishing fleets of both countries is being established near Havana; about a dozen Soviet trawlers already are operating from Cuba. This has practical, as well as political, purposes; Soviet trawlers will be able to refuel and repair in Cuba, thus obviating the necessity of making the long trip home. Soviet fishing vessels have replenished their fuel at Veracruz. Soviet factory and fishing ships have already used African ports.

The military importance of this great fishing fleet is secondary to its economic and political value, but is, nevertheless, significant. Normally about 200 to 400 Soviet trawlers are concentrated in the North Atlantic fishing grounds — most of them in and around the Norwegian Sea. Scores of these vessels off the Grand Banks or George's Bank serve, as the Japanese fishing fleets did prior to World War II, as a naval auxiliary, particularly valuable for intelligence purposes. When NATO fleets have held maneuvers in the Norwegian Sea it has been virtually impossible to avoid Soviet trawlers; they showed up wherever the fleet was. Our Polaris submarines patrol in this area; well-equipped trawlers could aid in tracking them.

THE OCEAN BOTTLENECKS

Moscow's strong and vigorous economic and military support of Cuba is keyed in considerable part to Khrushchev's understanding of the strategic

importance of a Communist Cuba in control of the Caribbean and of the Panama Canal. The recent troubles in Panama were not accidental, nor did they stem merely from the action of American schoolboys in raising — against their governor's orders — the American flag in front of their high school in the Canal Zone. The riots were carefully prepared. The groundwork had long been laid; the rioters were stirred up by Communist and Castro money and Communist propaganda, and were led by a hard core of Communists and Castroites, who capitalized upon the inflammatory chauvinism of some Panamanians. Our troubles in Panama will never be resolved — short of our complete abandonment of the Canal, which is precisely what Khrushchev would like to force. For the Panama Canal under neutralist, or pro-Communist, or even weak, nonaligned control would represent a tremendous achievement in Russia's objective of maritime supremacy.

The Strait of Gibraltar is, at the moment, less threatened by Communist machinations. The British still control the vital Gibraltar base, and Tangiers, across the Strait, no longer an international port, is not within the Communist orbit. Russia has been attempting to secure some kind of shipping or fishing base in Morocco, and Soviet military aid to Morocco and subtle Communist propaganda are the first elements of the Trojan Horse. Ben Bella's leftist-inclined government in Algeria may provide a possible alternative to Soviet ambitions.

In Egypt, the Russians have succeeded — in part because of the mistakes of the West — in effectively neutralizing the Suez Canal and in establishing a strong Soviet presence. The Nasser government is indebted to Russia, and to a considerable extent dependent upon it, for economic aid (particularly for the giant project of the Aswan Dam) and for military assistance. In the Red Sea, a Communist-built port is being completed in Yemen. Further south, Somaliland is showing definite evidence of pro-Communist sympathies, and the island of Zanzibar is now governed by men who openly proclaim intense sympathy with Moscow.

The Strait of Malacca is still under effective Western control, largely because of the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the great British base at Singapore. But it is threatened. It is threatened in Malaya by the preponderant, and generally pro-Communist, Chinese minority (a majority in Singapore itself). It is threatened externally by the demagogue Sukarno, who has, in effect, declared war upon the new British Federation of Malaysia, and who has grandiloquently renamed the Indian Ocean the "Indonesian Ocean." The Indonesian fleet, supplied to Sukarno by Moscow, is the most powerful indigenous navy in the area (one missile cruiser, two

missile frigates, several destroyers, and a dozen submarines). The increasing threat to the Strait of Malacca and to the vast vacuum of power that extends from Southeast Asia westward to the Red Sea and the African continent is the background reason for the U.S. Navy's desire to establish a fleet in the Indian Ocean.

Here, too, as in Panama, there will be no peace in our time, for the Communist drive for political hegemony is directed against a maritime focal point of high strategic importance.

THE SOVIET NAVY

The Soviet Navy, like the Soviet merchant marine and the Soviet fishing fleets, has been transformed from what was essentially a coastal defensive force into a blue-water offensive fleet. It is not yet, by any means, comparable in size, balance, or combat effectiveness with the United States fleet, and it will be far more difficult for Russia to match our great naval superiority than to achieve other elements of maritime supremacy. Nevertheless, today Russia has, in terms of tonnage, the world's second largest navy, the world's largest submarine fleet, and by far the world's largest fleet of minesweepers, minelayers, patrol craft, motor torpedo boats, and small coastal boats.

The Russian fleet retains its traditional defensive character, with great numbers of short-range shallow-draft patrol vessels and coastal submarines designed for the landlocked seas and narrow waters (the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk) that complicate Moscow's naval problem. But it has achieved since World War II a deepwater offensive capability which it has not had since an ill-fated fleet of the Czar's met crushing defeat at Tsushima.

The Soviet submarine service has improved tremendously in quality, both in the technical design and performance of its ships and in the competence of its personnel. It is still well behind our own submarine fleet in combat effectiveness, but its increasing quality as well as its numbers should not be discounted. Probably about a third, or less, of the Soviet submarines are deep-sea, long-range types; the rest are medium-range or coastal types, some of them obsolescent. In the past two years the U.S.S.R. appears to have ceased the construction of conventionally powered submarines and to have started a large construction program of nuclear-powered submarines.

The Soviet nuclear-powered submarine fleet numbers from twelve to fifteen vessels. Little is known about them; they have not been encountered on the high seas, and some reports indicate the Russians have run into trouble with their first nuclear-powered craft. However, these troubles will be overcome in time. Nuclear power

means virtually unlimited cruising radius; it will enable Russia to compensate for its lack of overseas bases. For submarines, nuclear power also means protracted high underwater speeds and, with other developments, deeper submergence. The Soviet nuclear-submarine construction program is a tacit threat to the lifelines of NATO and our other alliances.

But there is a second threat, of even greater importance. Modern missile-firing submarines hold a nuclear sword of Damocles over the cities and heartland of every nation on earth, and they also threaten our surface fleet. Today, the dark depths of the sea are the most effective base for weapons of nuclear devastation.

The U.S.S.R. has more than fifty missile-firing submarines, a few of them nuclear-powered. These ships do not compare in combat characteristics or technological quality with our Polaris submarines, but they postulate, nevertheless, a threat to all U.S. seacoast areas. Most of the Soviet missile-firing submarines are conversions of older conventionally powered types; they are capable of launching — from the surface, not submerged — two or three short-range (250 to 550 miles), nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles. A new class of nuclear-powered, missile-firing submarine appears to have a dual capability; it can launch 200- to 300-mile cruise-type missiles against surface ships or against land targets. Such a capability represents a threat to our aircraft carriers and surface naval and commercial shipping, as well as to our coasts, and enormously complicates the problems of antisubmarine protection.

Though submarines represent the principal offensive element of Russia's oceanic naval strength, they are by no means the only element. Despite Premier Khrushchev's jibes at naval surface ships, Soviet cruisers (there are more than twenty) have been modernized with surface-to-surface and anti-aircraft missiles. Russia has a large fleet of destroyer types, some of them quite modern and fitted with missiles. And even such small craft as the Komar-torpedo boats furnished to Cuba have offensive power (in the form of ten- to fifteen-mile surface-to-surface missiles) disproportionate to their size.

The Soviet fleet today is not capable — save in relatively close proximity to its own air bases — of denying the United States control of the seas. But it may be able to do so tomorrow, unless some answer to the submarine threat is found.

OCEANOGRAPHY AND GLOBAL AIR POWER

Until a year or so ago, the Soviet oceanographic program was unrivaled in scope and intensity. Today the United States has initiated a broad, soundly based oceanographic program, which in time may

overcome the Soviet lead. A far greater knowledge of the ocean currents, the ocean bottom, oceanic weather, temperatures, salinity, and composition of the ocean, and marine life is essential to successful submarine and antisubmarine warfare, to navigation, to fishing, and in general to exploitation of the seven tenths of the earth's surface that is water. Russia has utilized more than 100 oceanographic research ships in this type of charting and exploration; the United States has had only a handful.

The *Vitiaz*, one of the well-known Soviet oceanographic vessels, recently carried out a survey of the Indian Ocean. A submarine, the *Severianka*, converted for underwater research, has viewing ports in the bow, high-powered lamps and searchlights as well as sonar devices, and instruments for sampling the sea and the ocean floor. There are said to be about thirty specialized vessels used solely in applied scientific work to expand Russia's fishing industry. In ice-forecasting, Arctic Ocean research, and in research applicable to fishing, Russia probably leads the world.

Russian knowledge of the seas adjacent to its coasts is undoubtedly unrivaled; particularly important has been Moscow's charting of the Northern Arctic Sea route, which provides during summer months a secure coastal passage from Archangel and Murmansk to the Pacific. The Soviet Pacific Fleet has been materially reinforced by this route in recent years, and former German and Axis passenger liners, seized after the war, have been used to transport settlers and supplies to the sparsely populated Siberian coastal regions.

The United States probably has a more detailed knowledge of the Central Arctic basin — owing to the exploits of our nuclear submarines — than does Russia, and we have detailed charts of the ocean's bottoms in areas in which we have particularly concentrated our efforts — for example, the Norwegian Sea. Who is ahead in the basic scientific knowledge that in turn leads to commercial development and strategic advantage is anyone's guess. Russia has been conducting an intensive program longer than we have, but we have made up for lost time.

The development of Russian long-range air power also supports the Soviet drive for blue water, both economically and commercially as well as militarily. Russia does not yet match the extensive system of commercial global air routes flown by the United States, France, or England, even though its airliners do fly to some sixteen or more foreign countries. Russia's turboprop and jet transports are capable of overflying any ocean and reaching any continent, though the nonstop Moscow-Havana or Murmansk-Havana flight stretches their capability almost to the limit and reduces payload to an uneconomic level.

The limitations on the extension of air routes

overseas have been twofold. Until six or seven years ago Russia had about all it could do to meet its domestic aviation needs; its vast heartland depended upon air transport to link many of its most remote points. That need has now largely been met, but Russia still suffers from the lack of overseas air bases, and from its reluctance to provide reciprocal air rights to countries to which it would like to extend its routes. Maintenance and mechanical difficulties and service that cannot compare with that provided by the best Western lines have been other stumbling blocks.

However, Russia is extending its commercial air routes to foreign lands; its basic air policy has been changing ever since 1954, and Moscow has now arranged reciprocal air agreements with all the Communist bloc countries and with some Western nations. Some observers believe this development does not presage economic competition and does not represent a drive for the world's air-carrying trade, but rather is motivated by considerations of national prestige and political penetration. Global airline routes will never play the important role in world trade that the plodding carriers of the merchant marine do, but planes complement ships and provide an ideal instrument for economic advantage, political penetration, and propaganda purposes.

The step-by-step development of long-range aircraft in Russia has been military and commercial; in fact, military versions have usually pioneered. Most important to Russia's push toward blue water has been its development of an over-ocean military patrol capability. This was, only a few years ago, conspicuous by its absence; today, Moscow's new capability has been dramatized by flights around and over parts of Alaska, and particularly by overflying U.S. aircraft carriers and other naval vessels on the high seas, hundreds of miles from the nearest Soviet base. Some of the planes used were Bear turboprop aircraft, the longest-range load carrier of the Soviet air fleet and a good plane for oceanic patrol. The Bear, though capable of two-way flight without refueling from Soviet bases to the United States, has air refueling equipment, and also can carry air-launched "stand-off" missiles against surface targets. It is thus an instrument of some importance against surface shipping, and when used in cooperation with submarines, it could provide the air element of the plane-submarine team, which is the major menace to surface shipping in any future war.

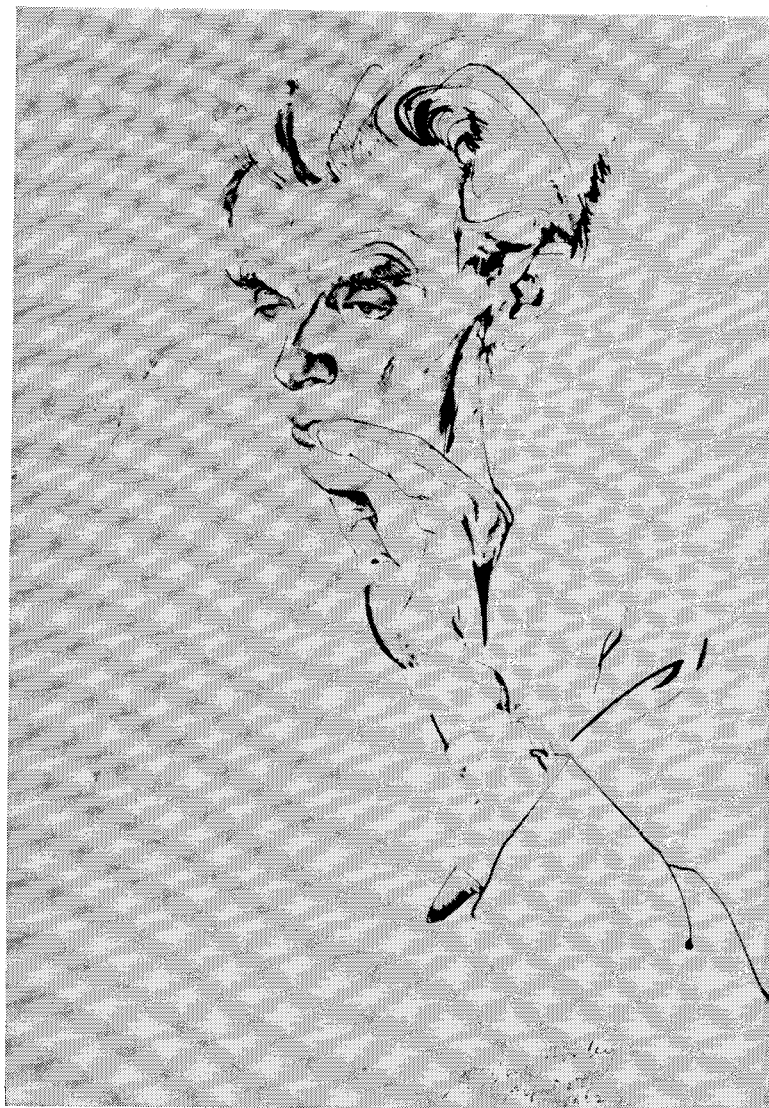
Soviet wings over the seas cast a shadow over tomorrow. The battle for the high seas — in trade, merchant shipping, fishing fleets, naval vessels, oceanographic and research ships, and long-range aircraft — is just beginning. Russia's challenge already is formidable, and it will grow.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

in CALIFORNIA

by
**Christopher
Isherwood**

An English writer who became an American citizen in 1946, CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD has done scripts for film studios in both countries and collaborated with W. H. Auden in the writing of three plays. He became a resident student of the Vedanta Society of Southern California, where he worked in making translations from the Sanskrit, and during these years he was in close touch with Aldous Huxley.



I FIRST met Aldous Huxley in California, during the early summer of 1939. The Huxleys, Gerald Heard, and another close friend, named Christopher Wood, had moved out there from Europe to settle two years previously. They formed a group which had expanded to include some very different kinds of people: Charlie Chaplin, for example, and Krishnamurti, Anita Loos, Paulette Goddard, Edwin Hubble, Greta Garbo. One didn't think of Maria Huxley as being what is usually meant by a "great" hostess; yet, in her charmingly haphazard way — by accident, almost — she created some historic parties. At that period, the Huxleys lived in Santa Monica, not far from the beach, in an extraordinarily sinister house which was built and furnished in a style that I can best describe as log-cabin decadent. The place was so dimly illuminated that a lady to whom I had just been introduced once said to me, "Will you light my cigarette so I can see your face?" Its art treasures included a painting of a giant ape carrying off a virgin in torn

Drawing by Bachardy.

veils, and several fetishistic pictures of "cruel" high-booted ladies, probably German in origin. Neither Maria nor Aldous seemed to have made any attempt to alter the decor, which had been dreamed up by their fun-loving landlord; their own lives were quite without relation to it, and they showed you around with civilized humor, as though they themselves were merely houseguests.

Aldous' physical appearance took me by surprise. I had expected somebody resembling the skinny, thickly bespectacled, spiderlike intellectual of the early photographs. (Or had I made my private image of the young author of *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, and *Point Counter Point* to match my opinion of the books themselves? I am one of those who maintain that nearly all of Huxley's best work was done in the latter, American half of his life.) In any case, the Aldous in his middle forties whom I now met in the flesh was slender but not at all skinny, and the insect look I had discovered in his photographs seemed to me to be more of a bird look, benevolent

and quick with interest in his surroundings. He no longer wore spectacles. When he talked, his beautifully sensitive features seemed literally to shine with enthusiasm. He was interested in so many subjects that he could talk to anybody — anybody, that is, who was also interested. Thus he could thoroughly enjoy the company of children and teen-agers, scientists, ranchers, actresses, priests, and professors. It was only in the presence of the indifferent, the insincere, and the double-talker that he became uncomfortable and aloof.

Aldous' clothes were usually informal. But he wore everything well, and when he put on a suit, he looked marvelously distinguished. It was not in his character to be consciously dressy; but he was never careless, and I think he must have had a certain affection for some of the things he wore. For instance, he had kept a tie from Paris for more than twenty years and would remark that it was "like an early Rouault."

Aldous had given up using spectacles because he had become a convert to the Bates Method of Visual Reeducation; he describes it in *The Art of Seeing*. I have neither the authority nor the inclination to express a personal opinion on this subject; I merely record that I have seen people who were discussing it become enraged to the point of incoherence, and I can well believe that it has sometimes been the cause of fistfights. And the Bates battle was mild in comparison with the battle over mescaline and lysergic acid which broke out about fifteen years later, after Aldous had published *The Doors of Perception*, and still rages. Indeed, Aldous was the most "engaged" of writers; he was always getting involved in controversies, from conscientious objection to the Chessman case. He never hesitated to play an active part in them either; he joined his son Matthew in a picket line outside a movie studio on one occasion, and went up to Sacramento on several others to bring pressure to bear on the state legislature. Yet, in the midst of the struggle, he never seemed fanatical or even particularly excited. Courteous in argument and calmly assured, he maintained an air of objectivity which nevertheless wasn't in the least superior. Only, when confronted by some truly awful instance of stupidity or prejudice, he would sometimes utter a wild little laugh, raising his arms and letting them fall again to his sides in a gesture of amused despair.

Not unnaturally, people who knew Aldous tended to judge the whole Bates Method by the condition of his eyesight; some claimed that the method had improved it, others passionately denied this. To me, one of the most mysterious things about Aldous was what he could see and what he couldn't, and how, exactly, he saw what he saw. How much did he actually see and how much did he cognize by some kind of built-in radar? You watched him

cross a street. You didn't want to embarrass him by taking his arm, and yet you were tense with anxiety, for he seemed like a blind man. Then, to your astonished relief, he would put his foot firmly onto the opposite sidewalk, which you would have sworn he hadn't seen. I remember once standing with him outside his house at Llano in the Mojave Desert and being surprised when he remarked on the beauty of the sierras which rose far away along the horizon. And once, while we were out driving, he called to Maria to stop the car because there was a clump of mariposa lilies, at least a hundred yards from the highway. I hadn't even noticed them. On the other hand, it must be recorded that he had one serious fall, while walking on a hillside road, which could not have happened to a man with normal vision.

ALDOS and Maria both loved the desert. Indeed, Aldous was attached to California by a love for the terrain itself; this was perhaps his strongest reason for remaining there in later years. But life at Llano had its problems. The irrigation water was owned by a rancher who lived higher up the mountain; it was released into the garden along a system of ditches on certain days only, between certain hours. The Huxleys had their own gasoline engine for generating electric light. (To eliminate the fire hazard, it was sunk in a pit in the middle of the yard and covered by a trapdoor. On this trapdoor, Maria had placed an otherwise unwanted terra-cotta bust of Gerald Heard by way of ornament, and the pit was therefore known as "Gerald's Tomb.") Maria would beg you to use a candle if you wanted to read during the night. One night I forgot and flipped the light switch; the engine started with a clatter like a motorbike's and woke everybody else up.

Then there were the coyotes, who would send their bitches to lure away the male ranch dogs and then set on them and kill them. (A few ranch dogs were said to have been so big and strong that they killed their attackers and thereafter ran wild as leaders of the pack.) And there were the rattlesnakes; Aldous would go for long walks, and Maria was always afraid that one of them would lash out at him from underneath a mesquite bush. But the danger to which Aldous finally fell a victim was less apparent. One day, Maria found a pretty flower which had been washed down the hillside by a rainstorm. She planted it outside Aldous' study window. It proved to be a species of ragweed, and it gave him an allergic rash all over his body. This, I believe, was one of the several mishaps which made the Huxleys decide to give up the Llano house and return to live in Los Angeles.

Aldous was an exceptionally sensitive human instrument, and his health was correspondingly variable. One week he would look fresh and healthy and even robust; the next, wan, shattered, almost spectral. He suffered from all kinds of ailments, but they seemed to interest him quite as much as they distressed him. He would talk about them at length, objectively and without complaining. "I feel curiously *deconstellated*," he told me once, after being given a new type of shot. Both he and Maria were great connoisseurs of doctors; it sometimes seemed to their friends that they were prepared to consult absolutely anyone, at least once, in a spirit of disinterested experimentation.

Actually, this fearless curiosity was one of Aldous' noblest characteristics, a function of his greatness as a human being. Little people are so afraid of what the neighbors will say if they ask Life unconventional questions. Aldous questioned unceasingly, and it never occurred to him to bother about the neighbors. They laughed at him for consulting unlicensed healers and investigating psychic phenomena, and it was true that many of the healers proved to be wrong and many of the mediums frauds. That was unimportant from Aldous' point of view. For his researches also brought into his hands some very odd and precious pieces of the jigsaw puzzle of Truth, pieces that may not be officially fitted into the main pattern and recognized as scientifically respectable for many years to come.

Not long before my arrival in California, Heard and Huxley had met Swami Prabhavananda, a Hindu monk of the Ramakrishna Order, who had founded a center in Hollywood for the study and practice of Vedanta philosophy. Later, Heard introduced me to him. This was a contact which had far-reaching effects on the lives of all three of us. In Huxley's case, it was widely represented as the selling out of a once brilliant intellect. Huxley was alleged to have undergone a failure of nerve, to have relapsed into woolly-minded mysticism and embraced oriental mumbo jumbo. Well, that is old history now, and nothing to get heated about. At least it cannot be denied that Huxley's preoccupation with Vedanta inspired some of his best books.

In September, 1942, I heard Aldous make a personal statement to a small group of people on the relation between his concern with mystical religion and his art. I wrote down some of it verbatim, and I think it is well worth repeating here; the very artlessness of its expression, so unlike the lucidity and polish of Aldous' written work, seems to me to convey something of his live personality.

I came to this thing in a rather curious way, as a *reductio ad absurdum*. I have mainly lived in the world of intellectual life and art. But the world of knowing about things is unsatisfactory. It's no good knowing about the taste of strawberries out of a book. The more

I think of art I realize that though artists do establish some contact with spiritual reality, they establish it unconsciously. Beauty is imprisoned, as it were, within the white spaces between the lines of a poem, between the notes of music, in the apertures between groups of sculpture. This function or talent is unconscious. They throw a net and catch something, though the net is trivial. . . . But one wants to go further. One wants to have a conscious taste of these holes between the strings of the net. . . . Now, obviously, one could never possibly give it up.

That last sentence has the ring of an emotional intensity which Aldous very seldom displayed — to me, at any rate. In a world of backslappers and soul-barers, he avoided superfluous physical contacts and unasked-for confessions. When he was suffering the pain of Life most keenly, he said the least — during the worst days of the war, for example, or during Maria's slow death from cancer, or in the loss of his house and papers by fire.

I got the impression that Aldous regarded the art of the novel as a necessary nuisance. He had things to say in fictional form, but the weaving of the fiction bored him. He would often hold forth on the futility of literature in general. The great masters expressed themselves marvelously, of course, but what was the point of it all? What was it all *about*? One night, he was talking to me like this at a party and thoroughly enjoying himself: Homer was terribly overrated, Dante was hopelessly limited, Shakespeare was such a stupid man, Goethe was such a bore, Tolstoy was so silly. Suddenly, a look of uneasiness came over his face, "You know, I must confess, I've never read Lope de Vega —"

"I have," I told Aldous.

"And what about him? Is he any good?"

Eager to play my part in the game and not be a spoilsport, I answered, "He stinks."

And Aldous exclaimed with unfeigned relief, "Oh, I *am* glad to hear you say that!"

It is hardly necessary to add that this kind of talk was no more than a reaction, and a most healthy one, against the official idolatry of the arts, which (Aldous was fond of saying) is one of our modern substitutes for religion. He could be amusingly perceptive about academic art-jargon. Describing how some professors had been talking to him about D. H. Lawrence and how he hadn't been able to understand a single word they said, he added, "They've invented their own absolutely unintelligible technical language because they feel they have to justify their existence by pretending that literature is a branch of science."

He seldom talked to me specifically about his own work. A note in my diary, January 9, 1940, reveals that Aldous was then already considering the subject matter of what was to be, twenty-two years later, his last novel, *Island*. There is also a reference

to another project he described, a novel which “explores the problem of the meaning of words and the utter inadequacy of all existing language.” In January, 1944, I was taking him to see a typist I had recommended to type *Time Must Have a Stop*. I asked him what the new novel was about. He thought carefully before replying, “It’s a curiously *trivial* story, told in great detail, with a certain amount of *squalor*.”

ALDOUS and Maria had seemed an inseparable couple. We all dreaded the long-term effects of bereavement on Aldous and were relieved when he married again. He seemed very happy as he told me about the wedding, which took place at a drive-in chapel at Yuma, Arizona, in March, 1956, with what Aldous described as “a broken-down cowboy” for a witness. “Really” he exclaimed, “there are so many delightful and intelligent and unusual people in the world!” Then — how characteristically — he added, “And so many unspeakably awful ones!”

In 1961, the house into which Aldous and Laura had moved after their marriage was destroyed by a brush fire. Driven by veering winds, the flames darted about the hillside with fiendish caprice; the house immediately behind the Huxleys’ was unharmed. Certain journalists, with the unmotivated falsehood which sometimes makes their trade seem purely evil, wrote that Aldous had shed tears and had had to be restrained from rushing into the flames to rescue his archives. Aldous was naturally indignant about this. As a matter of fact, both Aldous and Laura behaved with a self-discipline worthy of an Asian philosopher; when they saw that the fire was out of control and that nothing more could be done, they got into their car and drove quietly away. Aldous told me, with ironical relish, that the television trucks arrived at least twenty minutes before the fire engines.

My final memories, except for the last one, are happy. After the fire, Aldous and Laura spent much of their time at the home of their friend Virginia Pfeiffer. She, too, had lost her house in the same fire and had moved, with magnificent assurance, into another quite nearby. Aldous went for walks around the Hollywood reservoir, with its wooded islands, which he had always loved; he was constantly busy on various literary projects; he had fun with Virginia’s delightful adopted children; he and Laura traveled widely and returned to tell us stories of Brazil and India and Europe at pleasant supper parties. We heard rumors that he had had cancer of the tongue and been cured. I didn’t in-

quire further because I didn’t want to think about it. Then, on November 5, 1963, I visited him at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where he had been taken for a few days of tests or treatment. Just before I went into his room, the surgeon told me that his condition was hopeless; the cancer was spreading rapidly.

Aldous looked like a withered old man, gray-faced, with dull blank eyes. He spoke in a low hoarse voice which was hard to understand. I had to sit directly facing him because it hurt him to turn his head. And yet, seeing what I saw and knowing what I knew, I could still almost forget about his condition while we talked, because his mind was functioning so well. I was nervous at first and talked at random. I mentioned Africa, and Aldous said that all the new African nations would soon be governed by their armies. I mentioned V. V. Rozanov’s *Solitaria*, which I had just been reading. Aldous promptly quoted a passage from it, in which Rozanov says that “the private life is above everything . . . just sitting at home and even picking your nose, and looking at the sunset.” I told him a silly story — not at all the kind of story I would normally have told him — about Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin playing golf. He laughed at it, quite heartily.

Laura had told me that Aldous did not realize how sick he was. But now he began to speak about old age, and I couldn’t help suspecting that this was a kind of metaphor, a way of referring to his own death. He spoke of it almost with petulance, as a wretched hindrance which prevented you from working. He told me that he did not think he would ever write another novel. “I feel more and more out of touch with people.” And he added that when one is old, one is absolutely cut off from the outside world. I told him, quite sincerely, that I have the impression that as I grow older my character gets worse and worse. This made him laugh a lot — not, I think, because he disbelieved me, but because he found the statement somehow reassuring. We parted almost cheerfully. I had hoped to see him at least once or twice again, but even the surgeon’s prognosis was an overestimate. Aldous died that same month, on the twenty-second, not knowing that Kennedy had been shot that morning. It is good that he was no longer in the hospital but back in Virginia’s home, with Laura by his side. And one of his fears, at least, was unfounded. He was able to work right up to the day before the end, dictating the last part of an article on Shakespeare. He was not accustomed to dictation, yet the flow of thought was as clear as always; only a couple of small corrections were necessary before it could be published.

RETOOLING THE MIND

by NEIL W. CHAMBERLAIN

The continuing explosion of new knowledge is so basic to our entire economic life that "it is upsetting many of the traditional relationships in our social system," says NEIL W.

CHAMBERLAIN, professor of economics at Yale. In the article which follows, Professor Chamberlain suggests methods whereby education may become a lifetime process.

ON OUR home front we have been preoccupied for some time with problems of jobs and job security, automation, and unemployment. The issues which dominate our thinking relate to the impact of income, unemployment, health, education, and age on a person's place in his culture. But only in the last few years has there come a growing recognition that many of these problem areas cannot be set right by legislative action touching on them directly, or by private initiative on the part of managements or unions, acting either independently or jointly. These can help, but they cannot cure.

The fundamental change which has taken place in our culture is a speeding up of the rate of accumulation of knowledge, an acceleration so much in excess of what we have been accustomed to that it is imposing unexpected strains. The number of people receiving higher education has increased enormously, and more of them are devoting their time to the pursuit of new knowledge, financed by ever growing sums from public and private treasuries. The productivity of the knowledge-makers is being augmented by better-organized and better-equipped facilities in an expanding number of specialized research units and institutions. The stream of new knowledge has swelled into a flood, but we act as though the environment had not changed at all.

The most spectacular developments have occurred in engineering and the physical sciences, but these are only indicative of what has been going on in all fields. Gordon Brown of the M.I.T. School of Engineering has pointed out that an engineer taking his undergraduate degree in the

years prior to 1950 would have had at best only a slight brush with nuclear physics and engineering, feedback control and inertial guidance, information theory, computer technology and its applications, solid-state physics and electronics, plasma physics, and half a dozen other subject areas which have joined older subject matters or displaced them in importance. Yet a high proportion of our practicing engineers date from that pre-1950 period.

A. C. Monteith, an official of Westinghouse Corporation, has picturesquely described the consequence of such rapid growth of new knowledge by saying that a graduate engineer now has a half-life of about ten years. That is, about half of what he has learned will be obsolete in a decade. Monteith adds that half of what that same engineer will need to know ten years from now is not available to him today. Modify the proportions however you will, depending on the field, and the general conclusion remains the same.

The most immediate impact is felt in the professions. The older a man grows the less professionally adequate he becomes. For a period, perhaps an extended period, he may compensate for this obsolescence of his professional capital by the experience he acquires on his job. As a specialized researcher in a laboratory, he may come to know more and more about his subject. As an administrator, he may acquire skills in dealing with other professionals. As a teacher, he may develop competence in imparting knowledge to students. But the odds are yearly becoming greater that at some point in his career, while he is still in his prime, the subject he has researched, or the functions which he administers, or the body of knowledge

he has to teach will have changed so greatly that his lack of current professional competence will stand revealed.

The new knowledge will be in the possession of a younger man who will have just come through a period of instruction that had winnowed out the older, less useful knowledge and substituted for it the new, more relevant knowledge. And then that younger man, once on a job, will himself begin the process of professional deterioration.

It has been reliably reported that one large corporation, whose name is a household word, has concluded that because the knowledge which will be important to its profitability, and indeed its continuity, is of ever younger vintage, promotions will no longer go to men past forty.

The same phenomenon is evident in the skilled manual trades. To exaggerate only slightly, it is highly unlikely that the tool-and-die maker completing his apprenticeship today will ever again possess as much *relevant* knowledge as he has now. The exaggeration can be wholly removed by saying that at some point early in his career his competence to deal with the new and developing technologies will be subject to steady erosion.

When labor leaders in their search for the cause of persisting unemployment point the accusing finger at automation, they are attacking only one aspect of a much more general phenomenon — the rate of knowledge accumulation and application. And when they concentrate their fire on the unemployment aspects of this phenomenon, they are distracting our attention from a more pervasive problem — the steady downgrading of the occupational competence of all who are employed.

The younger the age-group, the better its education, both in terms of the number of years of schooling and the currency of its knowledge. But as long as the younger contingent cannot fill all the positions which need filling, there will be need for older workers even if less well trained. The fact that older people are comparatively at a disadvantage does not mean that their services can be dispensed with. But two considerations reduce the soothing effect of this assurance. First, the more demanding assignments, the strategic positions and responsibilities, will inevitably go to those with the relevant knowledge. And second, the sense of personal frustration of older individuals who are pushed aside cannot be compensated by higher pay or the guarantee of *some* job.

Thus the effects of automation, whether unemployment or downgrading, are not a result of misguided managerial zeal in wresting the last dollar of profit from a business; they are aspects of a larger social phenomenon in which the manager, no less than his employees, is caught up. As long as we treat the threat of automation as something

to be met by reduced work weeks, or longer vacation periods, or accelerated retirement, or more aggregate spending, we are refusing to recognize the real nature of the problem. The “explosion of knowledge,” as it has sometimes been dubbed, is so fundamental that it is upsetting many of the traditional relationships in our social system: the relationship of the young to the mature, of a man to his job, of experience to knowledge, of acquired education to achievement, of hierarchical position to functional authority.

IT TAKES no special insight to spotlight our educational processes and philosophy as the major cause of the sputter in our social engine. We are still operating as though a person can acquire in the first twenty years or so of his life all the formal education he needs to keep him on an ascending career line through the remaining forty years or so of his working life. But the fact is that the clock starts running down the moment a young man or woman steps from the commencement platform, be it college or high school.

This obsolescence is not confined to professional or white-collar workers. The view still prevails, particularly among the rank and file of manual workers, that a brief period of breaking in is all that is required to warrant a promotion once one has climbed far enough up the seniority ladder. At least that had been the view until automation appeared on the scene, making whole processes and plants obsolete and giving sudden currency to that overworked word “retraining.”

It has now become an article of faith among manpower specialists that there is no place in the modern world for the uneducated and the untrained. But there is only a tenuous difference between the uneducated and the undereducated, the untrained and the undertrained, and once we admit that in most occupations knowledge runs ahead of the pace at which a worker can keep up with it, we are driven to find some means of providing for our continuing education throughout our lives.

The forms which continuing education might take are several. If we were to move rapidly to mobilize all our educational resources, including teachers and facilities now involved in adult education, military training, and industry-sponsored instruction, we could effectively capitalize on the drive for reduced hours of work. If we were to assume a normal work week of forty hours, we could explore the feasibility of a partially subsidized movement to thirty-two hours of work coupled with eight hours of instruction. We could preserve the concept of forty committed hours every week but make variable the division between work and educa-

tion. People would continue to be paid for forty hours, but with rising productivity we would find it feasible to channel an increasing proportion of working time into learning programs. By this device we could develop a sense of continuing obligation to learn on the part of our total work force much more readily than if, with hours already bargained down to thirty-two a week, we were to try to induce employees voluntarily to spend eight additional hours in the classroom.

At the same time, we could encourage a much wider use of educational leaves of varying duration. We might allow a person to renew his formal education repeatedly, perhaps at intervals of three to five years. Just as a person now accumulates weeks of potential unemployment benefits by weeks of actual work, so might he accumulate years of potential educational benefits in ratio to his years of employment. Special degrees might even be created to encourage a return to the classroom. Some combination of public and private support for such a program could be as readily worked out in education as it has been in retirement, health, accident compensation, and unemployment.

This kind of repeated formal discipline of continuing education would be especially valuable to our teaching corps. The teacher at age forty or fifty usually suffers the same kind of obsolescence of knowledge as any other professional person. If we are to disseminate more rapidly the fruits of new knowledge, we should do our best to ensure that not only the younger instructors are adequately equipped. Academic tenure gives teachers the freedom to voice heretical ideas and challenges to traditional thinking, secure against loss of their jobs. But if our teachers are to be given lifetime tenure, do they not have an obligation of lifetime updating of the instruction which they pass along to our youth?

In addition to the sabbatical leave for purposes of research, which itself is far from universal even in the universities, we should make it possible for teachers to return as students to the classrooms and laboratories of those in their profession who are breaking the new ground. Surely a year off at full salary at least once in every seven — though there is no magic in that religiously inspired number — is a reasonable price for both society and the teacher to pay for the maintenance of high standards of instruction.

But even if such programs are established, geared to the needs of people in all walks of life and on all sorts of schedules, will we as a nation willingly accept such a lifetime commitment to learning? Absorption of knowledge is sufficiently demanding for many people to find it distasteful. We have the problem of the dropouts with us now, dropouts at age sixteen or after grade eight. If we talk of

formal lifetime education in any literal sense, will not the dropout rate approach almost 100 percent as one person after another, at some age level, gives up the struggle to extend the reach of his mind? The dreamers may conjure up utopias where all men are philosophers, but if one is talking of twentieth-century United States, let us face it — learning is hard work.

That argument serves only to underscore the extent of our problem. Education is hard, but within the lifetime of many of us our society has moved from a philosophy that college education is the luxury of the few to the belief that it is a necessity for the many. Many children who today debate not whether they will go to college but which college they will attend or which will admit them have parents who in their day would scarcely have given college a serious thought. We are currently in the process of extending still further that mass sense of the need for advanced education, as the swelling enrollments in our graduate and professional schools bear witness. A longer educational expectancy has become normal!

In the same way the notion of a lifetime of education can become the sort of thing which is expected of people in our kind of culture. How quickly such an expectancy can be developed will depend in part on the opportunities which we create for those who wish to pursue the learning process further, and in part on the effect of success, or lack of success, in career terms.

The still prevalent fear that lengthy leaves threaten a person's career advancement is already losing its cogency. It is not the interruption of additional study that would threaten a person's achievement so much as the lack of relevant knowledge and capacity to deal with new developments. If occasional leaves could be provided for prolonged periods of formal instruction on paid scholarship — perhaps of a year or more, as often as once every three to five years for those who wanted and could profit from such intensive doses — we could make great strides toward keeping up to date the stock of working knowledge of our people.

Those who might be worried over whether our society could afford such stepped-up programs of popular education might reflect on the fact that the expenditures for it would be a form of investment, increasing the productivity of our people. Thus the cost would be, in a sense — perhaps unmeasurable but nonetheless real — self-liquidating.

To be sure, there would always remain some members of our society who would lack the stamina or capacity to meet the discipline of a lifetime of study. It would be no easy task to create a nation of intellectual Spartans. But the possibility that some may fall by the wayside should not deter the rest from reaping the benefits.

The BATTLE of MUSSOLINI



A Story by Geoffrey Household

Novelist and short story writer, who made his first appearance in the ATLANTIC and all of whose books have appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD is a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and served with distinction in Greece and the Levant during the Second World War. Among his books are ROGUE MALE; a collection of short stories, THE SALVATION OF PISCO GABAR; and WATCHERS IN THE SHADOW.

TIME had dealt fairly kindly with both of them, thickening the loose limbs once burnt and slendered by desert sun but leaving them their fine-drawn regard for duty and each other. War was still a vividly remembered way of life, though now being recorded by historians too young to have experienced it. They had the facts right, Tarmer said, but not the day-to-day feel of them.

The old friend with whom he was lunching — and had once lunched, if you could call it that, every day for two oppressive years — received this remark with one of his personal silences as if a fuse were slowly burning down into sensitivity.

"A chap in the paper," Bill Avory exploded at last, "was actually complaining that nobody ever entertained the public with a good story of an escape from an Italian prisoner-of-war camp."

"There were mass escapes when Italy packed up. A lot of fellows got clear away as we did."

"Before that, he meant. He said that an officer's duty to escape had been less obvious in the casual climate of Italy than when subjected to the melancholy emptiness of German discipline."

The fact that Avory exactly remembered the precious and exasperating phrase proved that it cut, and that he found truth enough in the slander to spoil the image which two prosperous middle-aged citizens conceived of their adventurous youth.

"I wonder if it wasn't far harder to escape in Italy," Tarmer suggested.

Avory insisted that it couldn't have been. There was no denying that the climate had been casual — so casual that a monk had been readily allowed to come into the camp for cocoa, and there had been goats in the outer perimeter.

"It seems absurd that we couldn't just walk out," he said.

It did, in retrospect. Even Tarmer, whose conscience was far tougher than his friend's, felt a shade of guilt as he remembered the failure of tunnels, of impersonations, of attempts to stow away in ration carts. On the face of it, both men were examples of the lack of enterprise which that young critic of war on paper had mentioned. Prisoners in Germany did seem to have been more ruthlessly determined.

But Italians had more imagination than Germans and were less bound by routine. It had been impossible to calculate in advance where any of the guards would be idling at any given time. If you laid plans to take advantage of the usual genial but quite effective chaos, you would hit a night when discipline was of cold, Teutonic standard; and if you timed exactly —

"We could never time exactly," he reminded Avory. "We had to work out an average."

And even when they had averaged for week after week the guard changes, the movements of the Ditch Patrol, the interludes when illicit liters of wine were hoisted up by string to the five watch-

Lithograph by Rosa Bonheur. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

towers, they would find all their ingenious calculations dislocated because Colonel Colonna's wife was giving a party and in need of orderlies.

The Colonel — that flamboyant old chevalier of the Mediterranean who commanded the camp — undoubtedly would have liked to invite all his prisoners, accepting their parole in the politest manner of the eighteenth century. He deplored the military honor of the twentieth which compelled them to make nuisances of themselves to him and his government.

"Your journalist sounds like that pompous ass, Fantle," Tarmer protested. "He always made escape sound easy, too."

Wing Commander Fantle had been the Senior British Officer. He took his responsibilities so seriously that he had no time for manners. Nothing ever prevented him from saying what he chose to his fellow prisoners, but to Colonel Colonna he could speak only through an interpreter. He had therefore chosen Captain Tarmer to be his adjutant in preference to more submissive officers. Tarmer could translate his imperial protests into fluent Italian.

Fantle's sole concern with Europe had been to drop explosives on it — useful enough at the time, but leading to contempt for the languages spoken at the point of impact. Thus it was easy to maintain a cordial atmosphere in spite of him. When the Senior British Officer started off a protest with "Tell that dam' organ-grinder . . ." Tarmer had been able to insert some compliments and a proper respect for rank. Translating the other way around — for the Commandant's interpreter spoke Italian-American which Fantle willfully pretended he could not understand — it delighted him to make Colonna sound terse, cool, and British.

When either of them accused him of making sentences too long or too short, he sold the myth that it was impossible to be polite in English or precise in Italian. Since eyes could express themselves without any interpreter he had no hope of persuading the Commandant and the Senior British Officer to like each other, but at least he ensured as much tolerance as could be expected from two different animals separated by the bars of the cage.

"It may have been my fault that we couldn't work up enough resentment," Tarmer said.

"You couldn't help it! In a place like Medina Fort one was forced to have some military manners."

IT WAS a little gem of seventeenth-century fortification — nothing but a museum piece until it occurred to some imaginative fascist official that a stronghold designed to keep the enemy out would be equally effective to keep him in.

The heart of the fortress where the prisoners were confined — housed partly in huts, partly in the renovated and whitewashed quarters of old blue-and-gold artillerymen — was a blunt-angled pentagon measuring about three hundred yards across. Formally delimiting this area was an inner perimeter of low wire. A prisoner who stepped over or vaulted the wire could officially be shot at. He never was. The Italians, with their sound grasp of essentials, realized that the momentary infringement was not worth the trouble of cleaning a rifle.

They could afford to be generous. Beyond this inner perimeter a stone glacis sloped down to the broad green ditch around the fort. The far bank of the ditch was a thirty-foot sheer wall, topped by a further fifteen feet of heavy wire fence. The prisoners had at last been forced to admit that the smooth, well-fitted ashlar of the wall were unclimbable.

"Anything is climbable," said Bill Avory, still smarting from the accusation made by his older self against his younger self.

"But not in a hurry," Tarmer replied.

He remembered the ropes, pitons, and ladders which they had ingeniously made. Time to use them, however, could not be fabricated. The whole circuit was commanded by five watchtowers, one near each angle. At night the great ditch was floodlit from the towers. An escaping prisoner had as much chance as an actor on a stage of avoiding interested — almost friendly — observation.

Bill Avory had been convinced that the only way to get out was by the gate, by nonchalantly strolling past the guards at the barrier, over the seventeenth-century bridge, and across the barrack square of the garrison. He was very nearly successful, disguised as the monk who came in for cocoa; but the Italians had guessed somebody would try that one. They were so delighted to have foreseen every detail of Lieutenant Avory's plan that they returned him to the cage in fairly comradely fashion and with snatches of song. Colonel Colonna was bound to punish, but saw to it that bread and water and solitary confinement meant wine and rolls and a card party in the afternoon. Cavalry panache appealed to him. He was fascinated by the cherry trousers of the 11th Hussars which Bill still wore, even under his homemade cassock.

As soon as three goats were turned loose in the fort ditch, all plans for escape immediately took this new factor into consideration. During the day the animals were free to browse where they pleased; at night they were penned under the bridge. Inevitably they became pets. The convention which prohibited the crossing of the inner wire was being continually violated.

Colonel Colonna, very bothered lest his orders to shoot might possibly be obeyed, protested politely to the Senior British Officer. Fantle retorted

that the wire ought to be put in reasonable repair, thus preventing officers from crossing it to feed the goats or to retrieve articles of clothing which the goats were eating. To this the Commandant replied that it was unsoldierly to use the wire as a washing line.

Tarmer thought so too. He was a Guards officer, and his training occasionally overwhelmed him. He therefore translated the bit about the washing line correctly. The Senior British Officer snorted that the Commandant wouldn't know a soldier if he saw one. Tarmer, pulling himself together, interpreted this as a mere harmless comment that gentlemen in captivity could not be expected to keep up the high sartorial standard of Italian officers. Colonel Colonna at once sympathized, shook hands all around, and allowed a manly tear of pity to sparkle in his eye for a moment.

Overpetting was thereupon reduced; but the habits, characters, and potentialities of the three nanny goats were recorded by the escaping clubs with the devotion of psychoanalysts. The camp had time for patience, and one could never say that any scientific study was wholly useless.

THE goats were of marked individuality. Each reflected its upbringing, or at least seemed to do so when scrutinized by rampant imaginations. Tecla belonged to the Commandant's wife; she was black, supercilious, and inclined to bleat at the harsh necessities of her life. Lucia was a gentle, modest job in brown and white, owned by a neighboring priory. Beatrice, who belonged to the camp doctor, was pure white but a liberal; she disliked the Church and the Military.

Fra Giuseppe, the monk who came in for cocoa, used to milk all three. Indeed it was almost certainly he who had conceived the economical thought of pasturing goats in the green ditch. When attending to Lucia and Tecla he always looked around to see that Beatrice was fully occupied. Her horns were slightly deformed; when her head was lowered, they pointed forward. She tended to be attracted by any bent backside clothed in black, whether cassock or breeches.

"Fantle used to swear that the antifascists were always ready to help us," Avory said.

"Like hell they were! We never saw an antifascist except the doctor."

A genial and comforting soul! But it would have been absurd to ask him for help in an escape. He would have replied at once, with sound common sense, that they were much better off where they were than wandering around the countryside.

"Even Mussolini wasn't antifascist," Tarmer went on. "He was just pro-British."

So far as one could judge the political opinions of a goat, that was the literal truth. Mussolini's pro-British sympathies were obvious from the day he was introduced, black, weighty, and gamboling with anticipation, into the fort ditch for the sake of roast kid and the future of the milk supply.

The prisoners at once christened him Mussolini, and the name stuck. Their guards, watching with approval the potency and cavortings of the animal, failed to see any grave insult to their head of state. Disrespect there might be, but they themselves were far from reverent — though showing more subtlety than could be expected of the enemy.

"Just imagine the row in a German camp if everybody had started to call a billy goat Hitler!" Avory exclaimed.

"There you are, you see! Germans go blind with anger, which must have been a great help when one wanted to get away from them. Your man who made that crack about the casual climate of Italy didn't know that it made escape harder, not easier."

Mussolini adored the prisoners, possibly because he took the cheering of the enemy as more of a compliment than the sardonic encouragement of unfrazed guards. He recognized affection in the voices, and looked to the British for approval of his revolting preliminaries, his tender approach, and his decisive attack. During the days of Mussolini's attention to Lucia, Tecla, and Beatrice, the camp's morale had been high and joyous. There was something fresh to talk about, something to exaggerate, and a new and promising source of noise.

Noise in the ditch — plenty of it and at the right place — was essential to the escaping scheme registered in the names of Avory and Tarmer. The plan was born from a tunnel dug practically single-handed by a vast Marine who had been picked up by an Italian destroyer while optimistically trying to swim from Kithira to Crete. His tunnel ended, as they all knew it would, where the massive masonry of the fort met bedrock. But there or thereabouts he dug up the remains of a crossbow.

This inspired Avory to a flight of imagination, which Tarmer carried into the world of reality by finding a mechanic to work on it.

"I wonder what happened to Tommy Robins," Avory said. "He was as good on materials as you are on men. Getting the feel of them, I mean."

Pilot-Officer Robins had manufactured from old car springs two crossbows of formidable power. Tested for silence, weight of projectile, and range, they were accepted by the committee of four as fully developed secret devices and stored for use when the perfect occasion arose.

The target was the cable which sagged from post to post above the high wire fence of the outer perimeter. A rocket-shaped grapnel, with four deep hooks

at one end and a rope at the other, was to be shot like a whaling harpoon across the ditch and over the cable. A hearty pull on the rope should then either break the cable or drag it off the insulators. Immediately after the watchtowers had been plunged in darkness, a second grapnel would be fired over the fence. The hooks were bound to catch somewhere at the top of the wire, and the party would then climb wall and fence by means of the hanging rope.

So far, so good — always assuming that the nearest watchtower did not notice the first projectile and its rope soaring through the air. But if the four partners were to be able to put a reasonable distance between themselves and Medina Fort by morning, there must be no suspicion that any escape had taken place. The camp, therefore, had to appear quite silent and peaceful in the accidental darkness, and there had to be a simple explanation of the scrapes and scufflings as the party swarmed up the rope.

That was where the goats came in; the most promising way of creating a diversion was to let them out of their pen. But it was far from fool-proof. A sleepy Beatrice could not be absolutely trusted to put in a personal attack on the patrol; and those docile creatures, Lucia and Tecla, were certain to do nothing but browse.

The constant activity of Mussolini, however, added new and exciting chances of success. A couple of days after the patriarch's arrival, Avory called a committee meeting in one of the old galleries beneath their quarters.

"If we could set Mussolini free in the ditch," he had said, "and if he got tangled up in a coil of wire or some tin cans or something in the dark, the Ditch Patrol wouldn't look for any other explanation of noises."

"He might hurt himself," the Marine objected.

"He might," Tarmer agreed. "And if he does I will ask the Senior British Officer to send some flowers. But the Geneva Convention says nothing about damage to goats."

Tarmer remembered speaking with some bitterness. That very morning Wing Commander Fantle had declared that Colonel Colonna, his half battalion of decrepit ice-cream merchants, and the four half-witted apes perched up in each watchtower were quite incapable of keeping an enterprising rabbit in a hutch. Meticulous planning could get a man out of anywhere. Look, he said, at all the empty-headed crooks who escaped from Dartmoor!

That meticulous planning! God, they had spent hours and months of hours at it! But Mussolini — reminding them forcibly of the outside world and their own Lucias and Teclas — was an inspiration to still further planning. How to let the goats loose? Tarmer had a vision of finding a use, at long last,

for the damned monk who swilled their cocoa. The full details could wait. For the moment it was enough to ask Tommy Robins to make a twenty-foot pole smoothly tapering — so that it would not catch on obstructions when poked or withdrawn — to a short, sharp spike at the end.

"Not for Mussolini?" the Marine had implored him.

"For Beatrice — through the casemate."

Out of the subterranean galleries there opened casemates which had once held the guns to sweep attackers off the glacis. The mouths were blocked by iron bars and coils of wire, frequently checked by the Ditch Patrol. Even so, prisoners had crawled through them, but only into the glare of the lights and immediate arrest.

One casemate, close to the bridge, was just above the pen of the three nanny goats. It was quite possible to spoil Beatrice's sleep and temper by working a pole through the entanglement and poking. Yet only the combination of Mussolini and Beatrice could really be trusted to raise hell. The committee pointed out to Tarmer that Mussolini was shut up out of reach in a pen of his own.

"Even if we talk Fra Giuseppe into letting the nanny goats out," Bill Avory objected, "he won't let Mussolini out, too. The girls have to rest sometime."

That was true enough. It looked as if Mussolini would have to be kidnapped or invited into the camp, and then concealed until the moment came to make use of him.

NO CONTACT with Fra Giuseppe was possible on the following day. The escape committee was despondent, for Mussolini, having generously fulfilled the purpose of his visit, might at any moment be driven back to his home. Preparations, however, were complete. The crossbows could go into action at ten minutes' notice.

On the next evening Fra Giuseppe was seen in the ditch, all pastoral in the last of the twilight, while the four goats walked peaceably in front of him to their respective pens. Tarmer shouted to him that parcels had arrived with a fresh supply of cocoa. He suggested, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that Mussolini ought to come too, to say good-bye to the boys.

"But he smells!" the monk had protested.

"So do we! Be a sport, Fra Giuseppe!"

He was. Over the bridge, past the laughing guards at the barrier, trotting happily and poisoning the air for fifty yards around him, came Mussolini followed by Fra Giuseppe. The goat sat down with his four legs curled under him: a black, contented bulk upon the cool paving of the fort.

Somebody served him the scrapings of the evening's spaghetti; someone else wreathed his horns with paper flowers left over from such Christmas celebrations as the camp had had. He looked straight from hell, but he was in heaven. Mussolini brimmed over with affection for humankind and yet was continually deprived of the petting he adored owing to his penetrating odor. He shared to the full the emotions of those girls in the advertisements whom men won't dance with.

As soon as Fra Giuseppe had become gently inebriated by the smell of simmering cocoa, Tarmer asked him why his Lucia had been limping and hoped that she had not cut herself on the wire of the inner perimeter while licking salt from outstretched hands. The monk had noticed no limp — reasonably enough since she hadn't one — but promised to have a look at her before he went home to his priory. Tarmer's eloquent Italian rippled with anxiety for Lucia. Meanwhile, the cocoa failed to appear. Fra Giuseppe at last realized that he was being subjected to gentle, almost ecclesiastical blackmail, unspoken and perhaps not even deliberate. He agreed to go down to the ditch and report back immediately on Lucia's condition.

As soon as the monk had strolled off toward the barrier and the bridge, leaving the delighted Mussolini where he was, Avory raced to the casemate and started to arouse Beatrice's brisk temper. The twenty-foot pole was already through the casemate, its point free and commanding the little pen. The crossbows were set up and loaded.

"Cocoa," Tarmer murmured, the imagined scent of it almost as vivid as the real scent twenty years earlier.

"Now?" Avory asked in surprise, sharing step by step the train of thought except for that sudden nasal memory. "Wouldn't coffee and a brandy be better?"

Yes. Yes, they would indeed. One couldn't recover the taste of cocoa brewed in a POW camp. It was as hopeless as to try to re-enter the paradise which brown sugar had been at the age of five.

Bill Avory beckoned to the waiter and chuckled.

"I always wish I had been watching," he said. "All I saw at my end of the pole was Fra Giuseppe unlocking the door of the goat pen. And then Beatrice charged."

The monk shot out into the floodlit ditch with the doctor's anticlerical goat a yard behind him. It looked as if his initial burst of speed might carry him clear out of the operational area; but, fortunate for the plan, Beatrice caught him.

Her butt went home just above the right knee. The desperate monk, screaming for help, swerved, spread his cassock like a bullfighter, and received the next charge in the cloth. Beatrice's horns bruised painfully but were not sharp enough to

penetrate loose clothing; cloth stretched tight, however, was another matter. The monk's excellent technique resulted in a heaving tangle of black and white. When it became possible for the eye to separate one from the other, Beatrice was dressed in the lower half of the cassock and Fra Giuseppe was embracing her hind legs in a frantic attempt to prevent her from cantering away with the rest of it.

"It was more than we dared hope for," said Tarmer. "We could hear the sentries cheering and laughing in the towers."

The monk was between Towers 1 and 2, and it was certain that the guards were looking at nothing else. The Bridge Tower to the west and No. 3 Tower to the east were unsighted by the angles of the pentagon. Tommy Robins fired the grapnel over the cable. The Marine heaved on the rope. After a moment of resistance the grapnel returned to hand, flying back into the camp on a lower and more violent trajectory than the curve of its outward journey.

The darkness shocked by its sudden totality. Not only were the floodlights extinguished but all the camp lights as well. There was an instant of astonished silence on the part of both guards and prisoners, through which echoed the exclamations of Fra Giuseppe, now rendered hysterical by the kicks of Beatrice and by his incoherent gratitude to the saint whose miracle or the soldier whose Christian charity had put out the lights.

The second grapnel sailed over the ditch and caught. With the interested assistance of Mussolini, escape was now nearly certain. Tarmer stood by the affectionate head, Avory at the stern. They lifted him over the inner perimeter wire and dropped him on to the glacis between the Bridge Tower and No. 1. He had an old leather shoe tied to his tail by a yard of cord. Its mysterious leaps and scuffings ought to be enough to delay and deceive the Ditch Patrol for the half minute required to climb wall and wire.

Tarmer and Avory raced back from the disposal of Mussolini to find Robins and the Marine still testing the rope. Resistance was soft and unreliable. The grapnel seemed to be caught in a weak loop of wire which it was pulling out along the top of the fence; it felt as if it could not be trusted to support bodies climbing furiously up the rope against time.

It stuck firmly on something hard, evidently the top of a post. But a last jerk was indecisive, though nothing appeared to break or yield. Tarmer and Avory added their weight to the rope and had to take a step backward as it gave. In the darkness it was impossible to see what was happening; there was nothing for it but to keep on pulling in a desperate attempt to recover the grapnel and try again. Another yard or two of rope came in, and its angle was not so steep. The sensation was baff-

fling. They felt as if they were the winning team in an obstinate tug-of-war. Then thirty yards of that formidable outer perimeter fence fell over into the ditch, forming an impenetrable trampoline suspended from the leaning posts at each end of the wreckage.

There was another terrifying moment of silence, which ended in the almost musical twanging and tearing of wire as the grapnel was worked loose by brute force and recovered.

The guards on No. 2 Tower turned their attention from the bleating of Beatrice and the monk, and challenged. They then opened fire with rifles on the ditch and the collapsed fence. Since their eyes were still unused to the blank darkness, they found it hard to judge the correct angle of depression. Some of the shots strayed across the protruding angle of the camp and sang past the ears of the defenders of No. 3 Tower.

"I've never understood 3 Tower," Avory said.

"They swore afterward that they thought parachutists were trying to rescue us. But I know what happened. They had a light machine gun which they'd never had a chance to use, and they weren't going to be left out of whatever excitement there was."

No. 3 Tower put down a curtain of fire on the ditch and at least hit the glacis. Ricochets from that smooth stone slope howled across the camp, some of them on a trajectory low enough to tear splinters off the wooden roof of No. 2 Tower.

On the still peaceful western side of the camp Mussolini behaved as if he had been in on the plan since the beginning. Loyal and single-minded, he charged down to the quietly grazing Tecla and tried to console her loneliness. Tecla at any time was a dignified goat, her expression always making it clear that Mussolini's were unwelcome attentions to which it was her duty to submit; so now, approached by an importunate lover at, for goats, an unreasonable hour, she fled for her pen under the Bridge Tower.

The Ditch Patrol, which had been idling its way from No. 4 to the Bridge Tower, clearly decided that the eastern side of the camp was well covered by fire from Nos. 2 and 3 and was also extremely unhealthy. It therefore cautiously continued its round until alerted by the bouncings of Mussolini and his shoe. It didn't stop to investigate at all. It took such cover as there was and plastered the ditch with automatic fire. Most of it was high. The guards on the Bridge Tower, nervously searching the impenetrable darkness for the unknown enemy which had attacked No. 2 and 3 Towers, briskly engaged the Ditch Patrol.

By now Mussolini was in safety with Tecla under the bridge. But Tecla must have made the most of the difficulties and protested that the pen was not

nearly large enough for Mussolini too. Her excuse was acceptable. He was always a free and easy goat who liked plenty of space and publicity. He therefore trotted off beyond the bridge on the scent of Lucia. She had half-heartedly followed her master, the monk, and was now browsing close to No. 1 Tower.

No. 1, hitherto deprived of any opportunity for heroics, at once opened fire on the mysterious noises. Since the ditch ran straight between No. 1 and the Bridge Tower, without any protruding angle, the gentle slope of the glacis was murderous, and the stuff came off it with the accuracy of tennis balls. The terrified Lucia joined Tecla under the bridge. The guards up in the Bridge Tower, attacked from both sides and hearing beneath them the sinister rattlings and scrapings of the final bloody assault, surrendered to Mussolini.

"I suppose it was funny," Avory said.

"It was damned dangerous. Nobody felt like laughing till Fantle appeared."

Dodging from cover to cover, the Senior British Officer had joined the prostrate and fascinated group just as the crossbows had been dismantled and concealed. He demanded a situation report from his adjutant. Tarmer replied that the goats had got out, that the guards had mistaken them for escaping prisoners, and that in the general confusion part of the fence between No. 2 and 3 Towers had fallen into the ditch.

"Then what the hell are you still doing here?"

"Personally, sir," Avory had said, "I am waiting for the lights to go on so that I can finish my book."

Hardly fair, perhaps. But the disappointment was bitter. As for a mass breakout in the confusion, it couldn't be launched into an unseen tangle of wire through which nothing but artillery could blast a path.

The firing and the distracted cries of *Mama mia!* died away. Searchlights and the head lamps of trucks illumined the ditch, revealing not a single corpse, not even of a goat. All was painfully quiet except between No. 1 and 2 Towers where the Ditch Patrol, having clothed Fra Giuseppe in a blanket, was fearlessly meeting the challenge of Beatrice.

When the break in the power line had been repaired, Colonel Colonna at the head of a full company marched into the camp and paraded his innocent charges. To his astonishment not one was missing.

It was then that resentment should have been shown, that the prisoners should have jeered at their captors and established such a moral ascendancy that it would have been necessary to telegraph for a battalion to control them. But only four knew what had really happened. The rest were gasping between laughter and bewilderment, and

inclined to hope that a revolution had broken out in Italy.

As soon as the parade had been dismissed and only the senior officers remained, the Commandant observed in a tone of mild distaste rather than rebuke:

"I am informed that some joke was played upon Muss — upon the he-goat."

"We all sincerely hope he came to no harm, sir," Tarmer answered.

"Thank you. Apart from a sprained tail he is unhurt. May I ask you, gentlemen, to accept the apologies of myself and my command for disturbing your evening?"

"Tell him that it was a disgraceful, cowardly episode," Fantle stormed, "and that we don't give a damn for his apologies!"

Tarmer's conscience stung him a little as he remembered how he had translated that one. But Colonna was no German commandant bristling

with suspicion, fury, and punishments. In spite of what he must be feeling, he still cultivated a friendly atmosphere full of human acceptance of the tasteless tricks of young officers and the liability of troops to panic in the dark.

"The Senior British Officer assures you, sir," Tarmer had said, putting an extra formality into his voice so that the change of tone would not be too obvious, "that between gentlemen of goodwill all apologies are unnecessary."

No, he had not been wrong. Unmilitary, perhaps. But if there was anything whatever to be said in favor of war, Colonna represented its spirit better than Fantle. He said as much to Avory.

"Just what that damned journalist meant by the casual climate of Italy!" Avory replied.

"But it cuts both ways. In any German camp the posts would have been set in concrete with decent efficiency. And then all four of us would have got clear away."

LOST TRIBE

BY SEAN LUCY

There is no record why they left these valleys
And died like flies with their cattle in the southward desert:
There was no war,
No drought or want pushed them into migration,

Yet sand sifts through the ribs of a vanished people
In the violet evening of the southward desert.

A few perhaps came back
After dry wandering years,
And found strange shepherds piping to fat sheep,
Dark bearded men speaking an alien tongue,
On the green mountainsides above the remembered river;
And being too weak and proud to claim their lands,
Went out again into the southward desert

And died in silence where their fathers' bones
Lay like a question in the arid sands.

THE MARCH TOWARD EQUALITY

by ANTHONY LEWIS

ANTHONY LEWIS, a Harvard graduate, class of 1948, has been with the Washington Bureau of the New York TIMES since 1955, covering the Supreme Court and the Justice Department. He has received two Pulitzer Prizes for his exceptional reporting, and his new book, GIDEON'S TRUMPET, gives, as David Brinkley says, "an exciting look at the true quality of American justice." The following essay is taken from PORTRAIT OF A DECADE: THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION, a New York TIMES Report on Civil Rights, 1954 to 1964, to be published by Random House.

THE official Southern myth sees the school segregation decision of 1954 as a sudden and unjustified break with history, a misuse of the judicial power, a departure from the Constitution itself. The myth rests on several assumptions: that our constitutional history placed hallowed sanction on the custom of providing separate-but-equal facilities for Negroes; that the South, in faithful observance of that rule, created substantial equality for the Negro in schools and other public facilities; and that the Supreme Court relied on sociology, not law, in overruling the segregation doctrine.

But the assumptions are false, and the myth is no more than a myth. The separate-but-equal doctrine does not go back to some distant constitutional fount; it was read into the Constitution by judges at a fairly recent date, in what historians would call a political act. Through most of its history the doctrine drew only lip service from the South; there was separation but no equality whatsoever. The Supreme Court's abandonment of the rule was anything but sudden, the step being taken with the greatest care and only after many previous decisions had pointed in that direction. Nor was it unusual for the Court to overrule what it regarded as its own mistake, in the light of experience, and return to the true spirit of the Constitution.

History has to be explored at least briefly in any meaningful discussion of the 1954 decision. For it was no isolated event but the climax of a lengthy historical process: the rise and fall of racial segregation imposed by law.

Many of the forces that still move race relations in the United States were loosed in the Civil War.

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Not that the racial issue was the dominant cause of the war; most historians have concluded otherwise. But by the end of the war, the Union was altogether committed to the abolition of slavery and the uplifting of the Negro from his degraded status. The Thirteenth Amendment, prohibiting slavery, was adopted in 1865, immediately after the war. The Southern states responded by enacting the Black Codes, which restricted the rights of the newly freed Negroes and effectively made them serfs. Some of these laws, for example, forbade Negroes to own land outside towns or do any work but farming without a special license. Congress, dominated by the so-called Radical Republicans, set about to overcome the Southern schemes for keeping the Negro submerged. Some of the Radicals doubtless had motives of revenge or plunder, but others were moved by sincere egalitarianism. Whatever the motive, the post-Civil-War Congress assuredly did march under the banner of Negro rights.

In 1866 Congress passed the first Civil Rights Act. Specifically designed to wipe out the disabilities imposed by the Black Codes, it provided that Negroes should have the same right as white men "to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property . . . and shall be subject to like punishment, pains and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

President Andrew Johnson vetoed the bill, saying that it attempted to legislate in areas where Congress had no power — matters of "internal police

and economy" that the Constitution reserved for the state governments. Congress passed the act over the President's veto, but doubts remained about its constitutionality. To provide a broad constitutional basis for federal action ensuring individual rights in any aspect of life, Congress proposed the Fourteenth Amendment later in 1866. It was ratified in 1868.

The Fourteenth Amendment began by declaring that all persons born or naturalized in the United States were citizens. This overruled the Supreme Court's decision in 1857 in the Dred Scott Case, holding that Negroes could not be citizens. Then came the spacious language that has been the subject of so many lawsuits and so many political debates:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The one thing tolerably clear, as a matter of history, is that the primary, original purpose of the amendment was to protect the newly freed slaves. A contemporaneous Supreme Court so held. In 1873 a butchers' monopoly granted by the Louisiana legislature was attacked as a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. In the Slaughterhouse Cases, decided in 1873, a five-to-four majority of the Supreme Court held that the amendment did not extend to such an economic restriction unrelated to race. Justice Samuel F. Miller, for the majority, said the amendment's "pervading purpose" had been to secure the rights of the Negro and protect him "from the oppressions of those who had formerly exercised unlimited dominion over him." The dissenters did not disagree about this purpose of the amendment, but thought "the mischief to be remedied was not merely slavery and its incidents and consequences."

The classic exposition of the Fourteenth Amendment by judges who had lived through its birth came in 1880. West Virginia law excluded Negroes from serving on juries. The Supreme Court, with only two dissents, held the law unconstitutional. Justice William Strong, for the majority, said the Fourteenth Amendment had been "designed to assure to the colored race the enjoyment of all the civil rights that under the law are enjoyed by white persons." Quoting the language of the amendment, he went on:

"What is this but declaring that the law in the States shall be the same for the black as for the white; that all persons, whether colored or white, shall stand equal before the laws of the States, and, in regard to the colored race, for whose protection the amendment was primarily designed, that no

discrimination shall be made against them by law because of their color . . . ? The very fact that colored people are singled out and expressly denied by a statute all right to participate in the administration of the law, as jurors, because of their color, though they are citizens, and may be in other respects fully qualified, is practically a brand upon them, affixed by law, an assertion of their inferiority, and a stimulant to that race prejudice which is an impediment to securing to individuals of the race that equal justice which the law aims to secure to all others."

But that was the end of an era. By that time Northern politicians had lost interest in the cause of justice for the Negro. The Republican Party was dedicated not to human egalitarianism but to laissez-faire economics and the growth of industrial empires that dominated the last part of the nineteenth century. The disputed Hayes-Tilden election of 1876 marked the political watershed. The award of the presidency to Hayes was a bargain that historians have summarized as giving the Republicans control of the national government and economy while letting the whites of the South do as they would with the Negro.

THE South began taking advantage of the bargain in the late 1880s. Jim Crow statutes segregating Negroes in railroads and streetcars were enacted by the Southern legislatures. A poll tax was levied and restrictive qualifications adopted to keep Negroes from voting; the white primary completed the process of disenfranchisement. Ironically, poor whites and Populism hastened the subjugation of the Negro. Recent research has uncovered a body of upper-class Southern opinion at the end of the century that wanted to absorb the Negro into society.

As the political situation changed, so did the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The justices, like the country's business and political leaders, became more interested in economics than in race relations. The protection of economic rights that the Court had refused to see in the amendment in the Slaughterhouse Cases was now found. The Court redefined the "persons" protected by the language of the amendment to include corporations and found various state regulations of business invalid.

As for the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment to Negroes, that was redefined in *Plessy v. Ferguson* in 1896. Louisiana had enacted a Jim Crow transportation law in 1890. When Homer Adolph Plessy, who was one eighth Negro, entered a railroad car reserved for whites, he was arrested. He challenged the constitutionality of the statute. The

Supreme Court, by a vote of seven to one, found it valid.

"The underlying fallacy" of *Plessy*'s argument, wrote Justice Henry B. Brown for the majority, was its "assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it."

Justice Brown did not cite any legal authorities for that proposition. Nor could he, for it was nothing but a psychological or sociological thesis, doubtless widely accepted in his day, but not universally even then. There is nothing wrong with the Supreme Court's interpreting language as broad as "equal protection of the laws" in light of the best contemporary understanding of human behavior. But it is somewhat ironic to realize the purely sociological basis of *Plessy v. Ferguson*, a decision so admired by the same Southerners who used "sociology" as a term of derision against the Court when it overruled *Plessy* in 1954.

The dissenter in *Plessy*, Justice John Marshall Harlan, did not accept the majority's premise. "The destinies of the two races in this country are indissolubly linked together," he wrote, "and the interests of both require that the common government of all shall not permit the seeds of race hate to be planted under the sanction of law. What can more certainly arouse race hate, what more certainly create and perpetuate a feeling of distrust between these races, than state enactments which in fact proceed on the ground that colored citizens are so inferior and degraded that they cannot be allowed to sit in public coaches occupied by white citizens? That, as all will admit, is the real meaning of such legislation as was enacted in Louisiana. . . . The thin disguise of 'equal' accommodations for passengers in railroad coaches will not mislead anyone, or atone for the wrong this day done."

Certainly the spirit of Justice Harlan's dissent was much closer to what the Court had said sixteen years earlier, in *Strauder v. West Virginia*, about laws affixing upon Negroes "a brand . . . an assertion of their inferiority, and a stimulant to that race prejudice." The Supreme Court in 1896 had simply turned its back on the aspirations of that earlier day. It had introduced the new thesis that the Constitution's demand for equal protection of the laws could be met by legislation treating whites and Negroes as separate classes of people.

Plessy v. Ferguson was necessarily prophecy in good part. Justice Brown said: "A statute which implies merely a legal distinction between the white and colored races . . . has no tendency to destroy the legal equality of the two races." Justice Harlan, in contrast, predicted that the *Plessy* doctrine of

separate-but-equal would "stimulate aggressions, more or less brutal and irritating, upon the admitted rights of colored citizens."

As a prophet, Mr. Justice Harlan prevailed. *Plessy v. Ferguson* did help to stimulate the proliferation of segregation laws in every corner of life, literally from cradle to grave, for Negroes were barred from both white hospitals and white cemeteries. Nor was there any real pretense at equality in the decades following the *Plessy* decision. In 1915 South Carolina spent \$23.76 per year on the average white child in public school, \$2.91 on the average Negro child. As late as 1931 six Southeastern states (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina) spent less than a third as much per Negro public school pupil as per white child. Ten years later, spending for the Negro had risen only to 44 percent of the white figure. At the time of the 1954 decision, the South as a whole was spending \$165 a year for the average white pupil, \$115 for the Negro.

Negroes were purged wholesale from the voting rolls. They were rigorously excluded from almost all except menial jobs. Their very lives were at the hazard of terror and mass injustice, and by the turn of the century more than one hundred Negroes were being lynched every year.

Through the early decades of this century it became clear to any detached observer that segregation was part of a deliberate pattern to degrade Negroes and deprive them of the rights they had been given after the Civil War. The Supreme Court was not blind to this change in the informed understanding of society. Slowly but with growing inevitability it eroded the foundations of *Plessy v. Ferguson*.

In 1917 the Court held unconstitutional a Louisville ordinance forbidding Negroes and whites to move into houses on city blocks occupied mostly by either race. The opinion said: "It is urged that this proposed segregation will promote the public peace by preventing race conflicts. Desirable as this is, and important as is the preservation of the public peace, this aim cannot be accomplished by laws or ordinances which deny rights created or protected by the Federal Constitution."

In 1927 the Court held that state laws barring Negroes from voting in primary elections violated the Fourteenth Amendment. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "States may do a good deal of classifying that it is difficult to believe rational, but there are limits, and it is too clear for extended argument that color cannot be made the basis of a statutory classification affecting the right [to vote]."

BEGINNING in 1938, there came a series of cases in the field of higher education. The first held that

Missouri could not meet the test of separate but equal by offering to pay the tuition of a Negro applicant for the Missouri Law School at an out-of-state school. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes said the state had to provide equal facilities itself. The decision drew a dissent — the last in any major Supreme Court decision on racial segregation. Justice James C. McReynolds wrote:

“For a long time Missouri has acted upon the view that the best interest of her people demands separation of whites and Negroes in schools. Under the opinion just announced, I presume she may abandon her law school and thereby disadvantage her white citizens without impairing petitioner’s opportunities for legal instruction; or she may break down the settled practice concerning separate schools and thereby, as indicated by experience, damnify both races.”

Professor Paul A. Freund of the Harvard Law School has made a perceptive comment on the McReynolds dissent. “It is of course dangerous,” he said, “to accept a dissenting opinion as an objective guide to the meaning of a decision. But in this instance Mr. Justice McReynolds saw which way the winds of doctrine were blowing, and he did not like what he saw. What he saw was a steady, unmistakable progression on the part of the Court in applying the guarantee of equal protection of the laws to a series of issues: the right to serve on juries, the right to vote in primaries, the right to choose a place of residence without a legal color bar, the right to be considered for admission to a state professional school without discrimination because of race. The Court was recognizing the developing consciousness of the country that equal protection of the laws was to be given a full and not a qualified meaning.”

In 1950 the Court held that a new law school set up by the state of Texas for Negroes did not provide equal protection of the laws because, as Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson put it, “the University of Texas Law School [for whites] possesses to a far greater degree those qualities which are incapable of objective measurement but which make for greatness in a law school. Such qualities, to name but a few, include reputation of the faculty, experience of the administration, position and influence of the alumni, standing in the community, traditions and prestige. It is difficult to believe that one who had a free choice between these law schools would consider the question close.”

When such intangible factors were placed in the scale, how could any separate school ever be termed “equal”? In the *New York Times* the day after the Texas law school decision, Arthur Krock said the separate-but-equal doctrine was now “a mass of tatters.”

It was in that context that the Supreme Court

came to the great issue of public school segregation — the context of a legal history showing a developing momentum against the separate-but-equal rule. But in this case there was involved the compulsory association of children day after day and year after year, and it was just such association that Southern whites most feared.

Moreover, the Court was dealing with a practice that covered a large part of the country. Seventeen Southern and border states and the District of Columbia, with 40 percent of the country’s public school enrollment, required segregation in the schools. (The states were Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.) There were some segregated schools also in three other states whose statutes permitted the practice: Arizona, Kansas, and New Mexico.

The Supreme Court, fully aware of the delicacy of the issue, handled it with exceptional care and deliberation. It should also be pointed out that the Court did not go out looking for the school segregation issue. It was brought there by Negro individuals and civil rights groups desperate to improve Negro educational opportunities. In the 1930s, the N.A.A.C.P. had proposed lawsuits to attack only the inequality of Negro school facilities and teachers’ salaries; but the victories in the graduate school cases inevitably led to a direct assault on the institution of segregation.

THE first school case came to the Supreme Court in 1951, from Clarendon County, South Carolina. A three-judge federal district court had upheld the constitutionality of segregated schools by a vote of two to one, but ordered prompt action to correct the admitted inequality of the Negro schools. (The dissenter, Judge J. Waties Waring of South Carolina, was virtually driven out of the state for his courage.) On January 28, 1952, the Supreme Court acted to avoid an early constitutional decision in the case. It sent the matter back to the lower court to get its views on a report filed by the school board concerning the program to equalize facilities. Justices Hugo L. Black and William O. Douglas dissented, saying the report was “irrelevant to the constitutional questions” and urging that those questions be argued at once.

In the fall of 1952 the South Carolina case was back, along with others from Kansas, Delaware, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Because the Kansas case was listed first, it gave its name to the historic litigation: *Oliver Brown et al. v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*.

The cause of the Negro plaintiffs now received a most significant boost. The federal government, in the last days of the Truman Administration, filed a brief as a friend of the Court attacking the constitutionality of segregation. It was prepared by Philip Elman, a career Justice Department lawyer of unusual scholarship and imagination, who had been a law clerk to Justice Felix Frankfurter of the Supreme Court.

The brief argued that the separate-but-equal doctrine was, when laid down in 1896, "an unwarranted departure, based upon dubious assumptions of fact combined with a disregard of the basic purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment, from the fundamental principle that all Americans, whatever their race or color, stand equal and alike before the law." Nor did the age of the precedent "give it immunity from re-examination and rejection," the brief went on. The Court had overruled its own decisions dozens of times. In 1944 it had said: "When convinced of former error, this Court has never felt constrained to follow precedent. In constitutional questions, where correction depends upon amendment and not upon legislative action, this Court throughout its history has freely exercised its power to re-examine the basis of its constitutional decisions."

The conclusion was that the Court should, if it reached the ultimate question, overrule the separate-but-equal doctrine. "Compulsory racial segregation is itself an unconstitutional discrimination." But this was not the only significance of the brief. Perhaps even more vital was a suggestion advanced as to the procedure for carrying out any decision against school segregation. The government said the Court would not have to order all segregation ended everywhere at once. Instead, the Court should send the cases back to the district courts so that those local tribunals could work with local authorities to devise plans for desegregation. The brief said the Court might even want to issue no final decrees with its decision but order a further argument on the question of implementation. In short, the government put forward a moderate approach that recognized, as it said, "the practical difficulties" in ending a custom with such deep roots.

What made that suggestion so significant was that the practical difficulties were just what concerned some of the members of the Supreme Court. The deliberations of the justices have not been disclosed. But it is known that some deeply feared the reaction that might be aroused by an order for immediate, total desegregation. If that had been the only course open, they might well not have voted to declare segregation unconstitutional. They might, as one alternative, have said that the magnitude of the issue made it appropriate for resolution not by

the Court but by Congress, which is empowered by Section Five of the Fourteenth Amendment to enforce its terms. In this regard the position of Justice Frankfurter is believed to have been critical. For while he was personally a dedicated opponent of racial discrimination, he had often expressed concern about the effect on the Court as an institution if it tried to go too far too fast in constitutional decisions.

The Court heard the cases and then, at the end of the term in June, 1953, put them over for reargument in the term beginning the following October. The Court posed a series of broad questions now, asking counsel to deal with them in their briefs and argument. First, there was a historical inquiry: Had the men who framed and ratified the Fourteenth Amendment understood that it would prohibit segregation in public schools? Then, interestingly, the Court asked about the relative powers of Congress and the judiciary in interpreting the amendment: Had its framers contemplated that future Congresses might abolish segregation? Was it "within the judicial power, in light of [changed] conditions, to construe the amendment as abolishing such segregation of its own force?" The Court also took up the suggestion in the Justice Department's brief and asked whether, if it held segregation unconstitutional, it could properly allow "gradual adjustment" and whether the proper way to carry that out was to remand the cases to the district courts.

The government answered those questions in a lengthy new brief the following November. There was political as well as legal import in the brief, for a new Administration had taken office since the first government presentation. President Eisenhower himself took a hand in determining the position. In charge at the Justice Department were Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., and Assistant Attorney General J. Lee Rankin. Mr. Elman again did the major part of the drafting.

The brief examined in great detail the legislative history of the Fourteenth Amendment as proposed by Congress and ratified in the state legislatures. While there were some references to school segregation, the government said, they were "too few and scattered to justify any definite conclusion as to the existence of a general understanding . . . as to the effect which the amendment would have on school segregation." But "the primary and pervasive purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment" was "to secure for Negroes full and complete equality before the law and to abolish all legal distinctions based on race or color."

And the fact was that the amendment had been framed in the broadest, most general language. It did not mention schools, a point often raised by Southerners as if it had some relevance. But neither

did it mention voting or housing or juries or corporations, all areas in which the Supreme Court had repeatedly held that the amendment barred discriminatory state action. And of course the amendment did not contain the words "separate but equal." The framers followed the example of those who wrote the original Constitution in using expansive phrases that would be given contemporary meaning by each generation.

The demand of the Fourteenth Amendment was for "equal protection of the laws." There was no talisman in the history of the amendment that defined those words for all times. The separate-but-equal doctrine had itself been a fresh interpretation, a departure in 1896 from the spirit of earlier decisions. It was in the great tradition of the Constitution, the government said, to read the words now in light of conditions now. A provision such as the equal-protection clause expresses "broad principles of government, the essence of which is their vitality and adaptability to the progressive changes and needs of the nation."

Nor did the government's brief see anything in the suggestion that Congress rather than the Court should deal with the issue. The Supreme Court had applied the Fourteenth Amendment in hundreds of cases without reference to Congress — in the racial field most recently in the graduate school cases. What was posed now was "a question not of legislative policy but of constitutional power — and it is a question which under our system of government must ultimately be determined by this Court."

WHEN the brief was filed, it puzzled some observers in one respect. It did not directly urge the Court, as the previous Administration's brief had, to hold racial segregation in the public schools unconstitutional. Instead, the 188-page document was confined to what was termed "an objective non-adversary discussion" of the questions posed by the Court the previous June. The brief concluded, for instance, with a conditional statement: "If the Court holds that laws providing for separate schools are unconstitutional, it should remand the instant cases to the lower courts with directions to carry out the Court's decision as the particular circumstances permit."

Just how the brief emerged in this form is disputed. Some who participated in the drafting say that it contained a direct call for a finding of unconstitutionality when the draft was submitted to Attorney General Brownell, and that it was softened by either Mr. Brownell or President Eisenhower. But Mr. Brownell states that the draft "did not include any [such] conclusion . . . when it reached my desk and, so far as I know, never did

include it. Mr. Rankin . . . and I agreed at all times that since the brief was filed in direct response to questions asked of the department by the Court, it should answer those questions solely." In any event, Mr. Rankin and the Attorney General did discuss what Mr. Rankin, who was to make the oral argument, should say if asked by a member of the Court what the Justice Department's position now was on the constitutionality of school segregation. As Mr. Brownell puts it, "we agreed that the oral answer should be that the department's position was that such segregation should be held unconstitutional. President Eisenhower was advised that this was our opinion prior to the time of the oral argument." What the President's comment or advice may have been is not known. But in truth, the thrust of the Justice Department brief, for all its lack of a firm conclusion, was plainly against segregation. The brief told the justices that they had the power and the duty to give the Fourteenth Amendment a contemporary interpretation. And it said that the import of decisions up through the graduate school cases was to make it "unreasonable and unconstitutional . . . for a state to establish or enforce legal distinctions based on race or color."

When the cases were reargued, in December, 1953, fate had made a most important change in the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Vinson had died during the summer, and President Eisenhower had appointed in his place the governor of California, Earl Warren. Only when some future historians have access to the judicial papers of that period will it be possible to state accurately the impact of the new Chief Justice on the school cases. But enough has been said or hinted to make it clear that the change of membership on the Court made a real difference in the way *Brown v. Board of Education* looks to history. Chief Justice Vinson's inclination was to carry on the approach of the Texas law school case, further tightening up the standard of equality within the separate-but-equal doctrine. In short, he thought it was not the time to challenge segregation per se; the most he was likely to have done was to say that the Negro pupils here did not have real equality. The indications were that he might have carried one or more of his colleagues with him, and that at least two members of the Court were inclined to put the whole issue to Congress. There was certainly no unanimity of desire on the Court to face up to the ultimate question of whether segregation itself denied the equal protection of the laws. In all likelihood, as things stood during the Vinson period, the *Brown* case would have produced a collection of differing opinions.

Unanimity was the most striking aspect of the decision when it came down on May 17, 1954. Chief Justice Warren delivered the opinion; there was no dissent, nor even a separate concurring opinion.

The opinion found the history of the Fourteenth Amendment "inconclusive" in relation to school segregation, as the Justice Department had argued. In any case, history could not give an adequate answer because public education was just beginning in the 1860s. "We cannot turn the clock back to 1868 when the amendment was adopted, or even to 1896 when *Plessy v. Ferguson* was written. We must consider public education in the light of its full development and its present place in American life. . . . In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms. We come then to the question presented: Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other 'tangible' factors may be equal, deprive the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities? We believe that it does."

The Chief Justice noted the Texas law school case and its emphasis on intangible differences in schools. "Such considerations," he said, "apply with added force to children in grade and high schools. To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone. . . . Whatever may have been the extent of psychological knowledge at the time of *Plessy v. Ferguson*, this finding is amply supported by modern authority." Here the opinion, in a footnote that has been much criticized, cited the writings of various social scientists. "We conclude," the Chief Justice said, "that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

The Court ordered still further argument the next term on problems of implementing its decision. Simon E. Sobeloff, who had become Solicitor General, submitted a brief for the federal government suggesting that the cases be remanded to the trial courts to work out local problems. President Eisenhower personally inserted a passage in the brief. Where it said that the Court had outlawed "a social institution which has existed for a long time in many areas throughout the country," he added "an institution, it may be noted, which during its existence not only has had the sanction of decisions of this Court but has been fervently supported by great numbers of people as justifiable on legal and moral grounds. The Court's holding in the present

cases that segregation is a denial of constitutional rights involved an express recognition of the importance of psychological and emotional factors; the impact of segregation upon children, the Court found, can so affect their entire lives as to preclude their full enjoyment of constitutional rights. In similar fashion, psychological and emotional factors are involved — and must be met with understanding and good will — in the alterations that must now take place in order to bring about compliance with the Court's decision."

On May 31, 1955, after what was surely one of the most exhaustive considerations it had ever given to any issue, the Supreme Court finally disposed of *Brown v. Board of Education*. Chief Justice Warren's opinion on implementation generally followed the line suggested by the Justice Department but was even more gradualist in one respect: The Court did not, as proposed by the department, direct the lower courts to make local school authorities present desegregation plans within a specified time. It said only that the lower courts must require "a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance." The process of desegregation, the opinion concluded, must proceed "with all deliberate speed" — a phrase first used in the Supreme Court in 1911 by Justice Holmes, and often invoked in recent years by Holmes's great admirer, Justice Frankfurter.

One passage especially in Chief Justice Warren's 1954 opinion was seized upon by Southerners as proof that the decision did not rest upon "law." This was the footnote citing the works of social scientists, including Gunnar Myrdal, as "modern authority" for the statement that segregation engendered feelings of inferiority. But the footnote was at worst pretentious superfluity. It took no reference to social scientists to know that state-enforced separation of human beings on account of their race was a calculated device to exalt one group and debase another. Justice Brown has simply been proved wrong in his sociological hypothesis, in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, that there was nothing invidious about segregation unless the Negro chose "to put that construction upon it." After Adolf Hitler, the world knew, and the Supreme Court would have been blind not to see, that it was invidious to separate out one group in society, whether Negroes or Jews or some other. Justice Harlan had been right when he said that segregation "puts the brand of servitude and degradation" on the Negro. The Court had moved toward his dissenting view in *Plessy v. Ferguson*: "Our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens." Segregation was not the equal protection of the laws.

L.B.

OF ROOTS AND VEINS: A TESTAMENT

BY LEONARD BASKIN

Draftsman, wood engraver, and sculptor, LEONARD BASKIN, a well-known artist, teaches at Smith. He was born in New Jersey, turned to the graphic arts in his mid-twenties, and has developed a philosophy which he fluently expresses in his lectures, in his works of art, and in essays such as the one which follows.

MY PATERNAL grandfather was a miller. Betimes he wrote fluent letters in Aramaic, the tongue of Herod and of the Virgin, with no profane tradition for two thousand years. He died of pneumonia, aged thirty-eight years. He would not deny flour to the poor, and was blessed in his innocence of the means of business. His widow, moneyless and distracted, stole her sons from their schools and put them in apprenticeship. My father then was set to learn the cobbler's trade. After two days, dispirited and shamed, he escaped (to use his word) and walked several scores of miles through forest and field to a seminary conducted by a distant relative of his mother. He would not be moved. Truculent and committed, he survived the nasty soul-cracking poverty of a wandering scholar in the pale of the poor. He was ordained rabbi at eighteen. After Vilna, the further flowering and fluttering of my father's career are not cogent to our concern here, except that at the turn of the century he emigrated to the United States, where after extraordinary adventures in the postfrontier towns of Salt Lake City and Denver, he turned eastward and ultimately moved to New York City when I was seven, that my brother and I might be sent to the Yeshivah, or Jewish parochial school.

The seminary ill prepared me for a beady-eyed world I never made. Hidden away in dark rooms,
Self-portrait by the author.



our bodies shriveled and our minds expanded as we dealt in metaphors we could not grasp, in abstrusities beyond our ability, and in an Aristotelian logic that made little sense. The teaching technique was recitation, recitation only, with its awful anxiety and sense of Damoclean doom. We were in class for seven hours each day. There was no pandering to our childishness, no condescension by the teachers, who were often vicious and who, at the slightest faltering during a recitation, would beat us. Nor was that all, for the golden mead of the prophets hung in the air, and one of my deepest memories is of a tender and beloved teacher reciting the terrifying words of Hosea: "Plead with your mother, plead; for she is not my wife, neither am I her husband: let her, therefore, put away her whoredoms out of her sight, and her adulteries from between her breasts; lest I strip her naked, and set her as in the day she was born, and make her as a wilderness, and set her like a dry land, and slay her with thirst. And I will not have mercy upon her children; for they be the children of whoredoms." This teacher shrouded himself in the "terrible beauty" of these verses and, trancelike, spoke the

words with gentle fervor. His bearded face glowed with the tears he cried. And I, terrified, experienced for a few moments the rapture of poetry.

Thus the pride of books was early instilled in me. And thus also was I forever soured on the ubiquitous American good-time Charlie. The cracked world around me impinges at every open sluice, and my very air is charged with waves and echoes and rays from a society and civilization in which I feel like a mixture of outlaw, leper, and pariah. On every level hovers the brooding brutishness of despair: over the mangled and hopeless lives of the poor, the crypto-poor, the middle class. The objects around us are fouled and misbegotten, sullied and dispirited, for want of a human hand in their manufacture, of love in their contrivance. Imminent in their spoilage, articles of our most secret and public use are worthless. These are the artifacts of the doomed, of the society of excess, the dreck-products of profit. Within this junk-furnished web I must perforce live and rear my son. Can one survive an automobile ride from Baltimore to Washington? Can one relate to McDonald's hamburger (over one billion sold)? to the unspeakable food of Horrid Johnson? to the whole panoply of neon sodden nothingness? Can one survive? Indeed, one does, but at what price? In dead brain cells; in swollen optic nerves.

Are my poems spoken in the factories and fields,
In the streets o' the toon?
Gin they're no', then I'm failin' to dae
What I ocht to ha' dune.

MacDiarmid worries, and I am left stunned at the thought. Blake's "chartered streets" are by now so subdivided, entailed, and entangled that the countryside is disappearing in the grimy efflorescence of suburbia. These pirates of fresh air and greensward rob their children of the sight and sound of old people, speaking in a variety of tongues the tales of a vanished world, the sagas of escape and discovery, the accents of a history still warm. There are no old people in the stale, still, fresh air of suburbia. There is only an inconsolable apery, a gathering in of canned ecstasies. I dread to think of the lives and careers of the children nurtured in these barren climes: a kind of festered horde, knowing nothing but the beery wisdom of television and the sanctimonious folly of *Life*. "How is the Gold become so dim?" (Donne)

I do not mean to assume the cankerwormed mien of a half-baked Jeremiah intoning the impending doom of a parched Sodom. But as I walk through my homogenized ambience I cannot but feel isolated and brutally thrust away from what should be my nurture and my increase. Everywhere I see the exploited disbelieving their exploitation, the debauched innocent of their debauchment. The

slick talismans are caveat emptor, laissez-faire, and status quo. Nowhere do I see carved "cave canem."

Porcus, that foule unsociable Hogge,
Grunts me out this still: Loue me, loue my dog
And reason is there why we should so doe,
Since that his dog's the loulie of the two.

MY UNHAPPY disengagement with my society extends as well to the art and cultural attitude of the society. If the structure be rotten could the superstructure fail to be rotten as well? Thus Marx. And Trotsky, fiercely and bitterly indicting a decadent society with the ability only to produce decadent art. In those faraway days of youthful pride I thought that consciousness of decadence was *ipso facto* a thwarting of it: that one could frame works of art in despite of the structure, howsoever desiccated it might be. I have grown old; I have grown old; I shall wear the bottoms of my culture rolled, and reach for my cap gun and blow the top of society's head off.

Infantile gestures are the spasms of a faltering spirit. Let me deal with the most recent excrescence produced in this nightmare moment of the American dream: pop art. One must assume the sincerity of at least the pioneers of pop, else they are not worth considering. Is this a revitalized Dada? Hardly. The creation of Dada was a political art. The Dadaists were revolutionaries convinced of the hollow meaninglessness of their society, and they sought in their senseless public performances (really outrages), in their unreadable typographies, and in their plastic jokes to make tangible and largely visible their contempt, even hatred, of their time. When the movement lost this political sense it splintered into surrealism, formalism, and so forth. If I am correct, the main activity of the Dadaists was conducted with little reference to the established art galleries.

The artists of pop, however, have not the rankest whisper of radical politics about them. Their art, and I am being generous, is the perverse celebration of all that is commonly advertised as the blessings of America — that is, comics, the Fifth Avenue Omnibus Company, Coke, hamburgers, cellophane steaks, canned soups. Here is the inedible raised to the unspeakable. The bedeviling question is, Why should these men seek to celebrate the odious? Beyond the pure perversity of it, this may be another facet of that exhilarating product we call advertising art.

No other group in America is, I should imagine, so befuddled by cant, by an attempt to forge a mystique, a philosophic system to mask its true business, which is merchandising. These grandiloquent salesmen forgather for symposia ad nauseam

and publish endless aspen papers heralding their wondrous elixirs and panaceas, which are the simple magic of good designing the evil out of the world. They are insufferable charlatans. They provide the soft and the hard sells with the beautiful art and the beautiful words. The claims for catsup and tin cans are put forth with the wisdom of Western man made visual. This nasty hocus-pocus which we call Madison Avenue deceptively displays the ugly as beautiful, and these "popped" artists, decamped from Madison Avenue, are the purveyors of that mischief in art. This limp malfeasance is at the heart of the so-called "new realism." As art this work fails on the most elementary level. To express chaos one cannot be chaotic. One must so cunningly order the chaos that it may be communicated. Making a cast of a beer can will not do. Simulacra in art, whether of a can of tomato soup or of a venerated uncle, must prove to be interesting only to the manufacturer of the soup, or to the family of the uncle. One can haltingly imagine what led these artists to produce these articles, but what is inexplicable is the possible motive for anyone to buy these "things" and to adorn his house with them. Can you imagine yourself living with one of Oldenburg's gigantic hamburgers? What viable aesthetic experience would ensue? One's sensibilities would be bruised to a squashed artichoke; and as a joke, it would wear thin. But these works are bought as are all the other puerile artifacts of decay. The avant-garde has reached a bizarre station when it is instantly acclaimed, indeed, snapped up. What manner of avant-garde is this when it constitutes a great mass? It is the "rear-garde" for me.

And who is that poet come in off the streets
with a look unclean and loud?
Your feet are muddy, you son of a bitch,
get out of my ivory tower. (Thomas McGrath)

I must own not a little embarrassed bewilderment at being ensconced in an ivory tower. So it must be, if I scorn virtually all that goes on about me. And yet I do not hesitate to score the Myrmidons in their senseless mimicry of the pseudo-avant-garde. I execrate all who celebrate the irrational act in art. May I confess to being an unalterable four-sided square. The hipsters, heaven knows, are soured on their society. They seek to unfetter themselves totally from the vicious constraints imposed by a benighted social order. Their so-called freedom achieved, they, alas, proceed to nothing. The hipsters are notorious for their inability to work, except perhaps in their special subjective and formless jazz. I note them at all for they impinge the security of my newfound tower. Their "marijuana-soaked" ids make futile gestures at mastering

the bomb, the murderous bureaucracy, the cop on the street. The wisdom of Engels' maxim "Freedom is the recognition of necessity" is my emblem for continued creative existence in this conformist, neo-authoritarian society. To yield to infantile pleasure drives, to stamp one's phallus in rage, to become lumpen, is to shackle and imprison oneself in impotent ineffectuality. The greatest poet of the age was a bank teller.

AT FIFTEEN, when I left the Yeshivah, I was already deeply engaged with sculpture. Having once experienced the exaltation of building in the reality of space, I could never fix my attention elsewhere for long. This childish perception of the displacing presence of sculpture made sure and final the commitment then entered into. Nothing since has had a real depth of meaning, and no event, not even the years of execrable work, has threatened the glassy rigidity of that aspiration. I was unhealthily precocious as a youth, and almost at once I was carving an abstraction a week in wood. Those were other days, when to be abstract meant to derive pleasant forms from synthetic cubism. I did learn a great deal about carving as those pieces proliferated. I consumed all in those days. I forced myself onto a sculptor (advice which I continuously give to my students), and during two years I slowly sapped him dry. He had much to teach, and I an immensity to learn. At the end of the relationship I had grown academic enough to have merited an honorable mention from the Prix de Rome competition. I was then eighteen years old. I had traveled backward through Rodin to Michelangelo, and it was not until a decade later that I realized I had not pushed back quite far enough.

In 1940 I was a student at the Yale School of Fine Arts. It was then an academy of the right. A vitiated and repudiated beaux arts curriculum was in force. It was odious, uncondonable, unendurable. I held my masters in contempt. It was the only true bohemian period in my life. I drank, was physically quite foul, and began my proper education by devouring books in the epitome of libraries, the Library of the Linnonian and Brothers Society, separately housed in Sterling Memorial Library. Instead of going to class, I went to the Linnonian and worked my way through it, reading as one can only in youth. I managed that state of affairs for well over a year, when the dean announced to me in tones of marked alarm that I was to be expunged, expelled, put down. I assured him that there was little need since I had resigned and had enlisted in the Navy. My experiences in the Navy, often bizarre, always

exotic, need not detain us here. To characterize those three years, in a word, I entered as a seaman 2nd class and was discharged as a seaman 2nd class.

The beneficent GI Bill of Rights allowed me that grand measure of freedom to ferment slowly into maturity. In those days just after the war I was very political. Epigrammatically, I have always said that I have never joined anything except left-wing political parties. I was then twenty-four, married, enrolled at the New School for Social Research (to qualify for the monthly subsistence), attended classes at night, and worked at sculpture all the day long. Alas, my labors availed little. It was my foolhardy notion to exploit sculpture for the expression of political ideas. My sculpture was tendentious to a gigantic fault. As unsuccessful work succeeded unsuccessful work, I slowly came to understand that the proper vehicle for my political-artistic energies was the graphic arts; and thus I began to make woodcuts, and thus slowly, freed of the need, my sculpture came to be free of tendency. My turning to the woodcut was, I have no doubt, the salvation of my sculpture. Where I was forlorn and sculpturally maladroit, I was acute and graphically forceful. The manufacture of woodcuts and wood engravings then went apace. There was no need to expose my sculpture rashly and prematurely, for that swollen artist's ego was pacified by the telling impact of the woodcuts.

I graduated from the New School, and to remain solvent, a year of travel and study in Europe on the GI Bill ensued. Beyond the general artistic reinforcement that such a year brings, there were a series of specific discoveries that led to the formation of my style as it now exists. Seeing for the first time what I had only dimly perceived from photographs before, seeing the great carvings of Sumer, was one of those telling experiences. Here was sculpture of the purest kind: the massivity of the works, their great frontal rigidity, the sensual forms no more than a stony adumbration, the simultaneous revealing and hiding, the great stoical mass undisturbed. Here was an envelope of stone, the vitality and life of the work smashing against the envelope. It was a moment of transfiguration, and nine months in Paris were made endurable by the presence of these hieratic statues.

The steeping of my brain in the great works of the past was further intensified by a three-month sojourn in Florence. I shall not chronicle and catalogue the marvels that stayed my eyes and rooted my feet. The great day of our "Italian journey" occurred quite by mischance. We missed, very early one morning, by a few moments, the bus from Florence to Siena. Instead, much against our arrogant instincts, we took the bus to Pisa. I reverence that day, for Pisa proved to be the great sculptural experience of my life. Here I discovered for the

first time the miraculous carvings of the Pisan school: the works of Giovanni Pisano and Tino da Camaino — not the pulpits of Giovanni Pisano, nor even the splendid Madonnas, but rather those stark and fearful figures that circle one of the tiers of the Baptistery, ravaged by time, the forms rendered if possible more elemental, more deeply expressive, more fervently eloquent in their evocation of passion bound and grandeur fulfilled. And Tino is the one artist whose vision, bred in the trecento, I have as far as possible embraced for my own. The sculpture of Tino da Camaino is the embodiment of those sculptural qualities which I extol as monumentally human. Here is held, as though magically, the grand and the tender, the large and the small, the haughty and the humble. The *Caritas* in the Bardini Collection is surely tenderly awesome and poignantly beautiful. This wondrous coupling of the intimate to the monumental is the secret glory of his art. The standing courtiers surrounding the seated Arrigo the Seventh are nothing so much as a group of early T'ang tomb figures become Italianate. Never was king surrounded by a more spirited company. In Tino, the miraculous is held with the commonplace, the gentle bold, and the compassionate contained.

Tino then became my mentor. Spiriting his vision, securely snared in my baggage, I began working anew, which leads me to the end of this essay. Wherefore then do I labor? Though I despise the corrupt and alien world around me, the tower I have built does have windows, does have a portcullis forever raised and drawbridges permanently lowered. However debased, man, fixed in his splendid natural habiliments, caparisoned in sheet of muscle and bundle of nerve, and held upright by an extraordinary ivory, man is marvelous. Freed from the gesture and manner of his destructive and coercive society, man is glorious; was even capable of cracking the "wondrous mystic art of painting speech and speaking to the eyes." It is man exalted by virtue of his being man that has in the few years of my maturity preoccupied the steaming core of my sculptural concern. Condemning the irrational in art, abhorring the irrelevant, and disliking the abstract, I see my way as passing along that great continuum, the column of the past in art extending into the future. One must mesh the great lessons of the modern movement with all that is quick and glistening in the art of the past. One must confound the breeders of taste, the despoilers of fashion. One must rout the masked supersalesmen. One must rake the muck and cast out the soiled corrupter and scaly exploiter. Man must rediscover man, harried and brutalized, distended and eviscerated, but noble withal, rich in intention, puissant in creative spur, and enduring in the posture of love.



MEXICO'S CALIFORNIA

BY PAUL BROOKS

Publisher, writer, conservationist, PAUL BROOKS spends most of his holidays camping with his wife in remote spots from Alaska to East Africa. His account of their adventures, many of which have been described in the ATLANTIC, will be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf under the title ROADLESS AREA.

WHAT would we not give to see a bit of North America as it appeared to the first explorers? Only dimly from the printed page, from a journal entry or a hasty sketch, can we construct a picture of what it must have been like and share for a moment their sense of wonder and delight. Yet, just below the Mexican border lies a country where the experience of discovery is still within our grasp.

Baja (Lower) California, separated from the mainland of Mexico by the Gulf of California, or Sea of Cortés, stretches from the border a thousand miles south to the Tropic of Cancer: a rugged peninsula of bare volcanic mountains, cactus-strewn deserts, sandy beaches, rocky offshore islands, and deep blue bays. By modern standards it is largely a roadless area, though, paradoxically, containing part of the oldest road in America — El Camino Real, the King's Highway, built by the Spanish padres to connect their chain of missions from La Paz, near the tip of the peninsula, northward to San Francisco. How did this untamed country look to Hernán Cortés when, having conquered Mexico, he set sail across the narrow sea that bears his name? How did California look to the Jesuits who, nearly two centuries after Cortés, finally gained a foothold for their propagation of the gospel? In Upper California the answer must be pieced together in libraries from the written records: to conjure up El Camino Real while whizzing down the Los Angeles

Freeway would take a stronger jinn than most of us have in our bottles. The greater part of the lower peninsula, however, appears today as it did then.

It is said that those early missionaries to Baja occasionally ran into trouble when preaching eternal damnation during spells of cold weather. The shivering Indians in their roofless huts all demanded to go to hell. My wife and I were feeling no such compulsion as we flew south from Tucson, Arizona, on a warm day in mid-April of last year. We were in an eight-passenger plane, headed for Concepción Bay, two thirds of the way down the peninsula. Our journey — in the company of a group of distinguished naturalists under the aegis of the Belvedere Scientific Fund — had a long-range purpose. If the scenic and scientific values of this unique area were better understood, might not a bit of it be saved from exploitation while yet there is time?

To the visitor from above the border, an unspoiled body of water such as Concepción Bay seems like a gift from another age. Without a single human habitation on its shore, it extends southward for twenty-five miles from the old mission town of Mulegé at the mouth of the Mulegé River. Its purity is the result not of formal protection but simply of bad roads. Henry Thoreau, who went to jail in protest against the Mexican War, might have found comfort in the fact that a diplomatic blunder

Drawing by the author. Copyright © 1964, by Paul Brooks.

prevented President Polk from acquiring the peninsula for the United States. Had he succeeded, the freeways would already be there. As it is, Concepción Bay has been given some years of grace. The morning after our arrival, we set out to make its more intimate acquaintance.

TO REACH the boat landing we traversed a salt marsh which is a favorite feeding place for shore birds. Willet raised a piercing cry as they flew restlessly about, showing a bright wing pattern of black and white; several curlews, with their long down-curved bills, four magnificent red-brown marbled godwits, and a snowy egret had gathered at the edge of a tide pool. In slightly deeper water a Louisiana heron waded delicately along, leaning forward in readiness to strike its prey. Beyond the mud flats rose a rocky headland topped by a miniature boxlike lighthouse; on the sheer cliffs below, a few feet from the boat dock, perched a raven eating a large shrimp, his jet-black plumage as striking against the pinkish rock as it would have been against the manicured lawns of the Tower of London. And as the boat headed slowly down the bay, I saw my first Heermann's gull, a handsome bird with slate-gray body and snow-white head, which we were later to encounter by the hundreds of thousands on its island breeding grounds out in the gulf.

The sinuous shoreline gave direct evidence that this rugged land is rising from the sea. One could make out the traces of earlier shorelines, as one can in parts of the Nevada desert, where the rim of an ancient lake is clearly discernible on the surrounding hills. The shallow caves high above the present beach, formed by wave action millions of years ago, reminded us of similar caverns we had seen on the slopes of Isle Royale in Lake Superior. An occasional patch of gleaming white sand had been molded by the wind into a ripple pattern of low dunes. Above each headland circled scores of frigate birds, their long, angled wings in black silhouette against a pale-blue sky, scissorlike tails opening and closing as they glided on the rising thermals. All were males, which indicated that the females were on their nests somewhere nearby. Offshore a roiling in the water turned out to be a school of porpoises, their dorsal fins slicing the surface in a sequence of lazy arcs.

The edge between sea and land on a tropical desert coast is strangely sharp. In the north we are accustomed to a transition zone between the two elements: broad salt marshes reclaimed by the sea at every high tide, fingers of the ocean reaching rhythmically landward, rivers whose lower stretches respond to the sea's pulse, their waters blending im-

perceptibly from fresh to salt. Sandbars come and go; fog drifts inland to modify the climate and the vegetation. But in Baja one wades ashore into a true desert.

Today the cove where we landed was bright with the yellow flowers of the paloverde, a delicate shrub whose green bark contrasted with the almost birch-white palo blanco growing on the same slopes. The crescent beach of coarse shell sand — which blows about much less than the fine sand of our northern Atlantic beaches — was backed by an undercut cliff of volcanic rock, providing the only spot of shade. Here, among the flotsam, lay the carapace of a tortoise and the sunbaked remains of a large triggerfish with its surprisingly manlike teeth. Well above the water's edge, supported by a cairn of loose rocks, rose a rough cross of weathered boards, the grave of a drowned fisherman. To the untrained observer it was the only reminder of human life. But a scientist in our party knew better. Within ten minutes he had discovered an ancient kitchen midden — a mound of broken clamshells into which he began to burrow happily, sieve in hand, in search of shards and traces of charcoal from campfires that had burned away before the dawn of history. Leaving him to his detective work, my wife and I turned inland to explore the cardon forest.

"Forest" requires a footnote. Get out of your head the idea of towering trunks and leafy canopies, of crowded vegetation and shelter from the sun. The cardon is a cactus, similar to the saguaro of our Southwest but with upraised rather than outstretched arms. "A gigantic plant," writes the Jesuit missionary Clavigero. "Grooved, thorny, leafless, upright, and parallel branches . . . grow from its thick trunk. . . . They grow to the height of even forty feet, and are thick (in proportion) and uniform from the trunk to their tips. . . . The Indians use the spines of this plant as fishhooks. Combs are made from the burr-like fruit, and the seeds are ground into flour for making cakes." Scattered over the desert, each of these "trees" needs plenty of *lebensraum*: not for sunlight, which is in oversupply, but for water, gathered from a wide area by the shallow roots and stored through months of drought in the leathery trunk. The struggle for life here is less obvious than in a Northern forest. There the competition is for the sunlight, and the losers, overtopped by their neighbors, may stand dead or dying for years before they eventually fall to the forest floor. Though desert plants are fiercely armed with spikes and sabers against their animal foes (to whom they are so openly exposed), the battle between plant and plant goes on largely underground. To visualize the plant life of a desert, turn the whole landscape upside down in your mind's eye. The roots then become a tangled web of

interlocking branches in a nightmare forest as luxuriant as the visible desert is sparse.

When so much is hidden, it is sometimes hard to believe that a desert shrub is alive. We wondered at the flaming flowers of the ocotillo, or desert candle, bursting improbably from dead-looking limbs. The desert, like the Arctic, represents a frontier in life's ceaseless and infinitely ingenious campaign to colonize every available inch of the planet. Where nothing else grows you will find lichens, forerunners of higher plants, first link in an endless chain. The life cycle of the flowering plants in both the Arctic and the desert must be adjusted to a long period of dormancy followed by an explosive burst of speed: in the one case to take full advantage of the short summer, in the other to use to the utmost the unpredictable rain that may be followed by months or even years of drought. In terms of rainfall or snowfall, much of the Arctic is indeed a desert, but the comparatively light precipitation is preserved by the cool summers and storage of water above the permafrost. In the Southern desert it is more often a case of feast or famine. A cloudburst will deluge the hard-baked soil with more water than it can absorb and utilize: the runoff is not only useless to the plants but can cause vast damage, as we saw in the case of the town of Mulegé, ever subject to disastrous floods by the river that gives it life.

More than any other, a desert landscape changes form and color with the angle of the sun. By the time we had finished exploring and sketching in the cardon forest, shadows and highlights had recreated in bold relief weird shapes of rock and plant that had been flattened by the vertical glare of noon, while the mountain peaks on the horizon had become sharply articulated in glowing red. The bay itself was rich in color and contrast, showing that clear line between the green shallows and violet depths characteristic of tropic seas. The breeze dropped with the sun; frigate birds no longer circled the headlands. It had been a strange and haunting day, but stranger things were still to come.

AMONG the many oddities of Baja California the oddest of all is the boojum tree, *Idria columnaris*. In *The Forgotten Peninsula*, Joseph Wood Krutch devotes an entire chapter to this unique aberration on the part of the Creator which (with the exception of one small spot on the mainland of Mexico) is confined to a narrow section of Baja. Next morning found us flying north in our amphibious plane, headed for Los Angeles Bay, whence an hour's ride by truck would take us to the heart of a boojum forest. From the air the dark-blue bay looked like a model harbor, deep and curving and sheltered at its mouth by a scattering of small islands. Here

lies a little fishing village whose principal industry is the harpooning and sale of giant sea turtles. The airstrip, running between a row of houses and the turtle shed, serves also as a sort of town plaza and playground: our plane had no sooner rolled to a stop than it was surrounded by a swarm of small boys, who shortly settled down to a game of marbles under the shadow of the wing. At the end of the plaza stood an exquisite little stone chapel faced with onyx. Flanking the doorway, like modern creations of abstract sculpture, lay two enormous whale vertebrae, bleached to a chalky white. White, too, was the cool interior, still decorated with white flowers from a wedding the previous day. We lingered there for a moment before starting on the next lap of the journey.

It was a rough lap. I had noticed heavy steel struts reinforcing the body of our truck, and I now understood why. This bit of El Camino Real climbs every hillock and plunges into every dry wash as it twists between outcroppings of red-brown rock. The desert floor itself is sandy and the vegetation full of variety: two species of ocotillo, distinguished from each other by the pattern of their branching; delicate smoke trees; dark-gray ironwood; cupals, or incense trees, whose twigs have a spicy fragrance when you break them between your fingers; squat, grotesque elephant trees, named for the heavy tapering branches which are supposed to suggest an elephant's trunk, though to me their pattern seemed more like that of an octopus. Only more fantastic is the tree we had come especially to see.

One's first sight of a boojum inevitably evokes what Joe Krutch calls "the rustic-seeing-his-first-giraffe syndrome." In fact, if you can imagine a giraffe's neck projecting straight up out of the ground, you have a fair approximation of the simplest form of boojum, tapering skyward from a thick base, sometimes with a bunch of flowers bursting from its head. Other boojums are more complicated, sprouting arms and hooks like surrealist hat racks. When we brought the truck to a lurching halt in this nightmare forest and began to explore on foot, we had a startling experience. In this remote desert, miles from any habitation, we came upon a single neatly cut stump of a giant boojum. The botanist in the company did a double take; then suddenly he smiled in comprehension. Collected by an early scientific expedition, this particular tree now resides in the Smithsonian Institution, gaped at by the incredulous rustics of Washington, D.C.

Scientifically, the boojum is closely related to that wide-ranging species, the ocotillo: its flowers, though whitish rather than burning red, are similar in structure, and both plants have a curious way of producing thorns from the stalks of their fallen leaves. Why the range of the boojum should be so

restricted is still a mystery. It seems to grow well enough in cultivation. When at last we had left our boojum forest and jounced back over that roller-coaster road to Los Angeles Bay, I took a last look at the little onyx chapel before getting into the plane. Where suburban North Americans would have used cedar or arborvitae for their base planting, the people of Baja had quite properly used young boojums.

FOR sheer dramatic impact, we found nothing in Baja to compare with the offshore islands where the seabirds nest. These islands have all the romance of unexplored mountain peaks — which is exactly what many of them are. The absence of vegetation emphasizes this mountain character: bare cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge, perhaps cut in at the base where new caves are slowly being formed in the softer rock by the incessant action of the waves. Other caverns, dating from an earlier geological age and now high above sea level, may be occupied by colonies of blue-footed boobies, their powder-blue feet bright against the white line of the nest's edge; a lower slope will be dotted with brooding pelicans, while ravens perch on the rocks above, waiting to pounce on an unprotected egg. An ordinary island when seen from the air will reveal at its center a perfect crater, the top of a dead volcano. On any one of them the naturalist may find a surprise such as the brown boobies, characteristic of the South Pacific, that we found resting among the expected blue-footed species. For these islands are uncut pages in the book; new types of plants, possibly even of animals, may be still awaiting discovery.

Of the islands that we visited the most exciting was neither particularly scenic nor unexplored. Too small to appear on most maps, Isla Raza lies approximately between Los Angeles Bay and that ancient pirate stronghold, the large island of Tiburón. To bird-lovers it is of supreme importance as the only known breeding ground of the "elegant tern," Western counterpart of the handsome royal and Caspian terns known to Eastern birders. Our object was to check up on the present state of this unique colony. For here, on a wild spot far from any human dwelling, is a scene of incredible abundance. And here in brutal clarity lies the shadow of future extinction.

The shores of Raza consist of black volcanic rock, jagged and pockmarked like clinkers fresh from some gargantuan furnace, splashed everywhere with white bird droppings. In the absence of sandy beaches, our amphibious plane anchored well out in deep water, and we rowed ashore two by two in a rubber life raft to the sound of moaning seals on a

nearby islet. Our arrival was not unobserved. Though supposedly Raza belonged only to the elegant terns and their natural rivals, the even more abundant Heermann's gulls, we had just had an ominous warning that all was not well. From the air we had been startled to see several dories with outboard motors drawn up on the mud flats of a tidal lagoon. Now their owners, a wild and tattered but not unfriendly crew, stood looking down on us, some of them barefoot on the sharp rocks, one holding a long fish spear in his right hand and a still-flapping grouper in his left. Wading ashore, we picked our way among the slippery, kelp-covered boulders to the mud flat and the nearest dory. The owner stepped up and proudly lifted a cover of damp burlap sacking. The floor of the dory was already a foot deep in gull and tern eggs. We thought of Audubon's *Eggers of Labrador*. We thought of the extinct great auk. But today we weren't concerned with the dismal record of the past. Our job was to study the page that lay open before us.

Obviously the gulls and terns choose Raza because it is the one comparatively flat island among its larger and steeper companions, whose cliffs and elevated caves provide nesting sites for the pelicans and boobies. About twelve hundred feet wide, without shade or fresh water, it is built of three layers of volcanic rock which have become uptilted to produce three long ridges, between which lie the sandy flats where most of the birds nest. ("Nest" is a misleading term: eggs are laid in slight depressions in the sand, in the case of the gulls never less than two feet apart, but of the terns much closer.)

This year there were perhaps half a million birds on the island — four hundred thousand gulls and between fifty and a hundred thousand terns (including some royal terns among the elegants). As we stepped ashore, our noses were assaulted with the ammoniac smell of guano, which reminded us that the island had once been the scene of an ill-fated attempt to exploit this natural fertilizer; the business failed when a supply boat broke down and twelve men perished of thirst and starvation. The present incumbents, who numbered about twenty, were obviously not starving. Some were eating tortillas, and the litter around their camp indicated a varied menu, including three young ospreys.

Followed by several members of this ragged crew, to whom our motives were obscure and hence suspect, we climbed the nearest ridge. It formed a watershed, not of rivers, but of birds. The flat to our right was speckled with thousands of gulls; to our left lay a shimmering blanket of terns. The chorus of sound was sharply divided: into one ear poured the gulls' plaintive mewing, into the other the terns' shrill cry. The birds ignored our pres-

ence; for a moment peace reigned. Then suddenly from behind us came a sort of rebel yell as the egg collectors charged down the slope, waving their arms and shouting into the midst of the nesting terns. The very ground seemed to rise as myriads of birds took to the air in wild alarm, shrieking and swirling about our heads in a blizzard of wings. Pails in hand, six or eight men fanned out over the flat to snatch every tern egg before the waiting gulls could swoop down to join in the plunder. It was a clean sweep: minutes later the pails were full and every nest was empty.

Such was the daily routine. The Heermann's gulls, themselves predators on the terns, suffered the same fate. Though they nested everywhere on the rocky slopes as well as on the flats, we could find, on exploring the rest of the island, only a handful of eggs and — almost unbelievably — not a single live chick. As we made our way back to the waiting plane, we wondered how any living creature, however abundant, could survive such exploitation.

A partial answer came two months later when a return expedition visited Raza on June 7 (about seven weeks after the eggers left) to check up on the results of the spring nesting season. For the Heermann's gulls it had been a 99 percent failure. Though the island was covered with adult birds, still in pairs at their nest scoops, the few young were less than a week old. In other words, during the time the eggers were on the island the destruction had been complete, and the colonies had never recovered. The terns had fared much better. Apparently they had still been able to lay and to incubate normally after the eggers had departed; though their numbers were smaller than in years past, they had managed to survive another season.

Are they fighting a losing battle? To us the ominous note on Raza was not the men but the outboard motors. Egging has gone on in Baja California since time immemorial, as it has among the coastal Eskimos of Alaska; and the birds in each case have survived. When does legitimate harvest become exploitation? Modern weapons and modern machinery have forced the issue everywhere in the world, from the Arctic ice floes to the tropical deserts, from the sky above us to the ocean floor. Isla Raza is a tiny but significant case in point.

Owing largely to the efforts of the National Audubon Society and the Belvedere Scientific Fund, Isla Raza was declared a Federal Bird Refuge by the President of Mexico on May 14, 1964. Provision is being made for a resident warden to protect the birds during the nesting season. Thus, conservation has won another skirmish in the endless battle to save our natural heritage and to preserve for the Sea of Cortés a treasure as precious as its now vanished pearls.

COLD WHITE DEATH

by RICHARD EBERHART

It was an evil Saturday in February
When an unprecedented snow squall
Struck the North, turbulent and furious,
Unlike any other storm of winter.

Two fliers, a man sixty, a man of thirty,
Doctors in a private aircraft,
Seventy miles away on a mercy mission,
Rose, it is thought, into the dark gale.

Hysteria ran through the hometown,
Hope grew as help mobilized belief,
All the wits of a thousand men
Searched five hundred miles of earth,

White, deadly, cold, and implacable,
With scores of aircraft and helicopters,
Each following fast each hectic tale,
Men determined to rescue the fallen.

On the third day it was nervously acclaimed
A plane had been sighted in the snow.
When the mothering helicopter hovered low
It reported only a mass of shadow.

When spring came a lone flier
Spotted the wreckage accidentally.
The fliers had lived four days without food,
Heard the death rattle of planes overhead,

Wrote their history sealed in bottles,
Made snowshoes of branches and Scotch tape;
The older wrote "I have no hope";
Found, perhaps, some time for meditation.

When their bodies were brought out and up
On the stiff skis of a helicopter,
High in air, and headed south,
That was a resurrection of the caught.

Their voice, scared away in the snow,
Their love, muffled in the air,
Their hope is living in the sky,
They belong with old enigma now.



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IBM computers help bring you storm warnings earlier

THOUSANDS of trained eyes are now turning toward the South. The dreaded hurricane season is upon us.

A hurricane breeds in isolated ocean areas. It is a mindless beast, moving at will. It can explode overnight into catastrophic fury, change course, and rip into a continent with the power of a dozen atomic bombs.

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Man cannot yet *stop* a hurricane, but "Anna," "Bertha," "Carla," and their awesome sisters are now detected at birth, and—thanks to an IBM computer—warnings are given sooner.

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Hurricanes hit with atomic bomb power. An IBM computer helps the U.S. Weather Bureau issue earlier warnings to save lives.

on pictures taken by weather satellites. *An ominous mass of cloud is swirling into a vortex.* Instantly a vast radio and radar network is alerted. "Hurricane Hunter" planes enter the storm's growing eye to report back temperature, air pressure, and velocity.

Thousands of pieces of information begin pouring into the U. S. Weather Bureau at Suitland, Maryland.

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After telephone conference calls, every community within thousands of square miles is alerted to its danger.

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During the past three years, a U. S. Weather Bureau research laboratory has been testing and evaluating every

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This advanced research has been done with a scientific IBM computer.

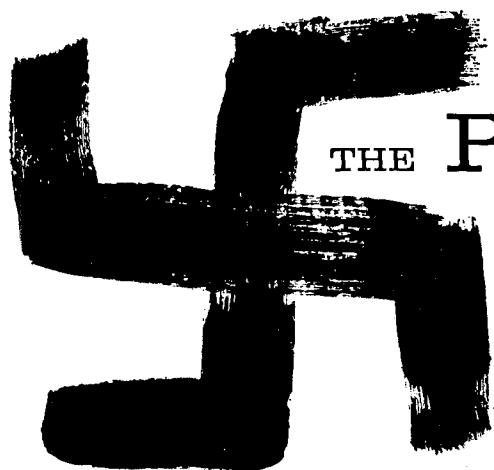
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THE PURSUIT OF GUILT

Germany's Final Roundup of War Criminals

As a young Lieutenant Colonel in the British Army stationed in Vienna at the end of the Second World War, GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD first became involved in the manhunt for Nazi war criminals. He here explains how the Germans themselves have maintained their search despite the resistance of former SS officers, and why the roundup will be brought to an end next May. Diplomatic editor of the London SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, Mr. Brook-Shepherd is the author of five books on modern history.

THEY guard it well, the conscience of the new Germany. You first approach it through a wooden door set in the thick yellow flanks of an eighteenth-century building on Ludwigsburg's Schorndorferstrasse. Only when this plain varnished door shuts behind you do you realize that you are in fact inside the Landesgefängnis, or Central Prison, of Baden-Württemberg.

Two massive iron gates, each made of squares with bars one inch thick, have to be passed in succession before the prison courtyard is reached. On the left, the entrance guards sit in their glass-lined kiosk, clearing your progress by telephone and electronic buttons. In their neat, short-sleeved summer uniforms and peaked caps they look absurdly like the bridge-room crew of some Swiss lake steamer.

On the right, a showcase displays "Things made by our Prisoners" — models of stags in wood, shopping bags of woven plastic, trays with crude inlay designs of William Tell aiming at the apple on his son's head. "The proceeds," a notice says, "go to dependents." To underline the point, a metal collection box is also clamped to the wall. Its slit of a mouth is dusty, and its throat looks parched.

From the courtyard, another guard leads you into the administration building, the ground floor of which is devoted solely to prison matters — "Education," "Medical," "Stores," say the signposts

which jut out stiffly from each door. Then you go up a flight of stairs to a very different row of rooms. These are white-painted and noncommittal, with nothing more than a small typewritten name card on each door. It might be a corridor in a modern hospital. In fact, you have entered the headquarters of an organization where the Germany of today pursues its Nazi past.

Its title is very German, and the uninitiated has to breathe very deeply before embarking on Die Zentrale Stelle der Landesjustizverwaltungen zur Verfolgung nationalsozialistischer Gewaltverbrechen, or "Headquarters of the provincial government judiciaries for the prosecution of national-socialist crimes of violence." It is mercifully known as the "Ludwigsburg Zentrale" for short.

Its history is also very German — the post-war Germany, that is, of the Federal Republic of Bonn, with its improvisations and its club-footed sovereignty. For the first ten years after the war, responsibility for the prosecution of German war crimes rested with the four Occupation powers. The sentencing of the twenty-two principal surviving Nazis at Nuremberg in October, 1946, was all that caught the public eye. But Allied justice also operated in those years on a broader front. A total of 5025 Germans were sentenced for war crimes in the three Western zones, 806 of them to death. The figures for the Soviet zone are unknown. Most

estimates agree that they must have been at least twice as high.

Then, in 1955, West Germany became virtually sovereign. The Bonn authorities, who had already been allowed to prosecute Germans for crimes committed against other Germans in Germany itself, were now also charged with bringing their citizens to justice for wartime atrocities against other nationals abroad. Free Germany's final pursuit of her own past had begun.

For some time after the official start, however, nothing much moved in this wider field. These were the years of the honey bee that followed on the years of the locust. West Germany was wallowing happily in her "economic miracle." To jump backward gratuitously into the black, bleak era of Hitlerism, which everyone hoped had closed, was asking quite a lot.

Public apathy was further pinned down by the sheer weight of the Allies' own record of war-crimes prosecution, and especially by the dramatic bonfire of the Nuremberg Trials. This still seemed to glow as the sacrificial pyre of *all* Nazi sins, which had purged the German nation, as well as it had consumed the Hitler hierarchy, in its flames.

But the Germans were soon to learn that, though their own war guilt as a people had certainly been overplayed after the defeat of 1918, it had just as surely been underplayed after the defeat of 1945. There was a national debt still to pay for the scars the swastika had left on Europe, a debt not written off by the punishment of those twenty-two arch-villains of the tragedy.

THE extent of this debt was first foreshadowed in the testimonies of the thousands of German prisoners of war who began to return from Russia in 1956. It was fully revealed by the trial at Ulm in the summer of 1958 of former members of the wartime Gestapo group at Tilsit on charges of the mass murder of Jews. What was said in that courtroom at Ulm, by both witnesses and accused, showed that hundreds of Germans were still running around free and unpunished for crimes committed abroad in Germany's name.

The shock to both public and official conscience was a sharp one. But so was the reaction. In October of that same year, the ministers of justice and senators of all eleven German Länder met at Bad Harzburg to examine what should be done. Six weeks later, on December 1, 1958, the Zentrale Stelle at Ludwigsburg had already come into operation — a centralized cooperative effort by lawyers and police officials, drawn from every province of the state, to dig up the dark truth about Nazi

crimes lying buried in Germany or anywhere else in the world.

The head of this office, whom I had come to meet, was Dr. Erwin Schüle, a German jurist of impeccable integrity. I remember thinking as I entered his room, "If this isn't the Good German of fact or fiction, where is he?"

Dr. Schüle turned out to be an attractive beak-nosed man in his early fifties. He was wearing a striped bow tie and the sort of light-blue flannel suit I have so often seen on Mr. Khrushchev on his travels abroad. This color was matched by his eyes, which were about the bluest and keenest a man could have. It was a face of utter frankness, fearlessness, and friendliness. The German conscience seemed to be in good hands.

His office was as cheerful and informal as himself and looked like anything but a High Court of Inquest into villainy. There was the obligatory German *Gummibaum*, or shiny indoor plant, swaying up from a pot behind his desk like some green snake. Opposite was the equally typical *Sitzecke* — a small table for guests, with four chairs covered in brilliant red and yellow plastic. It could have been a corner of a travel bureau.

There were, in fact, maps on the wall, though any illusion they might have added disappeared on closer inspection. One was a large-scale general-staff map of Poland, the scene of most Nazi atrocities abroad. The other was without a doubt the grimmest map I have ever gazed upon. The chart was named simply "Deutschland 1945," yet it showed no rivers, roads, or towns. It was covered instead with a rash of large and small dots and triangles. Each symbol represented a Nazi concentration camp, Gestapo headquarters, or field unit. Extermination centers were marked by a black-ink cross. This pattern of death had been hand-drawn dot by dot over the past six years as the evidence had grown; it was probably the only completely accurate map of the Hitler terror in existence anywhere. With relief, we got back to the gaily colored chairs in the *Sitzecke*.

The fact that the map was unique and had to be constructed inch by inch by Dr. Schüle's staff is typical of the whole story of the Ludwigsburg Center. When it started in 1958, there were practically no records available to launch it on its task, which was defined as the uncovering of crimes committed by Germans against civilians outside German territory and outside the framework of military operations.

The mountain of relevant Nazi documents to survive the holocaust of 1945 had been carted off by the victors and were now distributed in heaps all over the world: at the Wiener Library in London; at the Centre de Documentation Juive Contemporaine in Paris; at the Institut Yad Washem in

Jerusalem; at the Netherlands Institute for War Documentation in Amsterdam; and, in American hands, at the U.S. Document Center in Berlin, the National Archives in Washington, and the World War II Records Division at Alexandria, Virginia.

Dr. Schüle traveled the world in search of co-operation, and he got it. Millions of documents were microfilmed; hundreds of Nazi personnel rolls examined and compared; and thousands of survivors of those wartime atrocities identified, sought out, and interrogated. Sometimes their evidence was easy to get and repetitive. Sometimes it was both elusive and unique. For example, the sole surviving witness the Center could find of the massacre of 600,000 Jews at the isolated Polish extermination center of Belzec near Lublin was a broken old man, more than eighty years of age, whom they stumbled upon living in Canada.

By this combination of hard work and chance, the evidence piled up like a paper dam behind the yellow walls of the Ludwigsburg prison. The card index room, which I inspected, started at zero. It now has more than 160,000 entries, all cross-referenced in rows of steel cabinets. Any name or place I could think of with Nazi associations was produced within seconds. This was, justly, the pride of the whole Center. The Republic is being as thorough in retribution as the Third Reich was thorough in terror.

But the comparison ends at thoroughness. The Center should not be thought of as another flaming sword, even of democratic steel, that can strike out where it pleases with special powers. It has, in fact, no executive authority at all. Its task is solely to collect the evidence against an individual. Furthermore, this evidence is concerned not with War Crimes in the quasi-political Nuremberg sense, but rather with crimes committed during war — the ordinary crimes of murder and manslaughter whose punishment is provided for in the ordinary German criminal code. There is no *Lex Ludwigsburgiensis*.

Once the dossiers have been completed along these lines, the Center hands them over to the public prosecutor of the Land concerned. From then on, though the Center can advise, it plays no part in the trial and sentencing of the accused, which, again, are conducted within the existing legal framework of the state. Thus, to take the most famous case, the Center provided the bulk of the 80 volumes of evidence, containing some 16,000 pages of testimony from 250 witnesses, used throughout the summer in the mammoth trial of former SS personnel from the Auschwitz concentration camp. But all responsibility for the case rests with Generalstaatsanwalt Bauer, the state prosecutor of Frankfurt, where the trial was held.

There are two other limitations, one from the past and one from the future. None of those 5025

German war criminals sentenced by the Allies between 1945 and 1955 can ever be brought to trial again, despite the fact that fresh and more damning charges against many of them are constantly coming to light. The curb from the future arises precisely out of the fact that Ludwigsburg operates inside and not outside the existing code of criminal law. This lays down that even capital crimes such as murder cannot be prosecuted twenty years after the deed. In other words, as of May 1, 1965, the Research Center must close its books, and Germany's phase of active retribution will come to an end. This is not, as has so often and so wrongly been represented abroad, a "special political amnesty for Nazis." It is the very opposite: the inviolable concession that ordinary German law, in common with many other legal systems, makes to every ordinary criminal.

NINETEEN years ago, as a young British staff officer, I was Military Secretary to the first and only Four-power Denazification Committee, set up by the Allies in post-war Austria. From those Vienna days, I remember well the impossibility of defining guilt by rota, the maddening task of trapping some of those villains of the Nazi era who wriggled unscathed through the broad meshes of our Allied justice because they had worn no party badge which caught them up. What, I asked Dr. Schüle with a very personal curiosity, had he achieved in six years, and how satisfied was he that *his* mission was really complete?

"So far," he replied, "we have instigated about 600 prosecutions against major criminals. I estimate we have about another 120 to 130 cases to complete and hand over for action before we close our lists next spring. I am quite satisfied that this will represent the vast bulk of all the German war crimes that were still undetected when we started. I am convinced that it represents virtually 100 percent of all the major cases.

"You see, we have established that a lot of the mass extermination atrocities were committed by a fairly restricted group of SS or Gestapo people, and often by the same 'special units' used in a mobile role. New individual acts of brutality could always still emerge of course, but the big deeds of organized crime are virtually all mapped out by now. We have checked and rechecked too often to be caught out here.

"And please don't forget that none of these cases we already have on our files will benefit by the twenty-year rule, even if we cannot trace or lay our hands on the accused at the moment. The mere fact that our dossier on them is lodged with a public prosecutor's office and that a warrant has been

taken out there will keep the charge perpetually 'active.' The only people who could benefit by the twenty-year rule are German war criminals still totally unknown to us when we close the records next May. For the reasons I have given, they will be extremely few and far between."

I then broached the other topic that had drawn me to Ludwigsburg. How did the West German people as a whole regard the Research Center's work? How did they react to this merciless probing of nerves still raw and memories still haunting? Could one infer from this public reaction whether there really was a "new" Germany or not?

Curiously enough, no nationwide opinion poll seemed to have been taken on this subject, despite lively public discussion over the grim story unfolding week by week in the Frankfurt witness-box. One had to rely on unpublished official soundings of opinion, supported by personal observation. Dr. Schüle's own verdict, which represented the findings of his investigation teams working in every province of Germany, was this:

"It is largely a problem of generations. The older generation — people of sixty or over — are, on the whole, against our work. Some question our right to indict the Nazis at all. All question the wisdom or ethics of doing so after so many years. Even people of this group who are stained with no personal guilt from the Nazi era share this view. It is because they all have a sense of indirect guilt. These were the men — at that time in their forties or fifties — who were then influential in their particular calling, whether as architect, soldier, surgeon, or bank manager. They feel, therefore, that it is *their* life that is being condemned and *their* moral cowardice in tolerating Hitler that we are indicting.

"The middle-aged, those of forty-five to sixty — my contemporaries, if you like — are of two minds, though I don't need to tell you which view I hold or I wouldn't be doing this job. This group in the main supports our work, but many have reservations. These were the people who held junior posts in the Nazi era. I, for example, was a young front-line infantry officer in Russia for most of the war, having managed to avoid any party entanglements as a law student just before the war. Though my age group had relatively little say in those days, we were, after all, somewhere on the stage, and there is the uneasy feeling now that we allowed ourselves to be duped. This often leads to an ambivalent attitude about Ludwigsburg's work.

"But the important thing is the youth, the people unborn in Hitler's day. All our experience shows that they, in the mass, support us almost unreservedly. They clamor the whole time for knowledge about an era which, at home, their parents so often refuse to discuss with them, and which their schoolteachers have usually failed to put into per-

spective. And the more they learn about the Nazi past, the more they demand the punishment of the guilty. I suppose psychologists might also read into this some confused battle of the generations; but for me it is enough to know the plain fact that our new citizens, the first pure post-Hitler Germans, are on our side."

As regards official Germany, Dr. Schüle wound up by saying that support from all three West German parties was solid and unflinching. Nor had he encountered a single case of obstruction in the judicial machinery. He did comment here, with a wry smile, that every now and then he was rather surprised by the "mild sentences" passed on some of his cases. He was quick to add, as a good lawyer, that any case as actually fought out through a court can look very different at the end from the original indictment.

The number of neo-Nazis still surviving, declared and unrepentant, seems to be steadily shrinking. Figures published this June by the Bonn Ministry of Interior put the total membership of all right-wing extremist groups at 24,600, a further decline of 3000 since the previous year.

But, like a tiny core which gets harder the more it is squeezed, these 24,600 fanatics, who are divided into four main factions and 115 splinter groups, have proved capable of daring acts of defiance. The most impressive of these was the escape, in April, of the former SS Lieutenant Walter Zech-Nenntwich, who was spirited out of his Brunswick jail into safe exile in Egypt only forty-eight hours after receiving a four-year term for war crimes. He was the first sentenced Nazi to escape, though two more of his ilk, Reinhold Vorberg and Gerhard Bohne, managed to slip out of the country while awaiting trial last year.

The Zech-Nenntwich escape infuriated Ludwigsburg as it infuriated most of Germany (East and West). The Federal police have now uncovered the exact route the escape party took and most of the accomplices involved. Some were neo-Nazi; some merely venal. Precautions have been tightened, and the audacious operation is not likely to be repeated.

I found Dr. Schüle more concerned with his inability to get these and other men back from their safe perches in foreign exile despite the strongest diplomatic steps by the Bonn government. Twenty-five identified, known, and wanted German Nazi war criminals are still mocking their pursuers from abroad — mostly in Egypt, Spain, and Latin America. The motives of the various "host" governments in rejecting pleas for extradition are varied. They range from the ideological sympathy of an extreme right-wing regime, as in the case of Franco's Spain and some Latin-American countries, to blatant expediency, as with Nasser's Egypt,

where Nazi war criminals are among the German advisers helping to run the Egyptian propaganda machine and missile-construction program.

In one notorious case, concerning the economically underdeveloped and politically overdeveloped black dictatorship of Nkrumah's Ghana, the reason seems to be a blend of both. Here a certain Dr. Schumann, wanted by Ludwigsburg on grave charges of crimes committed as a concentration camp doctor, has defied all Bonn's extradition bids and lives an unmolested well-paid existence as a senior official of the state medical service.

Dr. Schüle is understandably bitter about the twenty or so quarries still denied to him by the willful noncooperation of foreign governments. "Here are cases," was his comment, "where both the Center and the German government have done all that the outside world has asked; yet it is the outside world that stops us from finishing the job."

SO MUCH for Ludwigsburg's judgment on itself. Of the firm backing by the authorities I have no doubt, having convinced myself of this during many visits to Bonn. But is Dr. Schüle's division of the public opinion according to the three generations too neat and ready-made?

On the whole, I think not. Within the broad margins of error of any such generalization, I have found that his breakdown of attitude by age-groups seems to emerge whenever and wherever one discusses Nazism in West Germany today. The white-haired, if they can be brought to talk about the past at all, usually produce a stereotyped defense of their behavior, and then sweep the whole topic under the conversational rug. The gray-haired are usually prepared to talk about it rationally but often with a shrug of the shoulders. Only the young show burning curiosity and indignation in what seems to be roughly equal proportions.

That a healthy majority of the post-Nazi generation today condemn the Hitlerism they never knew is borne out by an interesting study of the political opinions of the 1940-1946 age-groups recently made by the West German sociologist Professor Walter Jaide (*"Das Verhältnis der Jugend zur Politik"*). On the scientific polling sample system, 2063 youths between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four were chosen from all areas and classes of West Germany and questioned, among other things, as to their views about Hitler and his movement.

Seventy-four percent condemned him either utterly or substantially; 16 percent could give no opinion; 7 percent accorded the Führer "more good points than bad"; 3 percent supported him. Of the three quarters who condemned him, 45 percent gave his racial persecutions as their main reason; 19 percent his megalomania and war guilt;

18 percent his abuse of power; 12 percent the murders and other crimes of the concentration camps; 4 percent his antireligious policies. Only one percent produced that dangerously pragmatic argument that he failed in the end.

The most striking thing I have found in the attitude of young Germans toward their past is that, quite apart from condemning their Nazi forefathers, they also *simply fail to recognize them*. I remember being shown by one of Dr. Schüle's young assistants (who would have been barely of school age when Hitler died) a photostat of one of the most horrible of all the documents the director had brought back from Washington.

It was a technical report, drawn up in Berlin on June 5, 1942, to examine how the first three prototype mobile gas chambers, which had been designed and used for exterminating Jews for more than nine months, were standing up to wear. The report carried the highest secret grading of *Geheime Reichssache*, and only this one single copy had been ordered to be made.

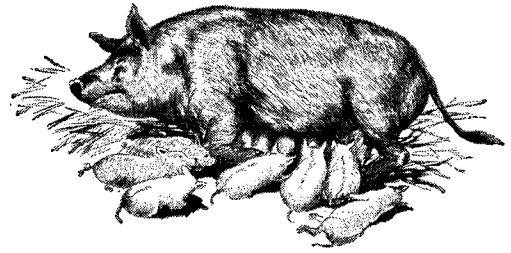
Yet despite this thick security screen, all direct reference to the evil purpose of these contraptions was avoided. The vehicles were called simply "special trucks." It was noted that since December, 1941, "97,000 had been processed without material damage to the equipment." There was no reference to people, let alone Jews. As to murder, what was inside had been simply "processed." One improvement was recommended: a strengthening of the rear doors, against which the "cargo" tended to "gather and push."

The young official had read this appalling paper a hundred times or more, yet his reaction was still the same: not only horror at the atrocity but bewilderment at the cold-blooded indifference—that *Ate*, or moral blindness, against which the ancient Greeks had warned.

"As far as I and my friends are concerned," the young German said, "people who could act and think like that are not just monsters; they are Mars men. They seem so remote that it is difficult even to hate them as one should."

I am sure he spoke truthfully and sincerely. Yet his words worried as well as comforted me. No nation can jump from its own shadow. Any people, to be healthy, must learn to live organically with its roots, all its roots, however rank some of these may smell. But this young man, and all like him, were slicing off their roots at ground level, in plain unbelief as well as distaste.

The West German story just cannot end like this. There is one last phase of denazification it must still go through when Ludwigsburg closes its dossiers and its iron gates. It is a phase of absorption, rather than rejection, an inner phase that no court can order, no book can teach.



A PIG TALE

by ELIZABETH R. CHOATE

On her farm in Danvers, ELIZABETH R. CHOATE and her late husband, the publisher of the Boston HERALD-TRAVELER, maintained a wide assortment of domestic animals with whose habits they became increasingly familiar. This is the second of a series of papers to be continued into the winter.

WHEN my husband Bob and I first began living at our farm in Danvers, we decided to buy a prize Berkshire sow. Having located a blue-ribbon winner at a blue-chip price, we set off in our farm truck to fetch her. Our hopes were high as we rattled along the road to New Bedford, and when we reached the pig farm some seventy miles away, we were delighted with this handsome black mountain that was to be our very own. There was plenty of help on hand to load Sunshine onto our truck, and we started for home well satisfied.

Immediately things began to go poorly. We had a flat tire, it started to pour rain, and Sunshine voiced her resentment by emitting loud snorts from the rear of the truck. By the time we got home it was pitch-dark, our hired man had left for the day, and we were left alone to unload our five-hundred-pound treasure into the mud outside our pig house. Luckily, Sunshine was in a crate, so we were able to slide her off the truck with the help of a heavy rope and a pair of stout oak planks. By the time we had herded her into her stall, she was not happy, and neither were we. However, a hot mash for her and some supper for us improved tempers all around.

Three months later Sunshine prepared to present us with a litter of blue-ribbon offspring. Bob and I were all agog over this event; we bedded her down with fine straw and took over the accouchement ourselves. To our dismay, the closer Sun-

shine came to farrowing, the crosser she became. She ramped around her pen acting very ugly. But this was nothing compared with the way she behaved as soon as her first piglet was born, for then she turned into a quarter ton of raging fury. She chased Bob around the pen, snapping and barking until he wisely got out of there without benefit of the gate, just up and over the fence.

She became more and more ill-humored, and displayed no maternal instincts at all. She squashed every baby and didn't seem to care. It gradually dawned on us that we had been had, or at least we had failed to remember the warning caveat emptor. The old-timers told us that the whole fiasco had been our own fault because we had not poured warm oil into Sunshine's ears at the beginning of the birthing, but I bet that they are still laughing down in New Bedford at how they unloaded that little ray of light on us.

Bob and I were unhappy with Sunshine; we both liked pigs, but this one was not a nice character. Disposition in pigs is very important, because a big mean one like Sunshine can be really dangerous. All books on pigs describe the ideal temperament as quiet, gentle, and easily handled, while they rate the cross, vicious, or wild individual as highly undesirable. According to the official standard of excellence of the Berkshire, there was no doubt of Sunshine's pulchritude; she was practically flawless in conformation. We soon sold her to a

Illustration by Nils Hogner from FARM ANIMALS. Copyright © 1945, by Dorothy Childs Hogner. Reprinted by permission of Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

man who longed to show her at county fairs and win grand-champion ribbons with her. We tried to warn him that she had a nasty nature, but he was so dazzled by her beauty that he could not believe us. Eventually she did win a lot of prizes, but we never inquired how many piglets she raised for him. Maybe he filled her ears with warm oil and she calmed down in middle age.

After the Sunshine debacle we collected three amiable pigs rather at random. I have always preferred the lard type rather than the bacon or lean breeds, so the first one we bought was a cherry-red Duroc Jersey called Rosie, who ended up by weighing around four hundred pounds. The second one was Violet, a black and white-belted Hampshire. She was somewhat more athletic in build and never grew to be as heavy as Rosie; nevertheless, she was a strikingly handsome pig. The third one was Daisy, who was an extravagance on our part. She was an elegant pedigreed Chester White, with a fine coat and intelligent face. Her legs and feet were strong, her tail nicely curled, and she was as smooth in conformation as one would wish to see. When we bought her she was just a young gilt, but later she grew to enormous proportions. We never weighed her, but she must have tipped the scales at more than five hundred pounds.

These girls were everything that well-behaved pigs ought to be; they gave us trouble only once, when they all disappeared from their yard. It isn't easy to lose three big pigs like that without a trace, but we hunted everywhere and found no signs of them. We grew nervous, because most of our neighbors were market gardeners, and we had visions of what Rosie, Daisy, and Violet could do to a field of carrots or the like in a very short time. We also had an idea of what it could cost us in damages. We jumped into our car and visited everybody around us to warn them that the girls were on the loose. No one had seen them.

My little Sealyham, Maria, was not an idle barker, so that evening when she sat in our driveway yap-yapping, we went out to investigate. There, under a row of apple trees, lay Rosie, Daisy, and Violet, comfortably bedded down in a planting of pale blue German iris. The trees had just been sprayed with arsenate of lead, and the ground was covered with the little green apples of the June drop. This situation appalled us, for no matter how we urged them, the girls just lay there grunting amid the flowers.

Bob finally fetched our kitchen pail and rattled it in front of their recumbent snouts. To our relief, Violet staggered to her feet, followed unsteadily by Rosie and Daisy. We managed to push them back to their pen with the pail serving as a bellwether on ahead, and nailed the gate firmly shut for the night. Although they must have been full of a

fearsome combination of arsenic and green apples, they seemed perfectly spry the next day.

Later we found the trail of their afternoon jaunt. It was small wonder that we had not been able to trace them in a hurry, for they had skirted the fields, crossed a swamp, and arrived through the woods at the orchard, where they had given up from sheer exhaustion.

ONE evening as he drove home from work, Bob was puzzled to find the traffic backed up in both lanes of the street outside our gate, with a loud honking of horns going on. Since he couldn't see what the matter was up ahead, he got out and walked along to reconnoiter. There, in the middle of the road, was Daisy, all five hundred pounds of her. She was pretty confused by the noise of the horns, but it took Bob no time to get her off the street and back to her pen, all the while being cheered on by the drivers of the long lines of cars, who stayed to see the fun. Bob had a kindly way with animals and always made a habit of giving our pigs a handout of grain as he called, "Here, girls," so when she heard his voice, Daisy trotted obediently along behind him, to the amazement of his audience.

Pigs are thought to be obstinate, which indeed they are at times, and the old saying, "as stubborn as a pig on ice," is based more on fact than fancy. It has been my experience that they are uncooperative only when they are apprehensive or frightened, and that they are prone to go into reverse when their suspicions are aroused. A very simple solution, when time is pressing, is to put a basket over their faces, and back them up instead of trying to drive them forward. Bob had no basket in his car that evening, but when he got home he was pleased and amused by his success as a swineherd.

We raised several litters of thrifty piglets from these three girls. It was our custom to "hire in" a huge and well-mannered boar from Walter Murphy, who was then the Pig King of Massachusetts. Mr. Murphy was a charming man; his dark hair was set off by brilliant blue eyes, and his face seemed to be hewn from white marble. He was always immaculately dressed. He wore an old-fashioned stock about his neck and carried a short crook, which is the traditional trademark of the pig master.

I think that Mr. Murphy was both amused and annoyed by me. A look of amazement lit up his otherwise impassive face the first time I backed up our farm truck and took off single-handed with "Murph," as we called the boar, riding comfortably in the back. The thing that annoyed Mr. Murphy was that I kept telling him if he would

only put sunlamps over his piglets, they would grow twice as fast on the same amount of food. It also irritated him to be told that my own piglets of the same age were double the size of those in his piggery.

Since those days things are different, and pigs, in a way, have come into their own. Be it only for market, it has been proved by science that they thrive better under sanitary, comfortable conditions. No matter how short their life, at least it is more pleasant for them than it was thirty years ago. Pigs prefer to eat good clean grain and growing things, and the fact that they can survive on garbage is really nothing against them, for, after all, is not garbage but a compote of the food that we ourselves eat? Also, it is nothing against a pig that it can live in a filthy sty, when it is essentially a clean creature, really one of the neatest of barnyard animals. It will keep its bed clean and, if given the proper space, reserve just one corner of its pen to soil, which is more than can be said for many other animals.

I once met a man who had a big pig farm in Florida, and I was not surprised when he told me that his pigs loved a shower. He said that he had rigged up a regular overhead spray for them and turned the water on every day at noon. His pigs waited, solemnly queued up, for their turn at a bath. Rosie, Daisy, and Violet always came running when I turned on the hose; they put their faces up to be washed and squealed with delight as I rinsed them from head to foot. We gave them a place for a mud wallow, where they enjoyed themselves mightily. After all, mud baths have been used by mankind throughout the ages, why not by the lowly pig?

Early in 1942, after the United States had entered World War II, Rosie, Daisy, and Violet were all pregnant, thanks to "Murph." By May, Rosie had produced ten little ones, and Violet was nursing the same number of lusty offspring, but Daisy was, as yet, great with child. Suddenly our hired man of ten years' standing departed from our employ. I cannot say that I blamed him for wanting to double his wages elsewhere, but he left me with what might be called a Pig Pickle on my hands.

With no possibility of finding a replacement, there was nothing for me to do but roll up my sleeves and take over. It was lucky that all our pigs were fond of me, for each outweighed me by three hundred pounds. Violet was always so hungry that, without meaning to do it, she bashed me about quite a bit when I fed her. She never meant to hurt; it was just her nature to be rough. Rosie had a more reasonable temperament and did not give me much trouble. However, it was my favorite, Daisy, who worried me. Although she was as mild as May and we had established a firm

trust in one another, shades of Sunshine plagued my mind. What if she acted up the same way? She grew heavier every day, and there I was, alone to deliver her of her litter. I braced myself as her time drew near, for I knew that she and I would have to make do together.

I fixed her a comfortable bed, which she appreciated, and in a corner of her roomy pen, I arranged a big basket, with an electric heater suspended above it, to receive the newly born. Day by day I watched her carefully, grooming and petting her more than usual. Of course she started to give birth in the night, as do most animals; fortunately we had electricity in the pig house, so that I had a bright, dependable light instead of the uncertain beam of a lantern.

My good Daisy began having babies thick and fast. As each little one was born I rubbed a squeal into it and put it into the warm basket to dry off while Daisy produced the next one. After about the sixth, she rested and became drowsy, so I stroked her and said, "Come on, old lady, let's go." She gave me a soft guttural yes, rolled her large clear eyes in my direction, and popped another baby. This went on until the basket was overflowing and dawn had begun to dim the artificial light in the pen; by then Daisy had twelve little ones. She heaved herself to her feet and announced that she had finished her job. I ran to prepare a warm bran gruel, which she drank hungrily. As I brought the babies to her, she flopped down on her soft bed, grunting with fatigue, and lay out so that I might line them up along her clean breasts to nurse. No animal could possibly have been gentler or more grateful for the comfort that I had given her than was my Daisy. Little pigs are born as tough as gristle and are up on their feet almost instantly, but as the weather was cool, I left the heater suspended like a hover above them, and they basked in its warmth and grew like weeds.

Taking care of thirty-five pigs posed a challenge to me. I studied the correct feeding of both mothers and children. In fact, I took *Harris on the Pig* to bed with me and pored over the good advice contained therein late into the night. Mr. Harris was to me as Dr. Spock is to the new mother. There were times when I grew discouraged because the sacks of grain, bales of bedding, and buckets of mash were heavy. However, after straining the muscles in my arms, I learned to do things piecemeal and divided my loads into smaller units. This system took more time, but I was able to do the job easily after that. I despaired only once, when one rainy morning I slipped and fell full length in the yard. It was lucky that there was nobody around to see me as I lay there in the mud, for I gave way to a fit of angry tears while all thirty-

five pigs gathered around and stared at me in consternation.

When they were weaned, my crop of little pigs was in great demand. Customers came from miles around, and I found myself doing a thriving business in porkers. Later on I sold Rosie and Violet as extra good brood matrons, and when the last deal was closed, I drew a sigh of accomplishment and settled back to rest my bones from so much heavy work.

Daisy's children had been unremarkable except for one, which I kept for myself. Eleven of them had straight coats and gave promise of being good grade hogs. But Henry was the odd pup. He had a beautiful curly coat like white astrakhan and was blockier than the others. He took to following me around like a dog, and as might have been expected, Henry and I became close friends.

Daisy watched approvingly when I began teaching Henry to do tricks; perhaps she also had realized that he was a very clever pig. To my delight Henry turned out to be an infant prodigy. It took him no time at all to learn real circus stunts. He enjoyed going through his routine and was eager to be taught more. He sat down on command; gave me first the right and then the left hoof. He sat up, looking for all the world like a piggy bank. He jumped through a hoop with no trouble, and climbed up and down a small stile that I concocted for him.

When his daily lesson was over, he knew that he would be rewarded with a treat and a bottle of beer. Young pigs can suck from a bottle very well if they so choose, and Henry did choose to drink his beer with gusto.

Of course Daisy and I praised him, but his mother's approach rather differed from mine. She emitted some loud grunts of approval while she gave him an affectionate nudge with her snout that lifted him right off his feet. For my part, I groomed his curls with a dandy brush and scratched his ears. Henry was pleased by these attentions and accepted both forms of encouragement with equal gratitude.

I was so proud of Henry that I wanted to show off his talents and felt disappointed when I ran into a curiously indifferent audience. I did realize that the amiable Daisy could never be welcomed into our house, but I really had hoped Henry might be allowed to do his act in our front hall. After meeting with some cold rebuffs from my household I decided that Daisy and I had better just enjoy our own show in the pigpen. The only trouble with this situation was that Henry kept growing bigger and bigger, as every good pig should do, and to my dismay he became so ungainly that he was not able to do his tricks any longer.

I was so attached to Daisy and Henry that we

kept them for years. For their benefit I maintained two pails in my kitchen, one for coffee grounds, lobster shells, and the things that pigs shun. The other was reserved for vegetables, fruit, and delicacies from our table. My housekeeping went to pieces, because I did not mind in the least sneaking good leftovers into the "Pig Pail." I became utterly carefree and was never bothered by little dabs of this and that in my icebox; I gave them without conscience to Daisy and Henry.

When I finally had to part with my two friends, I vowed that I would never again get tangled up with any more pigs. Even today I am sorely tempted when I see a nice bright little one looking at me expectantly, but I force myself to turn my head the other way, because I know that my attitude toward pigs just isn't practical.

GADARENES

by Leonard Wolf

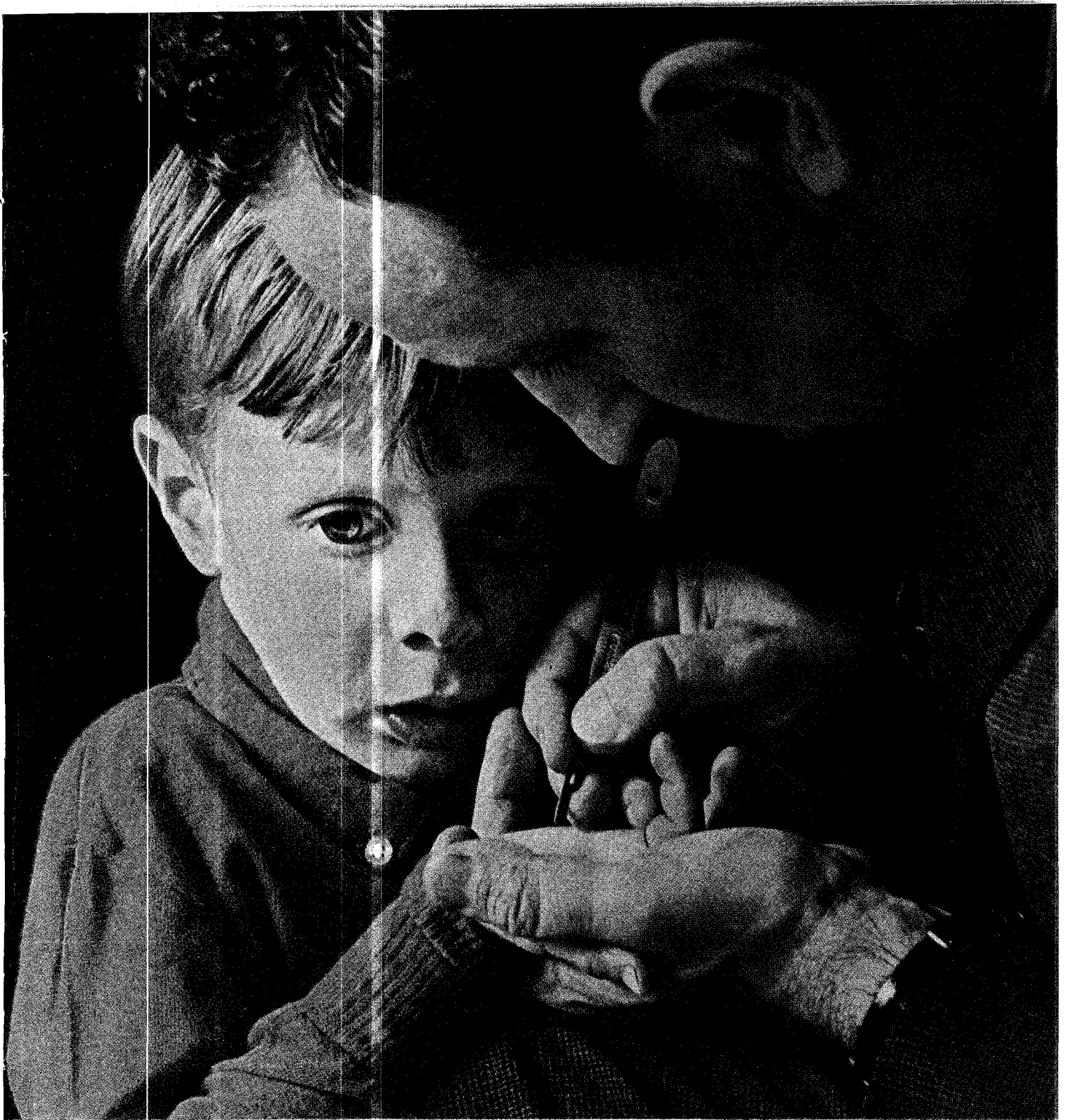
This year, my pigs grew quickly,
Fed grossly, grew fat and grand as oxen,
Would have brought considerable money
At market.

The day before yesterday,
They were snuffling the roots
Of the enormous oak
At the edge of the cliff,
Happy as swine,
Filthy, muddy, hot with sunlight
And with lust.

All of a sudden
Because one strange man
Wanted to be holy,
Intended to be holy,

Hup! Hup!

Insane.



How to take a big risk out of a little injury

Most wounds, regardless of size, carry some risk of infection. But a seemingly trivial puncture wound—from a splinter or a rusty nail that pierces the skin—should always be regarded with suspicion. It may harbor germs of tetanus, or lockjaw.

Fortunately, children can be protected from this dangerous disease with injections of tetanus toxoid. Or, with use of a "triple vaccine," they may be immunized against tetanus and also diphtheria, and whooping cough. Injections should be started in infancy. Thereafter, booster doses are needed every few years to maintain immunity.

If you are uncertain about the status of your child's immunity to tetanus, it's always wise to consult a physician about any penetrating wound.

Medical science has made striking progress in treating wounds of all types—accidental and surgical. Today, the lives of patients are rarely endangered by "blood poisoning" from massive wound infections. This is but one of many advances achieved with newer chemical and antibiotic drugs.

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LEARNING TO READ

by Donald D. Durrell

Learning to read is the biggest assignment of the first-grader. Teacher and author, DONALD D. DURRELL initiated and is chairman of a national study of first-grade reading sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education. He has taught at Boston University since 1930 and was dean of its School of Education from 1942 to 1952.

GEOFFREY sits in the first-grade classroom, looking helplessly at his reading workbook. The words "Color six hens red" are merely clusters of meaningless shapes; he looks across at his neighbor's work and dutifully starts coloring hens. Despite an intelligence quotient which promises graduate school, a rich and varied speaking vocabulary, abundant energy in a body free from physical defects, Geoffrey is a nonreader.

Geoffrey's problem has long been the focus of theorizing, facile explanation, and bitter criticism of modern teaching methods. Neurologists contribute theories of dyslexia, congenital word blindness, specific learning disability, strephosymbolia, or inadequate development of laterality. Psychiatrists search for emotional blocking, poor personality adjustment, sibling rivalry, home pressures, or even maladjustment in the sex life of parents. Psychologists have suggested many explanations, some of the more ingenious being severe toilet training, or being the son of a "non-neat" mother or the daughter of a "non-neat" father. Child development specialists lean heavily on "immaturity," suggesting that we wait until the child is ready. Sociologists are concerned with peer-group attitudes or with the classroom climate being either authoritarian or permissive.

The fact that most nonreaders are boys — reading clinics have ten boys to one girl — has brought its share of diagnoses: the preponderance of women teachers in primary grades, the lack of virility in primer stories, the earlier maturing of girls. Legislation has been proposed in some states for a later school-enrollment age for boys, in the belief that

added maturity would help to solve the problem.

Failure to teach phonics is the most popular explanation for poor reading. Diatribes against professional educators as being anti phonics or soft on phonics become best sellers; such complaints are echoed by associations for reading reform. Schools have an increasingly large choice of phonics systems, many prepared by teachers and parents who have had special revelations about phonics. The more enterprising systems are shown on television programs. Scholars in linguistics are entering the field, producing basal readers which regularize phonics, with Fat Sam being a favorite short-a character: "Fat Sam sat pat on the mat." Inconsistencies in the spelling of English sounds are the target of some British scholars who have produced an initial-teaching medium which adds seventeen new letters to the alphabet.

Let us return to Geoffrey and his troubles with reading. The most obvious difficulty we find is that he does not know the names of many capital and lower-case letters. His second difficulty is less obvious, but more fundamental: he is not aware of the sounds in the words he speaks. Even though his speech is clear and his vocabulary large, he does not notice the separate sounds in the words he speaks or hears.

Though Geoffrey's problem is in the area of phonics, it will not be remedied by typical phonics programs. He may learn the sounds of letters and blends until he can sing them out flawlessly as the letters are shown. But he cannot tell you the first sounds in the spoken words *magic*, *lake*, *paste*, or the last sounds in *steam*, *knob*, or *flag*. He may even learn to sound out the letters in printed words, but he will not be able to combine the sounds to make words. His first need is ear-training, using techniques of speech correction which show him the way the *f*-sound feels and looks when he says *fire*, *five*, *fast*, *finger*, or *half*, *chief*, *beef*. He may catch the idea quickly from learning a few sounds, or he may need specific teaching of most sounds in several positions in words. He has learned to speak by imitating others, but he is no more aware of the separate sounds he is producing than are many adults of the specific notes they sing.

Most children come to first grade with a good background in phonics, although it has not been formally taught. The top two thirds of first-graders know the names of all capital and most lower-case letters when they come to school. They notice the separate sounds in spoken words and can tell the first sound in *magic*. Since all letter names, except *h* and *w*, contain their sounds plus an extraneous vowel, children who know letter names have only a short step to letter sounds. Such children learn to read by any method, either look-say or phonics. They develop quite adequate phonics ability

through look-say methods merely by matching the spoken-word patterns to the structure of printed words. But the Geoffreys who come to first grade without knowing letter names and unable to notice sounds in spoken words become nonreaders unless they are given immediate help.

The correction of nonreaders is routine in reading clinics. Individual tutoring under skilled instructors produces rapid gains; thirty hours of tutoring will put Geoffrey in the top group of his class if he is helped early in first grade. A difficulty which has persisted for several years takes longer, but it is common to produce a year's gain in reading for every two months of clinic instruction. Tutoring has everything in its favor: the instruction centers on the child's weaknesses; it is immediately varied according to individual learning rates and need; the child works every minute in successful learning, since it is always his turn.

This precision of adjustment is not possible in classrooms with current instructional materials. The basal reader is a tool for uniform instruction, aimed at the average child. Crude adjustments are made through ability grouping in classrooms or in nongraded or continuous progress programs, but the instructional fit is never as exact as in tutoring. No current basal reading system provides adequate ear-training for the nonreader, and most supplementary phonics programs neglect it.

Our reading clinic this year took on the beginning-reading instruction of 450 first-graders in a low-income community where large numbers of reading failures were common. We hoped by good initial teaching to eliminate reading failures even in this difficult situation. Since all of the children could speak English, we felt that they should be able to learn visual symbols for the same words. During the first week of school, we found that many children knew no letter names and had no knowledge of sounds in words. We supplied the teachers with lessons specially designed for establishing an ear-training approach to phonics, materials far more intensive than in the usual basal readers and phonics programs. At the end of fifteen days, we took an inventory of growth in reading and phonics. Eighty-five percent of the pupils had made excellent progress, but the pace was too fast for the lower 15 percent. After twenty more days of teaching there were still sixty pupils who seemed headed for failure. These were brought to the clinic for five weeks of Tuesday and Thursday morning tutoring. Children who were dull-eyed and listless in the classrooms were alert and enthusiastic learners under skilled tutors. After thirty hours of tutoring, every child had learned all letter names, could identify sounds in words, could use phonics, and had a small beginning sight vocabulary. With this kind of start, we expect few failures this year.

In some communities with excellent instructional leadership, beginning reading failures have virtually disappeared. Schools in these communities identify nonreaders during the first week of school and give remedial help immediately. The teachers have acquired or built materials to supplement the basal readers, much of it self-directing, for use by individual pupils or partners. Instead of waiting turns in larger groups, teams of two or three pupils work together on lessons adjusted to reading levels, learning rates, and subskills needs. The faster learners are not held back; they complete basal readers quickly and move to the reading of library books. In such classrooms the average reading achievement is far above national norms. But we still have too many schools in which the basal reading program of "twenty minutes in the reading circle, forty minutes in the workbook" is the sole diet offered.

The improvement of teaching materials and of teacher education will do much to eliminate the nonreader. At present, however, we are in a stalemate: publishers find teachers not ready for materials which differentiate instruction, and teachers complain of the lack of materials for the purpose. There has been recent improvement in both situations. Some schools of education have taken on laboratory approaches which start with practice tutoring and move to differentiated classroom teaching. Publishers are beginning to be more venturesome and are producing more materials which adapt to individualized instruction. We are more aware of the power of closely adjusted instruction and are attempting to produce in classrooms more of the conditions of effective learning found in the best reading clinics.

The brightest hope for rapid spread of improved practices is the coming national study of first-grade reading instruction sponsored by the United States Office of Education. This will start in September, 1964, with nearly thirty research centers directing a variety of reading programs among twenty thousand pupils. Each center will compare two or more approaches to beginning reading, with the data being combined for analysis. The study will include basal readers, phonics systems, the British program with its new letters, the programs of the linguistics specialists, and most of the current programs now competing for the beginning reading market. The various elements in each will be weighed for effectiveness with different types of pupils. Apart from the information gained about the characteristics of effective programs, the study will stimulate other communities to improve and evaluate their instruction. Certainly the best programs will raise reading achievements and eliminate reading failures, setting new standards for beginning reading in American classrooms.

BOOKS and MEN In his new, provocative book, *CONGRESS: THE SAPLESS BRANCH*, Senator Joseph S. Clark accuses the legislative branch of our government of pallid inertia. For an appraisal of Senator Clark's position we have turned to **GERALD W. JOHNSON**, historian, biographer, and journalist whose salty, courageous criticism has won him a host of admiring readers over the years.

THE INERT SENATE

by **GERALD W. JOHNSON**

HE SPEAKS in no uncertain terms. So much the most ruthless critic must allow to the Honorable Joseph S. Clark, senior senator from Pennsylvania and author of an analytical study of the legislative branch of the government, *Congress: The Sapless Branch* (Harper & Row, \$3.95). There is no ambiguity in this passage from his second chapter:

Whether we look at city councils, the state legislatures or the Congress of the United States, we react to what we see with scarcely concealed contempt. This is the area where democratic government is breaking down. This is where the vested-interest lobbies tend to run riot, where conflict of interest is concealed from the public, where demagoguery, sophisticated or primitive, knows few bounds, where political lag keeps needed action often a generation behind the times, where the nineteenth century sometimes reigns supreme in committees, where ignorance can be at a premium and wisdom at a discount, where the evil influence of arrogant and corrupt political machines, at the local and state level, ignores most successfully the general welfare, where the lust for patronage and favor for the faithful do the greatest damage to the public interest. . . .

I have no hesitation in stating my deep conviction that the legislatures of America, local, state and national, are presently the greatest menaces in our country to the successful operation of the democratic process.

"'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'but nothing to this!'"

Oh, well, it isn't really on a level with the Curse of Ernulphus, as recited by Mr. Shandy, but a longtime fancier of jeremiads freely grants that this one is in the upper brackets — fairly comparable with the less intensive efforts of Senator John Randolph of Roanoke, that most capable of American denouncers. This commination is the more striking as Senator Clark has not hitherto borne the reputation of a notable fulminator; the logical inference is that it must have been a powerful emotional charge that set him off.

Photograph of Senator Clark courtesy of Wide World Photos.



The inference is justified, as the text of the book amply demonstrates. Senator Clark is an activist. He is also a liberal, but that is incidental; he would have encountered the same frustrations had he been a conservative with an equally restless and vigorous mind. Eight years ago, after a term as mayor of Philadelphia — significantly, an officer of the executive branch — he came to the Senate under the impression that the business of a legislator is to legislate; but he learned by harsh experience that the prevailing view among senators is that their business is to avoid legislating as long as is humanly possible.

To support this thesis he offers evidence that is abundant, germane, documented, and for the most part convincing. He accuses the Senate — the House of Representatives, too, but he prefers to cultivate his own garden — not of lurid sin, but of pallid inertia. He charges the Senate with rigid

adherence to principle according to Cornford's famous definition: "A principle is a rule of inaction, offering valid general reasons for not doing in a specified instance what to unprincipled instinct would seem to be right." The legislative seldom does wrong because it seldom does anything of its own volition. It has expended immense ingenuity in devising and establishing conditions under which it cannot do anything except hamper and delay the activity of the other branches of government. It has become the sapless branch.

Up to this point it is difficult to detect any serious flaw in the senator's argument. Unquestionably, the initiative in government has passed to the executive or, especially in the past ten years, to the judiciary. Except in the matter of filing objections, the legislative is conspicuously inert; "sapless" is a vivid description of its state.

One may, indeed must, follow Senator Clark in his criticism of the structural organization of the Senate. The rule of unlimited verbosity, euphemistically termed unlimited debate, is a guarantee of inefficiency; and the tradition of seniority, assuring undue influence to mediocrity, reinforces the guarantee. Oratory not germane to the question before the House should be suppressed, and talent should replace length of service as the qualification for chairmanships of important committees.

Thus far the senator is on solid ground, but he does not stop there. He proceeds to challenge the structural organization not only of the Senate but of the entire government. He asserts that the doctrine of the separation of powers was already obsolete when Montesquieu propounded it two hundred years ago and is grotesquely antiquated today. He advocates its abandonment, not necessarily as the basis of next week's or next year's program of action, but as the basis of our political philosophy; and this will cause a lifting of numerous eyebrows, even among the senator's admirers.

For among those who agree that the doctrine of the separation of powers is defective, there are many who believe that its defect is numerical, not logical. Montesquieu couldn't count. He assumed that the basic powers of government are three, whereas they are actually four; for in addition to the legislative, executive, and judicial, there is the power of the initiative. It remained invisible to the French philosopher and to the Founding Fathers simply because up to their times the powers had never been sorted out in actual practice, and the initiative was presumed to be inherent in king or parliament or any substitutes therefor.

The branch with a single head is, by reason of its superior mobility, obviously in a better position than the others to absorb any powers that may be lying around loose; which explains why the executive has been taking more and more of the initia-

tive ever since President Washington, despairing of obtaining the advice and consent of the Senate during the bargaining, negotiated the first treaty himself and submitted it to the Senate afterward.

If this is a dangerous trend, the fact supports rather than refutes Montesquieu, who contended that concentration of governmental powers is perilous to liberty. Perhaps we ought to separate the initiative from the executive, but it does not follow that we should donate it either to the legislative or to the judiciary. And what else could we do with it? Nobody has as yet offered a persuasive answer; and until someone does, there is a strong reason for leaving this very great power where it is. The President is the sole official elected by the whole people and therefore can be defeated by the whole people for misuse or, as in the case of Hoover, for nonuse of the power of the initiative. The President is, indeed, in possession of vastly wider authority than the Constitution makers expected him to have; but he holds it with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head.

As a matter of fact, Senator Clark himself offers impressive evidence that can be construed as favorable to the lethargy of the legislative. Delving into history, he comes up with fourteen instances in which Congress did seize the initiative, and the results in every case he regards as calamitous. They are:

- The Alien and Sedition laws
- The War of 1812
- The Bank fight under Andrew Jackson
- The Missouri Compromise
- The Compromise of 1850
- Reconstruction and the impeachment of Johnson
- Civil War pensions and World War bonuses
- The Spanish War of 1898
- The neutrality acts
- Farm legislation
- The Buy American act
- The McCarran-Walter Immigration Act
- The Taft-Hartley Act
- The Landrum-Griffin Act.

However, Senator Clark will find no unanimity of opinion, even among liberals, upon at least five of these. The compromises of 1820 and 1850, for example, probably saved the Union. The South grew steadily weaker, in relation to the rest of the nation, from about 1815 on; yet when the fight did break, in 1861, the North barely won after four years of the bitterest and bloodiest fighting in which American armies ever engaged. The pension and bonus laws and the farm legislation unquestionably were clumsily drawn, affording loopholes through which appalling corruption seeped, but all were efforts to work substantial justice, and all did allay an unrest that was growing dangerous. The modi-

fications of the original Wagner Act were as badly botched, but they, too, quieted a discontent, this time on the political right, that might have had lamentable results.

It is nevertheless noteworthy that even in these cases the possibly favorable results of legislative initiative were negative. They did no positive good; all that can be said in their favor is that they may have headed off worse evils than those we suffered.

Is it not the fact, however, that this is precisely the function that the legislative was designed to discharge? The ultimate power of the legislative is the power of the purse, and no reader of the *Federalist* — or of English constitutional history for that matter — can doubt that the power of the purse has always been regarded as the brake, not the motor, in the governmental machinery. It can be argued plausibly that the function of the Senate, historically, has always been not to impel but to restrain the executive, and at times — as in the income tax amendment invalidating a Supreme Court decision of 1893 — the judiciary also. It is the old theory of checks and balances.

This criticism, however, applies only to Senator Clark's theory of government; it does not touch his exposure of the deficiencies of its practical operation. That is, in fact, close to invulnerable. Granted

that the Senate is the brake, not the motor, the fact remains that a brake is supposed to check the speed, not to lock the wheels. If the system of checks and balances operates to stall the government, obviously the system should be overhauled.

That Senator Clark has made a good case for such an overhauling is beyond doubt. It is the judgment of this reader that his case is more than good; it is overwhelming. There are indications, too, that Senator Clark is not alone. Such Democrats as Fulbright and Morse, such Republicans as Javits and Case, have lately been voicing criticisms that if softer in tone are identical in substance with those in this book. Clark is merely somewhat more forceful, somewhat wittier, somewhat more luminous than the others. Could it be that we are witnessing the first stirring of a genuine movement in the direction of reform of the Senate from within? One dare not predict it, for in these latter days to predict a miracle is unconstitutional; but assuredly one may wish, if hardly hope.

At any rate, Senator Clark's book is a first-class jeremiad — sparkling, lucid, illuminating, and stimulating. And who is pessimistic enough to deny that it may be effective? Certainly it is ear-piercing. And it may be a blast from Joshua's trumpet that shook down the walls of Jericho.

DEAD TOUCAN

BY BARBARA HOWES

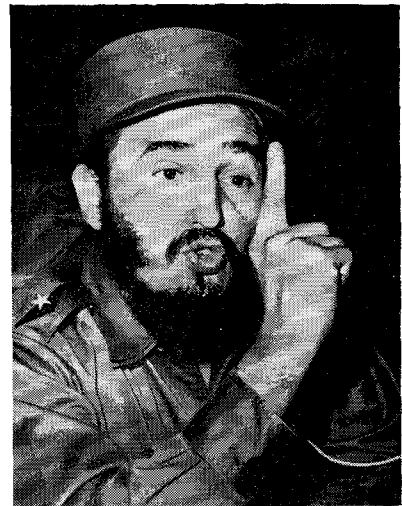
Down like the oval fall of a hammer
The great bill went,
Trailed by its feather-duster body
Splat on cement.
His mates fell out of countenance,
All listened, shivering in the sun,
For what was off, amiss:
In his pretend haven under a flame tree
The agouti crouched, chewed on his spittle, shook,
The porcupine rolled in his box, the parakeets
Chattered regrets,
Knowing something was wrong in their hot Eden:
That their King had followed his heavy fate to earth;
All these comrades understood
Their toucan was dead that day in Guadeloupe,
And his superb
Accomplishment,
His miracle of balance,
Had come to nothing, nothing. . . .
A beak with a panache
Chucked like an old shell back to the Caribbean.



CUBA'S FUMBLING MARXISM

An Eyewitness Account
by JAMES CAMERON

Born in Scotland, educated in France and England, JAMES CAMERON has been a reporter for more than twenty-five years. As chief foreign correspondent for the London NEWS CHRONICLE, he was one of the first Western observers to travel freely in Red China, and his account of what was going on inside this Communist country was set forth in his book MANDARIN RED, published in 1955. Now a free-lance journalist, he traveled recently to Cuba at the ATLANTIC's invitation. Here is what he found.



THE sun comes down like an operatic curtain, subsiding into the Gulf in an oversumptuous ostentation of purple and orange, dragging away the day from Havana as, an hour or so later, it will do over Mexico; as it is now doing, doubtless with less drama, over Florida, ninety miles away across the strait. The tops of the high buildings continue to glow for a while as the warm, eroded houses of the waterfront grow pastel and dusky. By and by the long rampart by the sea is silhouetted with sitting figures like a frieze: clerks, peddlers, soldiers, lovers, girls with long brown legs, old men with nothing on their minds. The sun vanishes like a falling stone.

At the corner of the two main streets an illuminated sign obligingly points the way to seven — or is it eight — nightclubs. *Atracciones. Le Show a 22 hrs.* One of them is, quite irrelevantly, called Le Red. There will be practically nobody in it at twenty-two hours; perhaps not even afterward. Over the housetops glow the signs: “*Viva la Emulacion Socialista,*” “*Ganemos la Batalla,*” and “*Hemos Hecho una Revolucion Mas Grande Que Nosotros Mismos*” — “We have built a revolution bigger than ourselves.”

Outside the hotel (it is late) a young woman in the blue denim of the militia holds a very old Lee-Enfield as if it were a bouquet. “You want?”

Courtesy of Wide World Photos.

“Very soon, my bill, with discount for good behavior.” I recognize her as the assistant cashier I see every day behind the desk; she is married and has one small baby; this is her guard night. “You are the *Inglés*; you are crazy. Go to bed.” “And you?” “Watch my gun, compañero.”

Upstairs the loudspeakers start again, playing the “Internationale” with a rumba beat.

The rather eerie jest in the airport of Madrid is that the Spanish aircraft about to leave for Cuba is, to all intents and purposes, the same that bore Christopher Columbus on the same haul four and a half centuries ago. After the first few hours of waiting, one begins to feel that this may indeed be so; the noble old flying machine waits on the apron among the glossy jets like a hansom cab among the racers, a vintage Connie of the tribe long ago in the United States relegated to the New York shuttle service. Yet it is committed to the longest and most taxing transatlantic service of them all: anything up to twenty-two hours from hemisphere to hemisphere. One normally does London to New York in seven hours, but that is with post-Columbian machinery. The airline's rationale is simple: if you want to go to Havana, how else do you do it? You can, of course, go from Prague, or from Moscow. You can go from Mexico City and contribute your photograph to the picture gallery of

the CIA. In spite of its acerbities, for me the Madrid run seemed simpler.

Not many passengers catch the weekly west-bound flight. Those who do must be in no burning hurry. The delays on the schedule are frequently counted not in hours but in days. This is not surprising; at the end of its four-thousand-mile trip this dogged old vehicle must turn around and return to Spain — with the same crew, a stint that seems somehow to have escaped the notice of the pilots' unions. The archaic airplane was a credit to Lockheed; inspired by the tradition of the conquistadores, it got there. Each time we took off — at Madrid, Santa Maria, Bermuda — the roof panels fell off with a clatter, adding an extra dimension of drama to the contest with gravity.

Now it came to pass that of the handful of passengers on this plane six were British workers from the industrial Midlands of England, engineers and shop stewards from the factory that makes the celebrated buses, the export of which from Britain to Cuba has caused so much repining in State Department circles in the United States, and an equally overemphatic enthusiasm in official Havana. The invitation of these workers to the land where their handiwork was going was part of the euphoria.

I became somehow involved. No plea, no argument could persuade the exuberant reception committee that I was not of the bus men's company, that I had no association whatever with the manufacture of buses, that I was not even a guest of the government. My explanations were merrily swept aside; I also was embraced by the Cuban union representatives, and deftly whirled through the customs and immigration; my baggage was cleared unopened and my documents taken care of. I didn't see my passport again until the day I left; my typewriter I never saw again.

This was perhaps a small price to pay for the effervescence of the welcome, the daiquiris thrust into our hands, the guitar players who encircled our group of dazed, delighted British workers, playing an air which I shall treasure all my life, since it can have been none other than the "Red Flag Cha-Cha-Cha." Few of these honest Englishmen had ever before left their homeland; they were mesmerized by the glories of travel. "Tha wouldn't get *this* in Birmingham," said an entranced shop steward as a zealous Cuban Negro official kissed him on the ear.

Still in my role as an honorary bus man, I was ushered into an enormous Cadillac. It looked almost regal. Suddenly the engine came to life with a sound like the crash of gunfire, the deafening roar of a Sherman tank. It had, it seems, long ago lost its muffler. I was later to learn that virtually no automobile in Cuba below those reserved for the leaders had a muffler; the things had fallen off. One

of the ten thousand paradoxes of Cuba is that the revolution inherited hundreds of automobiles of quite remarkable luxury and ostentation, most of which now, for want of spare parts, run like jalopies. The characteristic sound of Havana today is the explosive uproar of very expensive cars, unsilenced and running on five cylinders. The Cubans love it. They have a tolerant and engaging quality of becoming fond of the inevitable.

IN THIS fashion I came at last to the Hotel Habana Libre. This of course had been the Havana Hilton, and still retained most of the overblown splendors of its species. Already, however, it had begun to acquire that indefinable air that pervades hotels in Popular Democracies the world over: a slightly gray patina of the drab, the unmistakable atmosphere of the utilitarian taking over from the sumptuous. It is hard to describe this very recognizable condition, which has nothing to do with socialism but a good deal to do with carelessness; it comes when an institution intended for the use of the rich is adapted to the use of all comers; it is not particularly disagreeable, and it has perhaps a certain useful social symbolism. It manifests itself in a casual austerity, a vague corruption of detail, a general suggestion of what can only be called efficient run-downness. Mr. Hilton's architects are not likely to flinch from the flashy, and flashiness to be effective requires some attention to upkeep, which the Habana Libre was clearly not getting. Nor, one felt, were the showy surfaces of the hotel lobby improved by the random addition of huge billboards proclaiming the management's enthusiastic adherence to the revolution. But the staff were charming and hospitable. The señor's room was ready; would I please sign here, and to the account of which ministry or department should my bill be charged?

Here we drifted into the troublesome contretemps that has recurred for me all over the Eastern European world, but never before in the sunshine of the Caribbean: I had, finally, to extricate official Cuba from the illusion that I was an honored guest, and that so far from having my checks picked up by the administration, I was actually paying for myself. This caused much head-scratching; the clerks, taken aback by this unorthodoxy, retired to the office for consultation. It is the case that in establishments where almost every guest is exactly what the word implies, as a member of some delegation or advisory committee, the machinery for mulcting people of genuine money becomes rusty.

Yet here, as everywhere else in Cuba, the new disciplinary compulsions seemed to have very thin roots in the natural insouciance of the people.

To have pointed out this quaint state of affairs to an Intourist official would have elicited at most a wintry smile; here, everyone saw the point and laughed merrily. Well, since I had money, perhaps I also had some British or U.S. cigarettes? No — too bad; they are of great value.

The bedroom was excellent, spotless, overlooking the great curve of Havana Harbor. A most undoctinaire abstract print hung above the bed. Then, as I went into the bathroom there came a curious subconscious sense of anticipation — and sure enough, it was fulfilled: among the fine appointments was the bathtub, and it had no plug.

I was uplifted with a sense of absolute propriety. For a generation the old tourist joke had been that no bath in all the Russias ever had a plug; it was the one infallible certainty that everyone knew and no one could explain. And here, in Havana's brand-new, efficient, and up-to-date hotel, this dotty irrelevancy had reproduced itself. Was pluglessness part of the arcane symbolism of the Marxist-Leninist proposition? Must there be, with the onset of a People's Democracy, a ritual destruction of bathtub plugs? I find the phenomenon totally baffling; I present it as socialism's most beguiling mystery.

Outside, the sun blazed, the music thumped. The streets of Havana seemed in most respects as crowded and colorful as I remembered them, vaguely, from thirteen years before. There are serious difficulties in observing a Bolshevik theorem adapting itself to a Latin-American society: a marriage of incompatibles that fills the air with hilarious paradox. I found it very moving. I have sojourned in all the comrades' lands, and have come over the years to associate the revolutionary air with something autumnal and chill. I was somewhat dazed by the novelty of a revolutionary society in the sunshine, by all the austerities and disciplines so long identified with the harsher North here interpreted into something curiously at odds with conventional Communism. Here was a revolution that for the first time inherited a capital city largely created for self-indulgence; a regime necessarily stern imposed on a place dedicated for years to ostentatious expenditure. Everything was backside first and inside out: the warmhearted friendliness abruptly stilled by impenetrable bureaucracy; the bizarre effect of a kind of amateur Marxism falling heir to all the gaudy, meretricious properties of what had been the most blatant and spurious of all rich men's playgrounds and jackpots for foreign racketeers. The wonder was that neither phenomenon had wholly canceled the other out.

IT CHANCED that the next day Fidel Castro was to make a great speech — as when, someone remarked,

does he not? The day had a great air of steam-heated good humor, even of carnival; the sun blazed on a square more densely packed with people than I believe I have ever seen; there was much random conviviality, and the theme was, when would the war begin. Everywhere there were hundreds of dashing pretty polychrome girls wearing the sort of holiday hats that in Coney Island would have read Kiss Me Quick. Here the legends read: Socialist Emulation to Victory, Proletarians Unite, and All Behind Fidel. Havana includes the greatest incidence of attractive young women in my statistical experience, though too many carry guns for my taste. Despite the imposition of a cloth ration that is punitively small, they all appeared to dress with an impeccable chic, and it was doubtless the strictness of the rationing that resulted in all Cuban girls seeming to have been poured into their costumes with a fountain-pen filler. At the pools and the beaches they would appear in bikinis of almost unbelievably gratifying economy. They would explain: "We must obey the law; we must not waste material."

On this occasion, however, they had gathered only to cry "Fidel, Fidel!" and to listen enraptured to his tour de force. The man himself was up there on the plinth before the vast bust of José Martí: Castro, the shock-haired, bearded, uniformed wonder, arguing, rambling, jesting, threatening, exhorting, mesmerizing above a crowd of at least three hundred thousand, who made the Plaza de la Revolución like a vast bed of multicolored flowers.

To sit immediately below Fidel in full spate is an extraordinary experience. His technique is unique and clearly hypnotic. For two hours he spoke below the brazen sky — the sky which, he cried, is daily profaned and violated by the Yanqui spy planes, "to destroy which," he demanded, "who of us is not ready to die?" As he shot his furious finger aloft, one almost expected to see the microscopic speck of the U-2 drifting balefully by at 60,000 feet, bristling with cameras.

Behind him the enormous poster said: "*Si Quieren Paz Con Nuestro Pueblo Pueblo Habra Paz: Pero si Quieren Guerra — ¡No Tenemos Miedo a la Guerra!*" Castro echoed it: "We want peace, but we don't fear war!" and they roared approval. "Peace, but only with dignity!" and the applause was like the beat of the ocean. The contemporary word for it all was charismatic; a virtuoso performance, without notes, improvised, histrionic, masterly. The scene was so suggestive of fiesta that it was hard to absorb the truly chilling burden of the occasion: that for eighteen months Cuban gunners had been training on their Russian ground-to-air missiles and will one day try to destroy any reconnaissance plane they can track "however great the international risk."

The moment began to develop an air of fantasy. It was manifest that there was not a soul there who did not believe that Castro and his revolution were imminently to be attacked again; why else was the population under specific orders to stand at action stations, to appreciate and value the likelihood of dying, since sweet and decorous it is to be killed for one's country? It was something quite outside the sullen routine attitudes of the cold war: a small and somewhat irrational nation in the grip of an almost medieval national fervor, so obsessive that it actually appeared to mean what it said. When Fidel said, "If the price of peace is to bend the knee, then that peace we do not want; better the peace of the tomb," he was certainly arguing less as a Communist than as a Cuban. There was something quite sublimely elemental about it, so grandiloquently crazy it had to command attention: that someone should dangle the destinies of a nuclear generation in the language of Henry V.

THE food at the hotel was beyond belief. Over the years I have become something of a connoisseur of dreadful eating, but never — even in the late British colonial empire, where gastronomic standards reached a nadir of the odious — had I encountered a place where the cooks had so demonstrably given up in despair. Because of the international character of the customers, almost entirely fraternal delegates or technical advisers from all over the world, a Spanish menu was dispensed with, and instead, a waiter wheeled around a trolley on which prototype platefuls of the half-dozen dishes of the day were displayed in all their cooling horror. You pointed at whichever sample seemed momentarily the least noxious — rice and dried fish, rice and pounded meat, rice and beans — and by and by a passable replica would be produced. The only mellowing factor of mealtimes was that one was allowed a bottle of beer. (Beer was not purchasable anywhere except with food; this was not puritanism but simple scarcity.) I came to look forward to mealtimes for this reason alone, but it was an expensive addiction. Nowhere else since perhaps the days of the Siege of Paris had one paid more dearly for more terrible commons.

I learned very soon that my arrogant insistence on not being a state guest would surely cost me dear, as always where a wholly unrealistic exchange makes currency meaningless. The Cuban peso rates at parity with the U.S. dollar, but its purchasing power is around twenty cents. No ordinarily inedible meal, with a bottle of beer, cost less than six or seven dollars. When I looked around at my cosmopolitan companions, the *Soviéticos*, the Bulgars, the Japanese, casually signing their bills for future

redemption, I sometimes felt I was the only stranger in the republic who was actually paying for anything. It gave one at least the right to sulk or to protest; but this one could never do, so willing and amiable was the service, so certain the knowledge that badly as one was faring, the Cubans fared worse.

How to convey the strange sense of affection and irrational understanding engendered by this extraordinary place. It was very far from comfortable. There was virtually nothing of any practical value that one could buy. The blockade had succeeded in that respect at least: clothes, bread, butter, cereals, anything — they were all rationed to a degree sometimes worse than the roughest British wartime exigencies. To ask for almost anything produced the reflex, *No hay*, with an odd throat-cutting gesture. A trip around the supermarket was a lesson in humility — "Sears Roebuck: *Nacionalizado*," full of dreary pieces of notepaper and gritty soap. The elevator man at the hotel smoked Corona cigars, but he would seek long and far for a razor blade or a tube of toothpaste. There was plenty of money and nothing to buy; it was spent in the scores of bars that were the vestigial relics of the Havana of once upon a time — a slug of Bacardi cost a dollar twenty-five; you could get it more cheaply in London or New York.

When there was nothing else to do, the Cubans danced. I could have thrown a bomb at the People's *Nocturnal* outside my window: the thud of twist music that went on until the small hours. Yet it was gay. Their new buildings were cheap and flimsy, but they were adventurous and exciting. Outside the new Museum of the Revolution they had relaid the sidewalk with half a mile of individual and different mosaic panels, meter-square designs of uncommon merit and charm, throwaway gestures that were the nicest things in Havana. The billboards were brilliant. It takes a smart designer to make a Marxist slogan worth a second look these days, especially here. How fatigued one gets with the hortatory slogan, the wholly ubiquitous claim on loyalty; everything printed embodies the hard sell. In the locker rooms of the hotel pool the notice read: "*AVISO — Para mayor seguridad rogamos a los Banistas dejen sus Pertenencias en la Oficina. PATRIA O MUERTE — VENCEREMOS.*" That is to say: "Please leave your valuables in the office. Fatherland or Death — We shall overcome."

THE simple question of what to do with one's spare time could not be wholly answered by politics; even in this period of keyed-up dedication the ordinary urban Cuban was not the sort of person to feel his leisure fulfilled by a program of instant Leninism and adult education classes. The transformation of

entertainment was striking, and the hangover quite tangible. Most of the Havana movie houses, for example, were playing films from Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union. These were excellent of their kind, but their message was obviously enigmatic to the Habaneros, and the theaters were half empty, partly, I was told, because the Castilian Spanish in which the movies were dubbed has much the same risible effect on the Cuban ear as a Mayfair accent might tend to have on an audience of Arkansans. This could hardly have been the whole story, however; the exquisite Japanese film *The Island* (the triumph of which is that it uses no words at all) was equally snubbed.

On the other hand, the biggest movie house of all, in Vedado opposite the Habana Libre, was showing an oldish U.S. film which even when new must have been moderately obscure since I had never heard of it. It was called *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, and it was jam-packed every night, with a waiting line of teen-agers outside stretching almost to the Museum of the Revolution. It had been playing for weeks and is doubtless playing still. I never saw it, for I could never get near the ticket office.

The Cuban television was similarly in the doldrums, and the intervals between staging three-hour-long open-end tours de force by the Maximum Leader were filled with what seemed an endless succession of vintage Hollywood films, of the kind I had supposed were preserved only for the weary weekends of England's BBC. The director of the Cuban television service, who chances to be an old-guard Communist of much taste and erudition, told me with a sort of ironic resignation that the customers could not get enough of these archaic productions. In any case there was little else, and nightly the shades of Fred Astaire and Judy Garland gamboled eerily over the shaky screens. This seemed to produce no adverse reaction from the high command. Indeed, it was said that the favorite TV personality of Fidel, after Fidel, was Ginger Rogers. To Cuba, for so long the repository of all the pop art of the United States, the North American film culture had been fossilized in its 1960 period.

It was odd, but hardly unexpected, to realize how greatly, and even sentimentally, the Cubans missed the *Norteamericanos*. For good or ill there had been a half century of unique relationship, and among the clarion calls of official denunciation there could still quite openly be heard the argument that Uncle Sam must have contributed something to the association. The amputation of Cuba from the United States had some analogies with that of Ireland from England a generation earlier, in that it bred regrets among the chauvinists and a certain disappointment, even a sense of loss. This could be rationalized in many ways, and usually was. Yet even among the younger and more earnest revolution-

aries of the governmental hierarchy there were many who accepted willingly that the estrangement meant a great deal more than a shortage of spare parts for Chevrolets.

THE deprivation was detectable at many levels, and with many different motivations. At the grossest material level it fell heavily upon those who were dependent on tourists: hotel servants, dispossessed employees of vanished casinos, pimps, and hangers-on from the bordello fringe, whose life under the revolution had become markedly austere. Great numbers of these had joined the early ranks of the *gusanos* (Cubans call those who fled the country *gusanos*, or "worms"), but many remained behind to proclaim their grievances outside the big hotels in what seemed to me to be a singularly rash and petulant tone of voice. Nobody appeared to pay much attention.

Of much greater moment was the realization among the professional and even the administrative intellectuals that this preposterous isolation from the United States was a very wasting process indeed. The absence of contact at the university level between academic people who had grown used to each other's ways produced a sense of frustration which had nothing to do with politics. Thus far no similar intellectual relationship has developed, or could develop, with the Eastern intelligentsia many thousands of miles away. I heard it argued many times (for when it was appreciated that I was neither an American nor a Russian, a capitalist nor a Communist, these matters were discussed with complete frankness) that the severance had been too abrupt and indiscriminate. An economic blockade was comprehensible, if unreasonable; the political vendetta was acceptable, if tedious. The total intellectual blockade seemed ridiculous. Why, they asked, must the one scientific channel of communication left open be that of meteorology? For it is a quaint facet of the situation that throughout all the acerbities of this Caribbean cold war, the aviation Met-Stations of Miami and Havana have continued to exchange their information and reports. There were many who considered that this piece of sensible pragmatism might be extended.

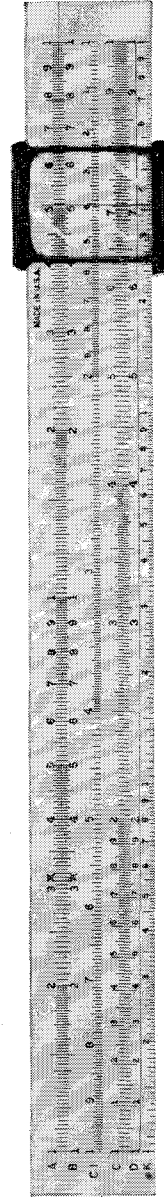
Meanwhile, the Yanquis continued simultaneously to be reviled, feared, and missed. History was of course being rewritten all the time, or, as was insisted, examined for the first time through the eyes of those who no longer sought to conceal its bitter aspects. Had not Jefferson talked of making Cuba's southern shore the frontier of "our empire of liberty"? Had not Monroe's Secretary of State announced that Cuba's annexation was

No matter how you figure it:



With your heart . . . Consider that the objective of your United Fund or Community Chest is not just to raise money—but also to raise human hopes. That the objective is not simply to get a red line to the top of a cardboard thermometer, but to get people back on their feet. That the objective is really not to meet quotas, but to meet your responsibilities as a member of the community. It's this simple: the children you give health and hope to today could be the ones who will give vitality to your town and your firm—tomorrow.

PHOTO BY P. DUNN



With your head . . . The United Way's once-a-year appeal supports the health, welfare and recreation services that make your community a better place to live, work and raise a family. It operates on business principles. Through regular audits of budgets and services by local citizens, current community needs are fulfilled; through planning, future needs are programmed. Help your company's standing in the community by your own leadership, a generous corporate gift and an employees' payroll payment plan.

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an "indispensable measure"? People "remember the *Maine*" in different terms. To the United States those lives were bravely lost in the interests of Cuban independence, but most young Cubans now believe without question that the Americans blew up their own ship in Havana Harbor to justify their occupation of the island. They quote William Howard Taft only in his prophecy that the whole hemisphere must "be ours in fact as, by virtue of our superiority of race, it already is ours morally." As so often in the past, and the present, the many good intentions and generous achievements of the United States are overwhelmed by the stupidities of the record. The occasional rich American estate owners in Cuba who contrived to be enlightening forces and benefactors in spite of being landlords have long been sunk without trace in the well-nurtured memories of the unscrupulous investors and gangster chieftains who were there too.

This is, of course, indispensable stuff for the maintenance of a revolutionary momentum in the face of many discouraging facts. When history is exhausted, there remains the looming presence of the U.S. warship on the horizon and the speculative but always dramatic suggestion of the U-2 overhead. These alone can be invoked to justify the hardships, the queues for the melancholy rations, the introduction of conscription. Only a few months ago Fidel Castro publicly agreed that the American economic blockade was the best help he could have for keeping on the boil the revolutionary mood he believes so necessary for Cuba's recovery.

"It is all, of course, a damned absurdity," said a Cuban official over the evening daiquiri, which is one of the last remaining solaces of the Havana scene, "economically, politically, any way you like to consider it. We are having a rough time, unnecessarily; the Yanquis are brooding and jumping unnecessarily; we Cubans of the ordinary kind are driven into a relationship with powers that are wholly alien to us geographically and ethnically, for reliable and decent as they are, the *Soviéticos* will never understand us nor we them. The wretched *Norteamericanos* are a global pain in the neck politically, but we got on with them as people. I was at Columbia three years. Now I can't even read a book in English less than five years old. As for what *they* know about Cuba — I haven't met an American for two years who wasn't a Party member or pretending to be. If this goes on much longer we shall really have forgotten all about each other what took us fifty years to learn. Then what?"

SATURDAY night in the Habana Libre — my own ancestral memories took me back to the palais de

danse in Glasgow — a multitude of pretty girls provocative and unavailable, yet a dozen times more public necking than would be accepted in Moscow or, for all I know, Minnesota; a total and complete integration of color, the Negroes slightly more attractive and certainly more pursued than the whites.

"Compañero, the *Inglés* — what do you do here?"

"I do nothing. I try to learn."

"You will learn nothing here in this lousy place; go to my village. Forty people there can read and write; imagine that."

She was right; I later found that they could read and write. This was a phenomenon too; somehow the Chinese got the notion of sending to Cuba some hundred thousand little lamps, which became the propaganda symbol of enlightenment; all over the country the children were rammed through a crash course of literacy. Today the extraordinary spectacle, for those who seek it out, is that of a multitude of twelve-year-olds, complete with ritual lamps, conducting courses of reading and writing among the rustic middle-aged, who will accept the tutelage from the children that they would never accept from the bureaucrats; the young teaching the old. There is much in Cuba that is harsh and crude and wrong, but there was nothing wrong in this.

And yet again, who really knew what was going on? The young *barbudos* of the Twenty-sixth of July Movement, the heroes of the Sierra Maestra? The old guard of the Communist Party, on whom Fidel perforce increasingly relied? Was either of these old romantics capable of running a country? Castro himself was clearly distraught with indecision, yet it was he who publicly denounced the veteran Communist Anibal Escalante, his friend, as mastermind of a wholly reprehensible Communist mutual-aid clique operating for the concealment of their own failures. In this he spoke, once again, wholly as a Cuban, for Fidel Castro's bland and total ignorance of the Party dialectic is his special charm. He claims to have read up to page 184 of *Das Kapital's* 600 pages: "I get my friends to read it up for me." Thus he acquires a high place in the U.S. demonology at what would seem to be modest cost.

Nevertheless, the island became full of Cubans who took the revolution seriously and were boning up on the works of the prophets, which seemed to have a curious effect upon Castro, who was forever insisting that an ability to quote the texts of Marx and Lenin did not necessarily equip a man to run a factory — any more, he said pointedly, than did a good record as a guerrilla in the Sierra. He seemed to have a powerful dislike of dogma, even anticlerical dogma. As an atheist, one of his most compelling arguments came in a speech during the Havana University commemoration of the death of José

Echevarria, founder of the Revolutionary Directorate. The previous speaker had read Echevarria's "political testament," leaving out the sentence "We are confident that the purity of our intention will bring us God's blessing." This greatly angered Castro. "Are we going to mutilate what the man believed?" he cried. "What kind of faith is that in one's own ideas? What conception is that of history? In our struggle the fact that one may be a believer, whether his religion is Christian or whatever, and the other's faith is Marxist, that is no obstacle, and we come here with this display of cowardice to suppress a phrase!"

You do not see as many priests around the streets of Havana as you might have six years ago; however, you still see more than you expect. The Madrid plane brought three Franciscans into town on one flight; they were met enthusiastically by three more, and all vanished into the city with jovial hand wavings. The attitude of the administration toward the Church is equivocal and, it seemed to me, slightly uneasy. Nothing whatever has happened to the major churches of Havana, which is just as well, since one at least, the Cathedral, is an outstanding building of Hispano-American taste. The Jesuits who built it were, to be sure, expelled, but that was in 1767. No one observably has interfered with its work, and its congregation continues, though obviously diminished. Five years is a short space in which to reorientate the thinking of several centuries. The government quite clearly accepts the fact that Cuba is a Catholic nation, and when asked, expresses its view in the phrase so familiar in Russia itself: "We do not persecute those who believe; neither do we encourage them. We do not sustain the Church in any way, but we do not interfere with it. We attempt to be builders, not iconoclasts. The next generation will tell."

I noticed that the daily newspaper *El Mundo* carried a column of religious news, "*Mundo Catolico*." It was a notably offbeat experience to see among the headlines — "*Homenaje a Jrushchov*," "*Acto de Reafirmación Revolucionaria*," "*Necesario el Trabajo Constructivo cada Dia*" — the daily calendar of saints; there enshrined among the heroes of labor was the *Santoral del Dia: Santos Aquiles y Pantracio y Flavia, martires; Santo Domingo de la Calzada, confesor; German, obispo; Dionisio, martir*. . . .

But then, among the reports of the *futbol* and the *basquetbol* they also printed the results of the National and American League ball games.

A MEMBER of the Foreign Office took me to the Tropicana. It was a very beautiful establishment, crowded to the doors and dull as bean soup. I

never was much of a nightclub man. The only time such a place has any value for me is when it is decadent; I regard progressive nightclubs as depressing. The show was lavish and the girls were pretty, but they wore flesh-colored tights, which I find somehow repellent. They sang and danced quite charmingly under an enormous sign that said: "*Viva el Internacionalismo Proletario*." My Foreign Office friend sat behind a bottle of Bacardi and told me about politics.

"Domestic affairs in Cuba are damned hard work. The Cuban worker is born a skeptic, with reason. He grew bored over the years with the useless promises of one politico after another; he didn't even *expect* them to come to anything. Now he trusts Fidel. But even now he still has to be reconvinced *every day* that we aren't joking about the revolution. Anyhow, it's a pragmatic revolution. I for one don't accept the dogmatism of the Soviets. We're dealing with Cubans, and I know how troublesome they are, being one. For example, maybe you can get Slavs to practice Marxist self-criticism. Not here; you know yourself that Latin Americans just don't admit personal error, and don't expect anyone else to. We would be a hell of a race to make over into good Communists. We're too hard to please. My own father now — he was quite a rich businessman; when the revolution came he cleared off to the States, because he knew he wouldn't get any more Scotch in Havana. Now he tells me he's thinking of coming back because he can't get any decent cigars in Miami."

"You still keep in touch with him?"

"Sure. Mail takes about a month; I think it goes through Prague or somewhere."

I remarked that it surprised me that an official of the revolution should continue to be in good standing when his father was a *gusano*. He shrugged. "I'm not responsible for him, nor he for me. And if we victimized every smart man who had *gusanos* in the family, we'd get nowhere fast."

He was elegant and cultivated and quite evidently profoundly patriotic, and his politics had a rare objectivity. He had decided that day to be critical of Mr. Jrushchov, as the Latins call the Soviet chief, because he had just read one of Mr. Jrushchov's polemics against modern art.

"He has every right to be a philistine if he likes, but not to set back all the progress of Russian art. We would soon fix him here."

And indeed I am sure they would, for nowhere else have I been shown as much appreciation for the functional uses of contemporary art; it was hard to find anything new that was badly designed. The picture gallery in the hotel was far ahead of the same manner of thing anywhere else. Havana has a stridency, a harshness, a rough edge to every joviality, but it is always prevented from collapse

into vulgarity by a sort of inevitable decorum, a built-in appreciation of propriety.

My official friend was not the only one with reservations about the comrades from the East who abounded everywhere, lavishing their bounty and their techniques. The *Soviéticos* were considered bleak and unresponsive, though much admired for their patience in the face of disorder and inefficiency. The Poles and the Czechs seemed more acceptable. But almost all the *técnicos* were miles away from the Cuban temperament. Every responsible Cuban was aware, however, that without their help his revolution would long ago have been extinguished; moreover, he enjoyed the new national status that their presence in Cuba implied.

The most astonishing thing about Cuba was that it appeared to be the one country on earth to which no word had ever seeped concerning the Soviet-Chinese schism. Not only was there no comment in the newspapers; there never had been. On holiday occasions large portraits of Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung were borne in procession side by side. Chinese and Soviet diplomats in Havana were distant, to be sure, but they did not make the tortured efforts to keep out of each other's company that they do elsewhere. When I asked my Foreign Office friend about this he shrugged again. "It is unfortunate, but it is nothing to do with us. Do you know how far away China is? About ten thousand miles. We are sorry, of course, but *right now we're too busy.*"

BUSY they were, but not, perhaps, enough. The total reorientation of emphasis in every trading relationship caused extravagant confusions. The United States used to take two thirds of Cuba's exports and provide three quarters of its imports. Now, nothing. Everything had changed. Orders previously made by U.S. brand name and catalogue number, and fulfilled in a matter of days by the Miami ferry, now had to be made months ahead, with unfamiliar specifications, and dispatched across the world. Long accustomed to the ferry service, Havana lacked warehouse space to store goods from thousands of miles away, and while United-States-made plants began to fall to bits through lack of equipment, the docks became jammed with undistributed cargo. Castro and his *barbudos* rampaged around making speeches, demanding that the loyal Cubans stop their mystical incantations about being "born again" and get down to sorting out the mess. Gradually it became sorted out.

Still, the inheritance from the old days was there; the mass of Cubans who had suffered under a bad

regime for generations were saturated in the faults it promoted — laziness, indifference, carelessness, an eroded sense of initiative. It was not easy to evoke a totally new attitude toward property, to persuade that wasting it or misusing it was today not only foolish but undemocratic.

All this the *técnicos Soviéticos* observed with some pain. Their proclaimed objective was to advise and supply, but not to interfere, nor did they, even when they saw the Cuban concentration on grandiose projects and neglect of the sugar industry, which may have been the island's hereditary curse but must nonetheless remain its chief source of income. Their economists flinched from the elaboration of the building projects, the wild ambitions of the architects, the delight in splendidly wasteful gestures of ostentation. They winced at the zestful amateurism of the bearded young state planners, whose first impulse had been instantly to set up factories to make for themselves all the things they could no longer get from the United States. When Ché Guevara bought a hundred and forty small factories to produce things like fountain pens and cigarette lighters, the *técnicos* raised their eyebrows. He pleaded that they must have something to show for the revolution. The Cubans spoke longingly of heavy industry, of steel mills, of prestige shipping lines. Patiently the Russians pointed out that steel was now dirt cheap in the world market, and that shipping tonnage was idle all over the world.

The theorists said that every ruble of direct aid helps to keep things backward; that aid can actually retard development; that every nation must itself raise an important part of its capital development and work out its own economic salvation. Indiscriminate financial aid, they said, is a cushion against political and economic reality. The Bolivian Revolution of 1952, they said, had been drowned in a flood of dollars and never recovered its momentum.

But the Cubans pleaded: We must justify our revolution; we cannot keep our standard of living low for *years*. And the Russians replied: Why not? We did.

"But, of course," said my friend, "they were different. Admirable, but different. Hence Cuba's reorientation toward Europe, with long-term credits backed by Moscow in, for instance, London. For that it's necessary that our image be solid, even, in a way, respectable."

There was the rub; the respectable image sorted awkwardly with — as one example — the Cuban commitment to encouraging a Castroist revolt in Venezuela. This is a very awkward problem for the Cubans, since they are half anxious to succeed and half not. They believe that a successful demarche in Venezuela would inevitably bring about U.S. intervention. So "don't," say the Russians;

this is no time to precipitate crises. But “do,” urge the Chinese; this is precisely the moment to put the gringos on the spot.

“The fact is,” said my friend, “the Chinese *are* a long way away.”

I WALKED back through the steamy night. In the Avenida de los Presidentes there was a big building protected by a wire barrier and policemen who stepped from the shadows with their guns and required one to pass the place on the other side of the street. On the first occasion when this happened, I had taken the building to be the home of some dignitary who required special protection, which had seemed odd in view of the casual and random way the obvious big wheels of the government moved around town. This was not the case; the building was the Brazilian Embassy. Of late too many disaffected citizens, *gusanos*-come-lately, had strolled to this place and nipped briskly inside, thus achieving political asylum.

“So now we protect the place,” I was told. “We do not wish the Brazilians to be embarrassed.”

Shortly thereafter the Brazilians broke off relations with Havana anyhow: another problem neatly solved.

Outside the hotel the big bookshop was open until midnight. All Cuba has an unquenchable hunger for books, for reading matter of any kind; there was not much for their comfort here — all the standard Leniniana in Spanish translation; everything one has seen in People’s Democratic bookstores everywhere. The place was full. Even those official magazines with the standard colored illustrations of enraptured peasants in transcendental attitudes with sheaves of corn, the “Bulgaria Today” and “China Reconstructs” that are forced gratis into faltering hands throughout the world, are actually bought in Havana. There was a tall pile of a Mexican edition of John Locke’s *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. It cost eight dollars. The manageress told me that they sold about two hundred copies a month, which must be at least a hundred and fifty more than are ever bought today in Locke’s native land.

Of course, the collected works of Martí. How many millions of words did that strange and valiant little man produce? Yet there must be many people who remember the *Maine* who do not remember José Martí or what he did. In Cuba he is canonized, and Martí’s liberating rowboat in 1895 is held to be the precursor of Fidel Castro’s leaky yacht, *Granma*, in 1956. The picture of this frail dynamic patriot, with the burning eyes and the immense mustache, falling dead from his rearing horse under the Spanish guns is the universal symbol for Cubans, seen

everywhere. This is owing partly to the law, passed in the earliest days of Castro’s revolution, that no statues or images may be erected of living figures, however exalted, and no streets named after them. This avoids the proliferation of graven images of the present Maximum Leader; everything is sublimated in the old hero of the eighties, now beyond criticism. Nothing else is beyond criticism.

The Cuban revolution, which has held the imagination of romantic socialists for nearly six years, is facing its hardest time with toughness and élan, making a small success here and a big error there — as its leaders ceaselessly admit — drifting perhaps into a bondage it did not plan. It cannot go on like this forever.

The Fidelistas had obviously believed in the possibility of creating a revolution that would be an inspirational model for democratic revolutionaries everywhere, progressing with the full support of the people whose liberties it protected. Indeed, its early appeal was its manifest concern for the people, their practical and cultural welfare, and its experimentalism and flexibility. It postulated the goodwill if not the actual help of the United States. Neither was forthcoming. Within two years the atmosphere had changed; the United Party of the Socialist Revolution had come to being on the principle of “democratic centralism” and was officially guided by “Marxist-Leninism,” and the old PSP Communists were its core. The Soviet impact became dominant because the U.S. impact was denied. Perhaps it was inevitable; perhaps it need not have been that way. It seems probable that Castro deduced a lesson from the Guatemala of Arbenz: that any vigorous structural changes he might make would be interpreted in Washington as Communism, so he might as well do it thoroughly.

We already saw, during the 1962 missile crisis, how Cuba could have the world on the edge of the abyss as a freak of geopolitics. Since then the bitter hostility across the ninety miles that separate this island from the United States has become institutionalized into a seemingly inescapable fact of life. Americans may believe that another Bay of Pigs is unthinkable; no Cuban does. They brood endlessly on the tales of the exile organizations fretting and drilling away in Florida and Guatemala, sustained and nourished, they insist, by the CIA. They point to the remote outline of the U.S. warship, forever lying just outside the limits off Havana. They argue the economic quarantine which has isolated Cuba from everywhere except the Communist bloc and a few European eccentrics like Britain, France, and Spain, and which has bred a Cuban reaction almost tribal in its certainties.

So one lived in Havana on two continual levels — the emergency, the conflict, the tensions, side by side with the gay girls and the café crowds, the

endless noise and chatter, the solemn Soviet technicians, the cigar-smoking elevator man to whom a razor blade or a tube of toothpaste is a dream of luxury.

To me the most irresistible analogy was that of Israel in the late forties: the same sense of beleaguerment, of privation, of defiance, of a citizenry under arms, of mingled regret and assurance. The effect was reinforced by the curious fluctuating cast of characters who seemed to fetch up in all public places, everyone with some motive other than the ostensible one — pretty girls writing theses, sociological delegates trying to sell textiles on the side, attractive widows who claimed addresses in Rome, saturnine Czechs, vague blond Englishmen forever excusing themselves for an appointment (What appointment? When was *any* appointment ever kept?). The Cubans, it seemed, were ready to put up with anyone, to fete them and pay their bills, to give themselves the illusion that once again Havana was a cosmopolitan place, and not a lonely, isolated fort.

The Cubans are brave and effervescent and feverishly reckless. Their society is, or could have been, the first of its kind in the hemisphere, even if the words with which they define it spring too often now not from the heart but are borrowed from the more banal jargon of an older and staler revolution.

CASTRO is young, vigorous, indefatigable, seemingly nourished by resources denied to most people, but he is not immortal. The security with which he surrounds himself may be much more tense than it seems; nonetheless he quite clearly takes fantastic personal chances in his sorties around the country. He has the De Gaulle-like idiosyncrasy of goading his protectors by eluding them, and burrowing at random into crowds that could well, in the present neurotic conditions, contain the one hostile gun. One day, you say, that man

will surely get the bullet. And inevitably you ask the question: After Fidel, what?

"Everybody says it; what does it mean — they said after Stalin, who? after Nehru, who? after Kennedy, who? A process is a process; Fidel started something he couldn't stop now if he wanted to."

That is all very well; every revolution dominated by a personality has rationalized its continuance thus. A nation without a constitution, relying as this one does on the impetus of continued exhortation, will be in an excruciating dilemma when Castro dies, and this he knows and expresses in a way of which he himself may not be wholly aware. He is thirty-seven, and already he talks like a patriarch; it is his constant custom to refer to his generation as in the past. His continual addresses to students emphasize that his revolution, the revolution of arms of the Sierra Maestra, is over and done and that the torch has passed from "his generation" to theirs. It is an odd emphasis from a young man still in his thirties. The vast problem that would face Cuba if Castro were to fall tomorrow is that the only effective organizational process that could be bequeathed would be that of the military, and almost certainly that of Ché Guevara, the only man in Cuba who faintly matches Fidel in energy and prestige — and who, as the prophet and apostle of the guerrilla, is himself already a symbol of the past. Everything that the revolution has achieved: the enthusiasm among the young, the near elimination of illiteracy and hopeless poverty, an honest if ineffectual government, the achievement of this mysterious Latin-American quality of *dignidad* — all these things remain still emblazoned on the banners; they have received no rationalization in straight political terms. There is a certain splendor, but there is no dynasty, no hierarchy, no line of succession; there is not even, as far as we know, a continuing theme. *Fidelismo* is not yet rooted in Marxism, or in anything else. While the completely romantic Cubans flinch from the drudgery without which no socialism can be established, the thing remains an imponderable.



WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

A cigar commercial on TV is granting a special dispensation to smokers: you don't have to inhale it to enjoy it, says the announcer. His words bring relief to anyone who ever inhaled, inadvertently, a nickel cigar and felt, thereupon, as if he had been kicked in the chest by a horse. Inhaling nickel cigars is an acquired taste, and it is good to know that we are not obliged to acquire it. We are appreciative, also, of the continuing offer of the cigarette that still gives us, without extra charge, a quantity of air with each puff. Favors of this sort are always welcome, but the really spectacular events in the tobacco world seem to lie in the period between now and next July.

By the first of January, for example, the label on each package of cigarettes will have to include the warning that "cigarette smoking is dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases." The order to this effect comes from the Federal Trade Commission, which magnanimously adds that a cigarette maker may paraphrase the language of the

warning provided its meaning remains unmistakably clear. The same stipulations will apply to cigarette advertising after July 1, the FTC tells us. Spirited opposition by the cigarette makers will bring cases into just about every court in the land.

Meanwhile, a sizable interagency row must be in the making as the Food and Drug Administration and the Surgeon General try to establish who's-in-charge-here-anyhow. Further involvements will take in the subsidy of tobacco growers, through the Department of Agriculture, that keeps thousands of civil servants on the nine-to-five shift; not without heavy infighting will the field agents, file clerks, supervisors of stenographic pools, messengers, chauffeurs, and the whole GS horde withdraw to private employment. Surely the tobacco statesmen in Congress will be making themselves heard at the same time.

The Department of Justice is no doubt astonished to find that it has a tobacco dilemma on its hands: Will it be obliged to prevent the adoption of the wonderful new "code" of the cigarette industry? The code, we recall, will be very stern with member companies who try to persuade young people to smoke and with those who assert

health-giving properties for their product; and the administrator of the code — as yet unnamed — can fine offending companies as much as \$100,000 when the code goes into effect — if it ever does. The possible hitch is pointed out, perhaps unexpectedly, by the cigarette companies themselves in raising the question whether this self-policing effort might constitute a violation of the antitrust laws. In other words, would an agreement not to insist that athletic prowess is due to cigarette smoking be a conspiracy in restraint of trade? What will the Department of Justice say about that?

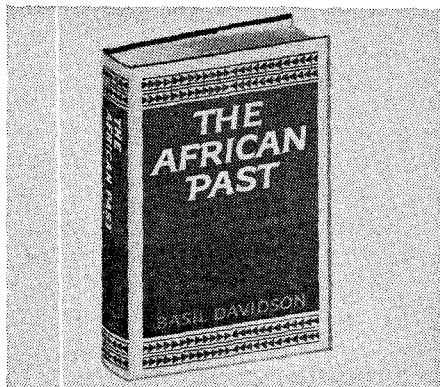
The questions are knotty enough to provoke severe jurisdictional disputes. Although both agencies have managed to ignore the issue in the past, what will the FTC do if the FDA rejects a label approved by the FTC? Will one try to usurpate — a word I garnered from a harangue by Governor What's-his-name of Alabama — the prerogatives of the other?

Tireless in its pursuit of comic relief through what might otherwise seem a grim inquiry, the American Medical Association has brought out a small pamphlet on what risks to health smokers may be incurring. Foremost among the hazards, says

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in rich detail by

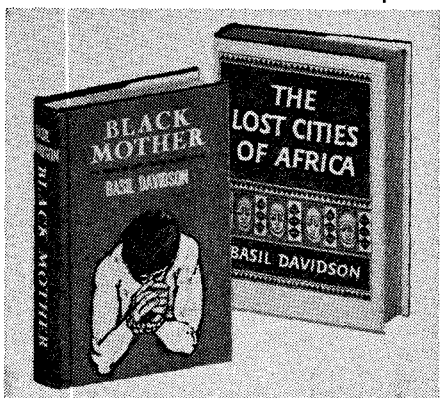
Basil Davidson



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The African Past

In this companion volume to his popular *The Lost Cities of Africa* and *Black Mother*, Mr. Davidson has compiled the unique and dramatic chronological story of African growth from antiquity to modern times. More than one hundred authors—European, Asian, and American—and a rich store of African records have been brought together to provide a picture of Africa much closer to reality than the colonial stereotype that has persisted for decades. Illustrated. **\$7.95**



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By BASIL DAVIDSON. A detailed history of the African slave trade during the years 1450-1850. "A book of such brilliant and orderly scholarship that a dark continent is flooded with light."—HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER, *The Christian Science Monitor*. Illustrated. **\$6.50**

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

the AMA, and without cracking a smile, is injury by fire, especially for those who smoke in bed, not to mention damage caused by burning holes in clothing and upholstery.

The AMA's view on excessive use of alcohol might be similarly entertaining. Intemperance would be bad for the spinal cord in certain cases, presumably, while in others the cosmetic effects could be embarrassing. That is, the inebriate might (a) fall downstairs and break his neck or (b) become quarrelsome in a bar and get beaten up, with consequent damage to nose, teeth, eyes, ears, etc.

The right words for paraphrasing the FTC's warning about cigarettes do not seem to have been put together so far. A contest may be necessary. But somewhere, we may be sure, some gifted euphemist is hammering out the slogan that will keep the smokers coming, even at the risk of death, disease, and burning holes in the furniture.

PISMIRE AGONISTES

JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

One time an ant
Aspired to strength
Of elephant,
Did exercises, sweat,
Became at length
Mightiest of his kind,
Had in Antland bruit
Of lifting pea, then grape;
Still kept in mind
Hard facts of muscle gap:
His anguished feats compared
To plucking up of trees,
Playfully, by proboscises;
Never despaired,
Had only scorn
For sloth unmanly, trained
To lift large acorn;
In last effort, strained
Terrifically,
Won, against odds, success
At cost of his doom,
For smilingly
The great heart burst;
Dying, had access
Of wisdom,
Said, in final minute,
"Is this, then, worst?"
Found no cause to beat breast,
Having done best
In world with elephants in it.

Majoring In Resistance

BY H. F. ELLIS

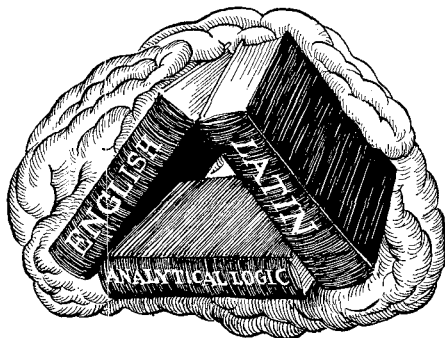
H. F. ELLIS is widely known for his light prose and is a frequent contributor to the pages of the ATLANTIC.

Some time ago Oxford University discussed in convocation whether Latin should continue to be a compulsory subject for entrance to the university. The debate spread to the correspondence columns of most of the British newspapers, and its last faint rumblings can still be heard where educational theorists and old students of the ablative absolute gather. All the familiar views on this perennial topic were faithfully aired: in favor of Latin, that it is essential to a proper understanding of the English language, that it "teaches boys to think," and that Western civilization owes an immeasurable debt to the legacy of Rome; against Latin, that it is a waste of time to learn a dead language, that very few boys get deep enough into the subject to touch even the fringes of Roman literature or history or law, and that it makes a mockery of education to force schoolmasters to teach a subject that most of their pupils will drop like a hot brick as soon as they have got safely into a university. This amiable controversy started me brooding on the extraordinarily conservative, not to say blockheaded, way in which Latin is taught. In most schools, in Britain at any rate, it is still just a "subject," something one "does" or "takes," a strange and wearisome affair of declensions and conjugations. Labienus is still being wounded with a spear, and Caesar continues to throw bridges across rivers. Many children fail to see the point of it. They have my sympathy. It is no joke to have to plug away at a dead language, knowing that there is no hope or intention of getting anywhere with it, that a scratchy acquaintance with the elements of it is required for the apparently aimless purpose of an eventual examination, after which it will thankfully be discarded forever.

But suppose that Latin were taught not as a subject in itself but simply as a part of English, as a step toward

acquiring the art of making oneself understood? Suppose the Latin words learned were, wherever possible, those that are still alive in our own language and were always accompanied in the textbooks by their English derivatives — yes, and perhaps also by their existing variants in French, Spanish, Italian? Suppose that those tiresome inflections and the structure of Latin sentences were taught *pari passu* with English grammar and composition? Would not the child then see the point of spending a little time on what is not a dead language but the key to the vocabulary of his own language and half a dozen European ones as well? I believe he would — always provided, of course, that someone had taken the trouble to point out to him the desirability of being able to express himself adequately, at least in his own tongue.

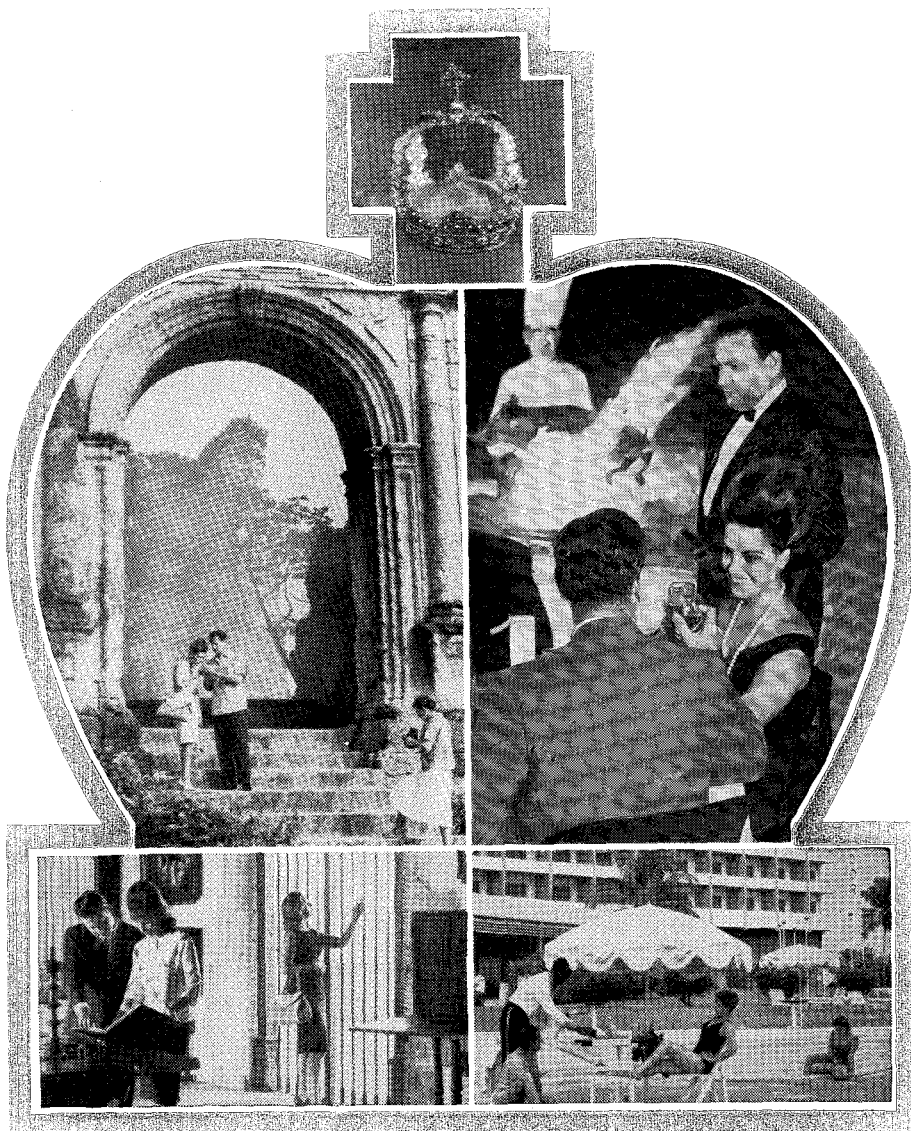
The ability to communicate one's meaning and, of course, to comprehend that of one's fellows, both in



speech and writing, is a fundamental need of every man and woman, in business or profession, in politics, in love, in ordinary social life. The power to express oneself (even, since we think in words, to know what one wants to express) is not innate but acquired, and the tool for the job is the infinitely flexible, delicate, complex, and difficult English language. The present educational theory, in Britain at least, seems to be that mastery of this essential tool can be acquired in one's spare time. Add an essay or two, a little Shakespeare reading, and perhaps a smattering of grammar, and so far as communication goes, the pupil is ready for his higher education. The advantage of this theory is that plenty of school time is left for the "really important" subjects. Its disadvantage is that precious few educated people are turned out who can adequately express meaning in their own language.

I do not, of course, believe that

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teaching alone, with or without Latin, will produce good writers, or that extreme clarity of thought and expression will necessarily result from a course of "English." But I do believe that it is the first business of education to give every child a chance to master his own language, and I strongly believe that some proficiency in the art of communication should be insisted on by universities as a condition of entry.

There is another "subject" so important that I should like it, too, to be made compulsory for would-be undergraduates. It is in a way a branch or extension of the art of communication, and the best name I can find for it is logic. Not, God forbid, the logic of the schoolmen, nor the mathematical logic of Bertrand Russell, nor whatever the logic of the logical atomists is, but a little

down-to-earth instruction in the principles of argument and reason. You cannot teach ready-made recipes for discovering truth to children in their teens, but you can, I think, help them to detect falsehood and to distinguish the meaningful from the meaningless.

The ancient Greeks had a passion for rhetoric, the art of persuasion. What we need now is something more like antirhetoric. A great deal of time, money, and ingenuity is spent on perfecting the techniques of persuasion in the modern world. Governments, politicians, newspapers, writers, advertisers, agitators, zealots of all kinds, and just plain talkers pour out a stream of advice, admonition, instruction, and propaganda, using all the known and some unheard-of tricks in their anxiety to tell us what to think, do, eat,

wear, smoke, and believe. I have never yet heard of any concerted effort to provide young people with effective armor against this persistent attack. Yet resistance to it is vital. If a democracy is to function effectively, even to survive, its members must retain their power of individual judgment and must be protected against brainwashing from within as well as from without. I believe that a boy or girl ought to have acquired the first principles of self-defense before leaving school.

Nothing very profound is needed: some basic training in the nature of evidence; some instruction on the distinction between mere amplification and argument, between repetition and proof; a little practice in the recognition of some of the commoner and less reputable tricks. We don't want to train a generation of cynics, but we do want young people who will wait until something has been said before applauding. I should like to think that when some politician declaims, let us say, that "the tide of feeling in favor of a sabbatical year for industry is sweeping across the country in full flood — and you can't arrest a tide by Act of Parliament," my ex-pupil will say to himself, or even to the politician, "Very nice; but you haven't said anything yet." I should like to feel that he had learned at school that a metaphor is not an argument, still less a proof; that a feeling in favor of this or that may have some of the attributes of a tide, but cannot have all; that a tide in any case does not sweep across country but goes up and down; that when it is in full flood it is just about to turn; and that you *can* arrest a tide by Act of Parliament if the act provides for the building of a suitable wall. In other words, I should like the growing generation to be provided with some sort of touchstone for the detection of blah, gup, wind, distortion, falsehood, and meaningless but tendentious utterances of all kinds — and equally, if possible, for the recognition of sane, careful, not necessarily correct but at least reasoned argument.

It is a lot to ask of schools. But it would be a great achievement if the first tottering steps could be taken there — to be lengthened into giant strides in the heady, controversial air of a university. It will be a happy day for us all when the first man majors in Resistance.

MID-ATLANTIC

BY R. P. LISTER

That was the day
When the whole sea got loose, and crashed
About the fo'c'sle, making hay
Till the sun shone. It dashed

Itself, for fun,
Against the unprotesting deck,
Then rose, and went a little run
With foam about its neck,

Shook itself, roared,
And thumped the hold with one great paw.
Finding this batted, the sea grew bored.
It roamed around, and saw

An empty oil drum.
Somehow prizing it loose, it picked
It up, and flung it in a dumb
Rage at a stanchion, kicked

It here and there,
First to starboard, then to port.
The din was grand, but hard to bear;
Tempers were running more short

Than tempers should.
The cabin stood upon both ends;
The steward, doing what he could
To follow current trends,

Misjudged the turn
And rammed the first mate with the soup.
The wild sea, laughing, went astern
And tried to eat the poop.



A Guide To Cookbook Entertaining

BY MIRIAM BELLE BOGEN

An American writer living in Mexico City, the author sometimes uses the pseudonym MIM.

Meal Planning

Cookware

Appliances

Formal Service

Canapés, Hors d'Oeuvres, Dips, Dunks, Salted Peanuts

Soup

Cream Soup

Sauce

Classic Hollandaise

Easy Hollandaise

Salad Dressing

Salad

Specialty Main Dish

Economy Main Dish

Tuna-Noodle Casserole

A Baking Delight

A Baking Challenge

Hot Dog Rolls and Hamburger Buns

Dessert

A Creative Dessert

A Dessert Spectacular

A Dessert Sensation

Creole Cuisine

French Cuisine

Italian Cuisine

British Cuisine

Oysters on the Half Shell

Breakfast in the morning, lunch in the afternoon, dinner in the evening
Pots

Electric pots

Any maid knows; nobody else does

An alternative to meal planning

Campbell's and water

Campbell's and milk

Campbell's straight

They make it in France

Hot mayonnaise

Cold mayonnaise

Men hope it'll be potato; women hope it'll be tomato; children hope it'll be forgotten

It has no meat and nothing to make up for that fact

Invariably improved by adding mushrooms, sherry, and truffles

America's answer to potatoes-with-herring

Done in ten minutes

Collapsed in ten minutes

Still taste just like what Mother used to buy

Jello

Add your own artificial coloring, artificial sweetening, and artificial flavoring to unflavored gelatin

Ice cream and whipped cream both

Booze in flames

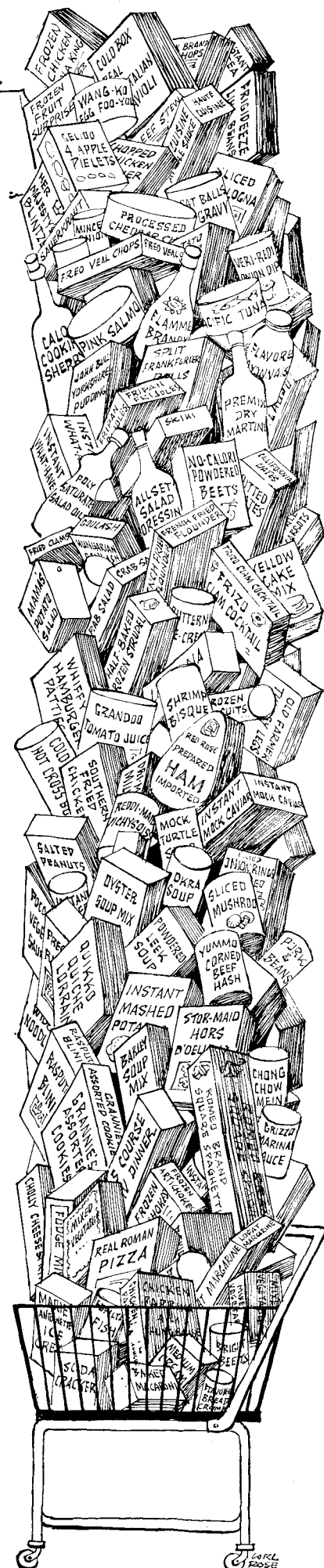
Involves Frenchmen, Spaniards, Negroes, Choctaws, Mexicans, and rice

The simmering butter kisses all the other ingredients; the simmering cream caresses all the other ingredients; the simmering wine burns up all the other calories

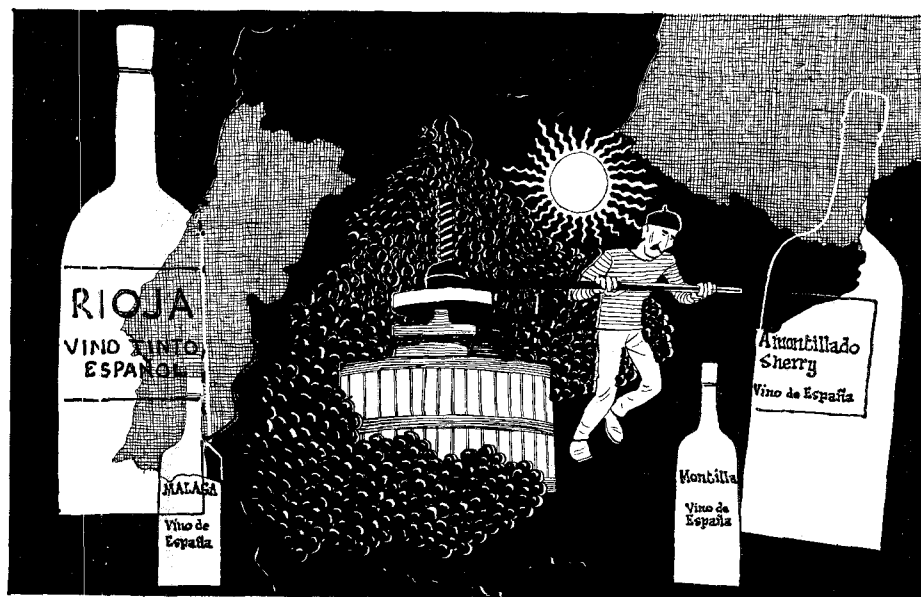
A toe of garlic, a pinch of oregano, a bottle of catsup

They'd rather be well read than well fed (Ban the Biscuit!)

Available in any excellent restaurant



pleasures and places



THE TABLE WINES OF SPAIN

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

To nine out of ten toppers, Spanish wine means sherry — Finos, Amonillados, Olorosos, and a score of branded names of long lineage and decent antecedents. Spain's table wines have, by comparison, attracted very little attention abroad, not least because the Spaniards themselves have neglected to export them as they are and have preferred to ship the worst of their products to southern France, where some of the most nefarious wine factories in the world exist. Much of what passes as Bordeaux, Burgundy, or a wine of a lesser French region is an unskillful blend of the base wines of the Spanish Levante and La Mancha, married to rough but simple Algerians, with a tincture of the neutral wines of the French Mediterranean littoral added.

Yet Spain has plenty of drinkable table wines and some very good ones. And as the standard of living rises in Spain, and the need to earn more in order to import more becomes greater, increased attention will be paid to the quality of Spanish table wines and to the selling of them. Their day will come.

The first thing to note about them is their quantity. The Spaniards make around twenty million hectoliters of table wine each year, or

about five times as much as the Germans, with their vastly better-known Rhines and Moselles. A bad Spanish grape harvest is very rare indeed. The enemy is not, as in France or Germany, spring frosts and autumn rains; it is drought. Thus the 1956 grape harvest in Spain was excellent; in France it was bad, and in Germany it was deplorable.

Spanish vines get all the sunshine they need, the grapes ripen quickly and can be harvested early, and pests are much less a problem than in the damper countries to the north. Labor is relatively cheap (in the vineyards the Spaniard earns less than half as much as the German), and there is no shortage of labor; the drift to the towns will become dangerous only in Spain's next phase of industrial expansion.

There is an easy rule for anyone wanting to sample Spanish table wines. Begin with a Rioja ("Ree-O-Ha"), and let the wine be red. The Rioja vines are grown on the banks of the upper Ebro and its tributaries, partly in the Basque province of Alava and partly in the neighboring provinces of Navarre and Castile. These valleys are protected from the north winds and the rainstorms of the Bay of Biscay by the Cantabrian mountains, bleak

giants of 8000 feet and more. The climate is grim in winter but perfect for grape growing in the spring and early summer. More than one million hectoliters of Rioja wine are made every year.

The three distinguishing marks of a good Rioja are purity, strength, and charm. Ample hours of sunshine mean that sugar need never be added to a Rioja, unlike some of the wines of France and most of those of Germany.

Sunshine gives most Spanish wines a high alcoholic content, much higher than the French equivalent. The unwary should heed this — Spanish wines were never meant to be gulped down. Sunshine may help to give the red Riojas their limpid-clear, light crimson color. It's another point in their favor — looking at one's wine, after all, contributes to the joy of drinking it (possibly why sybarites so often bracket their wine with their women).

And Spanish wines are cheap. A liter of *vin ordinaire* costs no more than eight pesetas (16 cents). A bottle of Rioja Clarete (claret-type) costs, in Spain, around 35 pesetas, a mere 70 cents, from the wine merchant, or 50 pesetas, \$1, at a restaurant. This will be a wine which has spent from three to five years in the cask before being bottled, is possibly six to seven years old, and retains a charming freshness. You may have to pay almost twice as much for the six-to-seven-years-in-the-cask wines of the Marques de Riscal, and they will be just about the most expensive on the wine list.

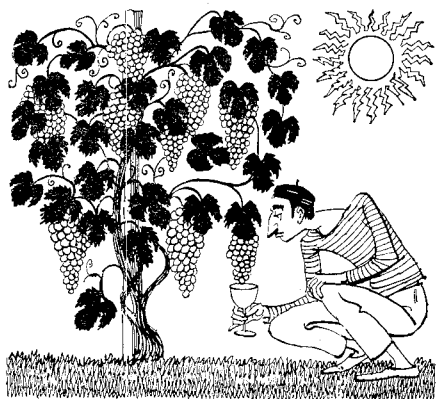
A Rioja Clarete or a Burgundy-type Castel Pomal is a perfect accompaniment to any sort of meat course, from the chopped chicken, prawns, and rice which make a Valencian paella, to a cold plate of salami and smoked ham. But let it not be thought that the Riojas are the only drinkable Spanish reds. Halfway from Madrid to Granada is the Valdepeñas area, where grapes grow on a plateau more than 3000 feet above sea level. Cheap Valdepeñas reds are rough and have a dangerously high iron content (never leave a bottle of it open overnight, for you will be sure of a headache after drinking it the next day); the better wines of the region are deliciously dry and thirst quenching. The fable that Valdepeñas wines do not "travel" has long ago been exploded — I drank a particularly good one on the

shores of Lough Derg in County Tipperary recently, and another in the middle of a Yorkshire moor.

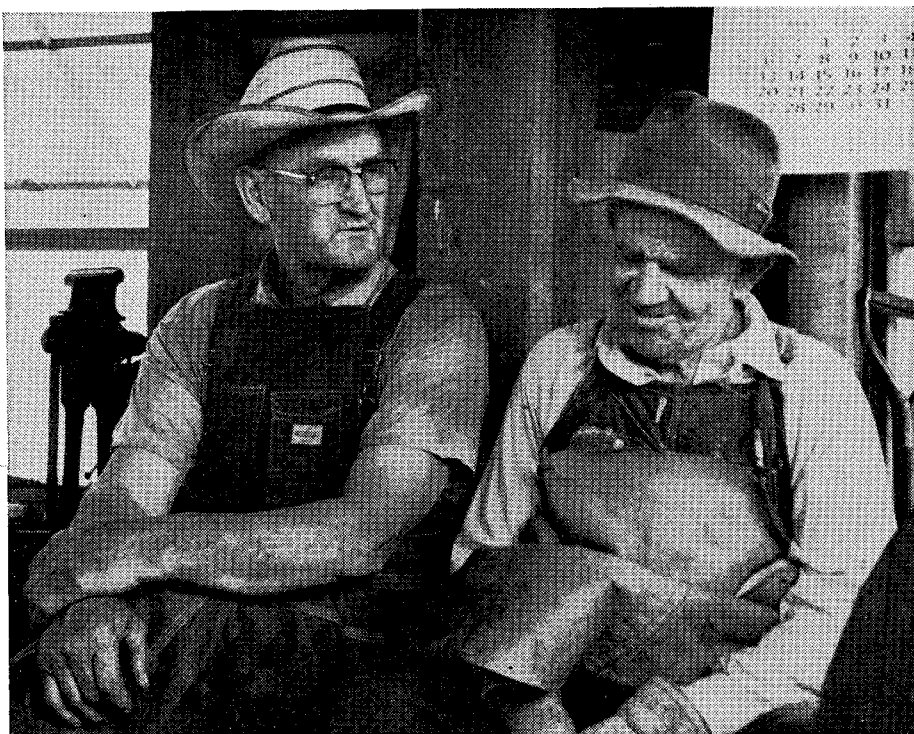
Catalonian reds are on the sweet side, and their richness and strength are not to everyone's taste. Those of Aragon are lighter, and those of Galicia must be drunk in that province (they really don't travel well). Some adequate reds are now being made in Murcia, but those of Valencia are to be avoided. There are rosés being made in Catalonia and Aragon, possibly more for their color and tourist attraction than for any better reason. The well-established principle should be applied of drinking a mediocre rosé very cold. The supporters of this kind of wine can always argue that it is all-purpose and ends both hesitation and controversy over the wine list.

Spanish whites are just not as good as reds. This may sound sweeping, and there may be one or two minor exceptions and qualifications, but it is pretty generally true. The bountiful Spanish sunshine leads to whites being full, rich, and sweet. There are one or two, of a French Sauterne type, which will go excellently with strawberries and cream, a peach melba, or just fruit and nuts. But Spain has something better to offer with the dessert — the rich, dark-golden Malaga which went as sack to England in the Middle Ages and is made from the Muscatel grape.

For the male palate the Brillantes of Paternina and the Bodegas Bilbainhas are too sweet and sticky, and the Cepa de Oro is perhaps the nearest approach to a medium-sweet Graves. It is rumored that a Chablis-type Rioja is being produced in the Valley of Stones, on the upper reaches of the Ebro, and Galician whites, the palest and driest in



Spain, are, again, usually regarded as bad travelers and are easily accessible only to those who are visiting Santiago de Compostela, or tracing



IF YOU LIKE STORIES ABOUT THE OLD DAYS, all you have to do is sit around Jack Daniel's sawmill at breaktime.



One of the stories you're bound to hear is about how Jack Daniel first made the charcoal he used to smooth out his sippin' whiskey. He sawed up the hard maple, ricked it, and burned it right up in the woods. Then later he built a sawmill in the Hollow and did it all here, the way we do now. And the charcoal that results is exactly the same. You can count on our old-timers to make sure of that.



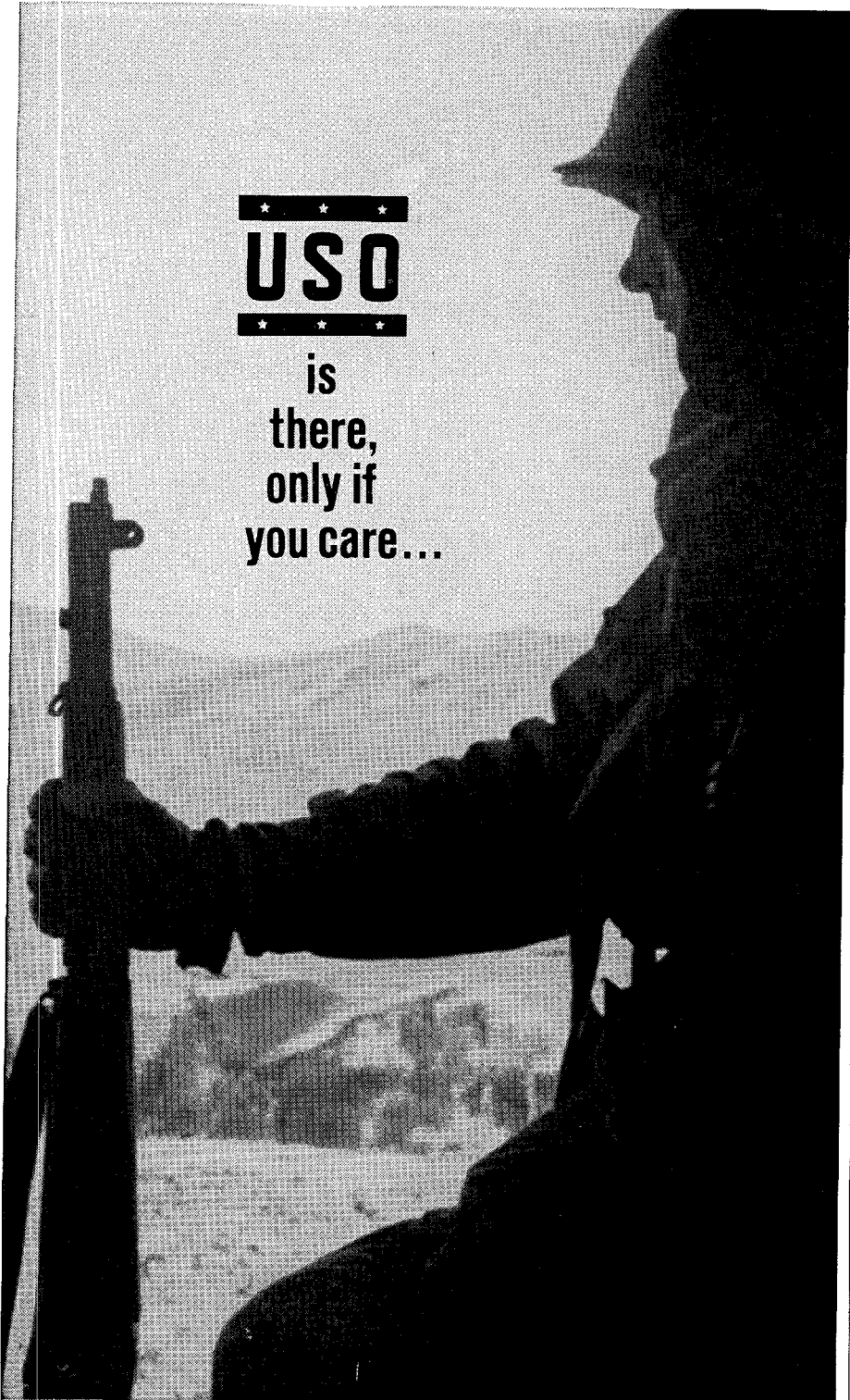
CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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★ ★ ★
USO
★ ★ ★

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there,
only if
you care...

Lonely watchtower in Korea, edge of darkness in Berlin, silent jungle in Vietnam, crowded small town near the base... if he's there, so is the U.S.O. With 197 clubs that bring a wonderful, welcome touch of home to men and women far from their own. With traveling shows that bring music and laughter to the loneliest outposts on earth. Telling over 2,500,000 Americans in uniform (one from every 18 families) that somebody's grateful, somebody cares back home.

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the route of Sir John Moore's men retreating to La Coruña.

Worthy of mention is the Montilla wine, which comes from the area north of Jerez and whose name has the same derivation as the medium-dry Amontillado sherries. Montilla is a sherry-type wine which is slightly fortified for export but which still carries a low rate of duty (it is built up to a 25 to 28 percent alcoholic content). The Spaniards drink it unfortified — a straw-sherry color, it is best at cellar temperature.

Yet there is no need to lament the almost uniform sweetness of Spanish whites, even if you are in Spain. For Spain, of all countries, has the best answer to that defect. Order a lobster canapé as your first course, before the soup, and drink a Garvey's San Patricio sherry with it, one year old, fresh, light, alluring. Move on to your consommé, and use an Amontillado with it, just as light but with all the fine maturity of its twelve years of life. And having engaged yourself in this conflict with your liver, go the whole hog — drink one of the Marques de Riscal's six-years-in-the-cask Riojas with your main course, and finish with a Spanish liqueur brandy. It is only twenty-five cents a glass, and even though it is not allowed to call itself cognac, it will be worth all of that.

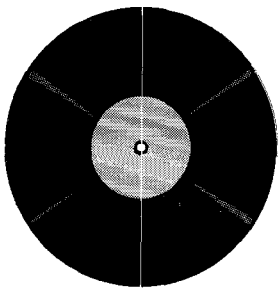
JEANNETTE NICHOLS

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER AND

the chair
so placed requires
a table which consequently requires
as ashtray into which
the next visitor will put
ashes.

The room
somehow requires
a bed which blankly requires
blankets under which
a woman requires
a man to put out
the light

which is
beside the bed
next to the chair
where the table was placed
just so the ashtray could receive
(before the light went out)
ashes.



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Haydn: String Quartet No. 77 in C, Opus 76, No. 3, "Emperor"

Mozart: String Quartet in B-flat, K. 458, "Hunting"

Amadeus Quartet: Norbert Brainin and Siegmund Nissel, violins; Peter Schidlöf, viola; Martin Lovett, violoncello; Deutsche Grammophon SLPM-138886 (stereo) and LPM-18886

Haydn's "Emperor" Quartet is renowned for its slow movement, a set of beautifully embroidered variations on the tune best known nowadays as *Deutschland über alles*. Mozart's "Hunting" Quartet, one of the famous set of six he called his "children" and dedicated to Haydn, is a brisk, buoyant, and healthy work that almost makes chamber music seem an outdoor occupation. The Amadeus Quartet, composed of British- and Austrian-born musicians, may well be the most perfect string quartet currently in operation. The music is delightful, and the playing superb. The result is a chamber music record that charms the ear and cheers the soul.

Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*; *Pelleas and Melisande*; *Three Little Orchestra Pieces*; *Variations for Orchestra*; *Prelude to the Genesis Suite*

Robert Craft conducting the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Symphony Orchestra; Columbia M2S-694 (stereo) and M2L-294: two records

Both early and late Schoenberg are represented in this album, which runs from the *Verklärte Nacht* of 1899 (in its string orchestra version) to the *Genesis* Prelude of 1945, written on commission from, of all people, the popular-song composer Nathaniel Shilkret (who wanted it as part of a biblical epic that never materialized). The longest work, and in some ways the most imposing, is the forty-minute *Pelleas and Melisande*

symphonic poem, which follows the Maeterlinck story quite faithfully, with instrumental scene-painting and broad leitmotifs. In its superb manipulation of a huge orchestra, it stands in the Wagner-Strauss tradition. The *Genesis* music is, however, pure twelve-tone Schoenberg. Considering its subject, this music can be fairly described as unearthly, with its wisps of sounds (including those of a wordless women's choir) and its shifting patterns. The *Variations for Orchestra* is an early twelve-tone work, and the *Three Little Orchestra Pieces* a terse two minutes of string and wind figures written in 1910 but only discovered in Schoenberg's papers after his death. Schoenbergians will find this album full of revelations, and even those listeners mystified by the music will admire the address and skill with which the Canadian orchestra performs it.

In White America

Compiled by Martin B. Duberman, directed by Harold Stone, with Gloria Foster, James Greene, Moses Gunn, Claudette Nevins, Michael O'Sullivan, and Fred Pinkard; Columbia KOS-2430 (stereo) and KOL-6030

In White America is a unique dramatic representation of the story of the American Negro. It utilizes documents ranging from Alexander Falconbridge's *Account of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa*, 1788, to Daisy Bates's *The Long Shadow of Little Rock*, 1962, to depict the conditions, struggles, and hopes of the Negro. Songs intersperse the purely dramatic passages, and the moods encompass bitterness, as in a gruesome description of a lynching, and irony, as in a letter from an emancipated slave in 1865 offering to return to his master provided that back wages for his years of servitude be mailed to him. The concluding note, a quotation from President Kennedy, is one of resolution. The recording, based on a successful off-Broadway play, has the intensity and occasionally the shrillness of a tract. But it brims with honest passion and dramatic strength, and listening to it is an absorbing and sometimes a wrenching experience.

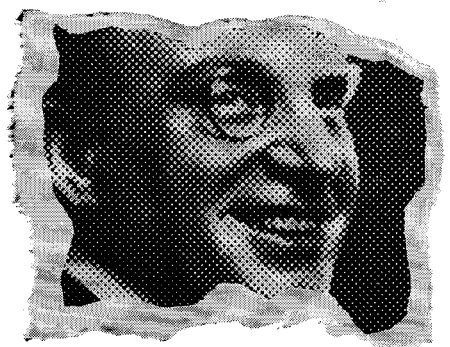
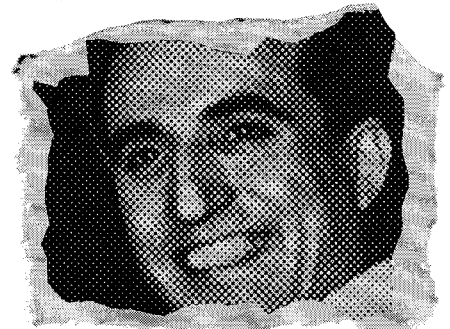
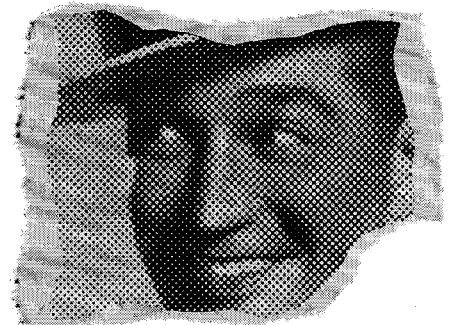
Malory: Le Morte d'Arthur

Adapted and produced by John Barton, with Harry Andrews, William Squire, Joan Hart, Tony White, John Holmstrom, Tony Church, and others; music

NEW RECORD SERIES LAUNCHED

Chevalier, Bruni, Tauber star

'Capitol' of the World introduces its "International Starline" Series with three world-famous voices: Maurice Chevalier in songs of the 1930's—the actual performances that brought him fame; Sergio Bruni, Italy's most popular young star singing Neapolitan favorites; Richard Tauber, the most famous Viennese tenor of all time singing old German and Austrian folk songs. Outstanding recordings by other international entertainers will become part of the Series in months to come. The first three offerings are now at record dealers on the 'Capitol' of the World label.

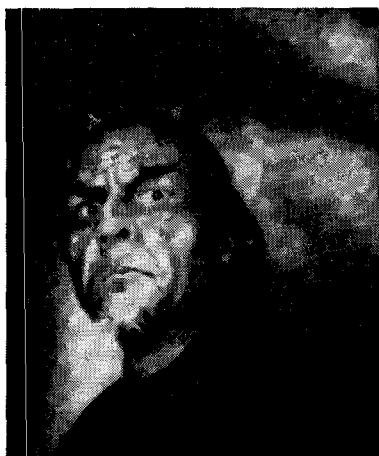




Angel

Chaliapin

“...he could sing of death and make one's flesh creep; he could sing comic songs in Russian and make English audiences laugh; he could sing love-songs to make feminine hearts of all ages flutter.” This could be only Feodor Chaliapin, against whom every other bass must forever be measured. Angel's latest in the widely acclaimed “Great Recordings of the Century” series presents 16 of Chaliapin's most memorable selections—poignant folk songs, Mephistopheles' Serenade from Gounod's “Faust”; Gretchaninov's “Glory to Thee, O Lord”; Moussorgsky's famous “Song of the Flea” and “Songs and Dances of Death”; “La calunnia è un venticello” from Rossini's “Il Barbiere di Siviglia”; and four arias from Ibert's “Don Quichotte.” The sound of this monaural recording is a tribute to modern engineering ingenuity; the music a memorial to the inspired art of Chaliapin. Angel COLH 141.



“...he could
sing of death
and make
one's flesh creep”

directed by Thurston Dart; London OSA-1369 (stereo) and A-4369: two records

Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* is one of the most solidly respected and widely unread works in English. Aside from college English students, who come glancingly in contact with it, most readers are content to know it by reputation only. A group of intrepid British actors, headed by John Barton, has now lifted *Le Morte d'Arthur* from the library shelf and brought it vividly to life. Their technique is to distribute the parts in the drama — King Arthur, Queen Guenever, Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Urre, and the others of the Round Table — and to read them with both dramatic and poetic insight. Two narrators, one representing the reflections of Malory, the other recounting the action itself, bind the work together, and fragments of medieval music, beautifully performed by an ensemble under Thurston Dart, create a haunting and bardic atmosphere. Malory's extensive work has been drastically abridged; even three well-filled LPs can offer only a portion of it. But the entire undertaking seems motivated by an abiding love for the English language itself: its rhythms, cadences, clarity. So spellbindingly are the tales unfolded that it almost seems as if *Le Morte d'Arthur* were intended to be presented this way; listening, one suddenly understands why Malory's chivalric romance has survived for five centuries.

Ned Rorem: Songs

Phyllis Curtin and Gianna d'Angelo, sopranos; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Gramm, baritone; with the composer at the piano; Columbia MS-6561 (stereo) and ML-5961

At forty-one, Ned Rorem is one of America's finest composers of songs. He has written symphonies, ballets, and operas, too, but the songs seem to gain the widest appreciation. This record contains thirty-two of them, encompassing texts by Ben Jonson and Robert Herrick, Walt Whitman and Robert Hillyer. Rorem seems to respond instinctively to poetry that is inherently lyrical. Most of the verses on this record are charming themselves, and Rorem sets them to music which follows their contours gracefully and with a nice melodic turn. Among the more imposing songs are “The Lordly Hud-

son” to a text by Paul Goodman, and two poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins; the shortest is Gertrude Stein's “I Am Rose,” consisting in its entirety of “I am Rose my eyes are blue/ I am Rose and who are you/ I am Rose and when I sing/ I am Rose like anything.” A quality of variety (not always characteristic of the songs) is contributed to the record by the alternating use of five excellent young singers, who, in the manner of Rose, sing like anything.

Otto Luening: Gargoyles, for violin solo and synthesized sound

Vladimir Ussachevsky: Creation — Prologue, for multiple choruses and electronic accompaniment

Bülent Arel: Stereo Electronic Music No. 1

Halim El-Dabh: Leiyla and the Poet, for tape-transformed voice and instruments

Milton Babbitt: Composition for Synthesizer

Mario Davidovsky: Electronic Study No. 1

The Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center; Columbia MS-6566 (stereo) and ML-5966

The six compositions listed above had different progenitors but the same midwife, the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. What, exactly, goes on inside the Center this reviewer does not profess to know, any more than Pandora knew when she opened the box. But the music that emerges from it certainly constitutes some of the most curious, and occasionally shattering, sounds to be heard nowadays. The sounds, however mechanically produced (by means, for example, of the RCA Electronic Sound Synthesizer) are artfully organized into patterns and designs. When texts are used, they are carefully chosen, too. In his *Creation — Prologue* Mr. Ussachevsky actually starts things going in Akkadian, the language of ancient Babylonia; later on he switches to the Latin of Ovid. But even these passages have undergone tape recorder manipulation before being blended into the work. Artificiality, as a matter of fact, is the hallmark of the electronic music on this record; one may, perhaps, enjoy its whaps, whams, and whooshes as sheer sound, but the pleasure is decidedly limited. And the next record — a Beethoven sonata, let us say — never sounded better.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

BACK in the Dark Ages before the motel was invented I was obliged to spend a day in Fredericton, New Brunswick, awaiting the arrival of a friend who was to drive me and my gear to a fishing camp in the Frasier Forest. I arrived in Fredericton by the Gull, that convivial night train from Boston which had a habit of pausing on the bridges overlooking the good trout streams so that the anglers within could torment themselves by watching the big ones rise. With me I had brought the page proofs of Henry Seidel Canby's life of Thoreau, which I was reading and now meant to review, mailing my copy back to Boston before I began my holiday. The problem was to find a quiet hotel room. The Beaverbrook was full, and the old-fashioned boardinghouse which finally took me in had partitions of the thinnest beaver board, as I was soon to realize. Into the room one beyond mine moved a lumberjack with his bank-roll and a mighty thirst. He had brought his bottles with him, and the word spread, for he was soon visited by companions of both sexes. The talk and the carousing which followed had a smoky, woodsy flavor which would have made Henry Thoreau grin before he moved out, but I couldn't move. There I was, stuck with my copy to finish, and no review ever came harder.

That was twenty-five years ago, and in the interval, trains have been abandoned; we supply our own transportation, and we stay in motels. Gone are the dusty carpets of the village inn, the smell of the rubbery treads on the stairs, the bed with the crease in the middle and the broken spring, the dead flies and the live cockroach. And from a handful of tiny cabins encircling a neon-lit office the motel has grown to a vast ranch house of glass and chromium.

At the outset the motel was a rudimentary affair: jerry-built, so close to the highway that you heard the trucks through your sleep, and only mildly resistant to bad weather. I remember one rainy night we spent in Machias, Maine, when you

could cut the damp inside the cabin with a knife, and another cabin on the bank of the Penobscot where the antlers over the front door were small compensation for the thin and lumpy mattress. But even the most primitive motel was handy, and it facilitated the early start which is so essential on long runs. Today what we expect is cleanliness, good beds, hot water, and television; and in the best of them, soundproof partitions, a first-rate restaurant, and a swimming pool. We are a nation on wheels, and it was inevitable that we should demand a comfortable oasis for our one-night stands.

Those of us who make repeated trips to a happy hunting ground, as I do to the Maritime Provinces, telephone ahead for reservations at our favorite stops, such as the Charter House on Route 2 near Bangor, Maine, or the Eden Rock at Fredericton on its high bluff overlooking the St. John River. The latter has what only a few provide, space to walk and a view worth photographing. But of all the indispensables, I still put good thick partitions at the top of the list. I remember a friend of mine telling me of her disturbed night in a motel on the West Coast where the partitions were tissue-thin and where she had the bad luck to draw a honeymoon couple in the next room. Lovers, like children, are an occupational hazard in a motel, and I suppose it runs counter to civil rights that they should be placed in segregated areas.

But the time has come when the management of a first-class motel must be more discriminating about its guests. For the glittering Big House on the Hill has become both an oasis for travelers and a social center for the local townsfolk, who go there for an evening of cards with friends who are guests. But it is bad management to place a weary couple, needing their sleep and pledged to an early-morning start, in immediate proximity to the room of card players, who have every intention of continuing with their bridge or poker until after

midnight. Here is a case where laughter in the next room is a damned nuisance; I have twice been victimized by this situation, and I resent it, just as I suspect the card players may have resented the repacking of my luggage and the slamming of my trunk at seven thirty the next morning. Surely in an establishment of any size, it should be practical to ask the registering guest whether he intends to make an early start, and then offer the transients a place in the Quiet Wing; the slow movers, the salesmen, and the card players, rooms in another.

I am told that there is a motel in San Diego where one can have breakfast served in bed, and that is fine for those who don't mind the crumbs. For myself, I am more fussy about partitions and closets with an ample supply of hangers, a place in the bathroom for drip-dry garments, enough floor space so that I am not always cracking my ankle on bed or chair, a bath rather than a shower, and a reading light to put me to sleep.

GEORGIE TO BOWSER

Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., was the most audacious and provocative field officer the American Army has produced since Stonewall Jackson. He was sentimental and as profane as Mark Twain; he wrote graphic letters and near-beer Kipling verse; he was a believer in reincarnation, and was sure that in earlier centuries he had fought where he was now fighting in Europe; he was a dead shot and as vain as a peacock; he was the first American officer to represent this country in the military pentathlon in the Olympic Games of 1912 (he placed fourth), and when downgraded in Hawaii in the 1920s and disgusted with our disarmament program, he practiced before a mirror building up his "war face"; finally, of all the Allied officers in the Second World War, he was the most feared and respected by the Germans and the Russians.

General Patton's unexpurgated diaries and letters, carefully guarded by the family, will not be published until his contemporaries are dead. There was no love lost between Eisenhower and himself, and one assumes that in his diaries Patton will demonstrate his claim that if he had been unchecked, he could have brought the war in Europe to a far speedier conclusion. The two best books about Patton are *Drive*, the intimate, affectionate day-to-day picture of the General by his deputy, Lieutenant Colonel Charles R. Codman, and, for its military competence, *Patton and His Third Army* by Colonel Brenton G. Wallace. There are others the future biographer will draw on and the most recent, *BEFORE THE COLORS FADE* by FRED AYER, JR. (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00), a family close-up of Georgie Patton recorded by his favorite

nephew, whom he nicknamed "Bowser." Here is George S. Patton as he was at the family dinner table, in the hunting field, and in full blasphemy on a polo pony; here he is as a yachtsman sailing across the Pacific by dead reckoning; here is his unalterable belief in his destiny ("It is my destiny to lead the biggest army ever assembled"); and here he is with his irascible rudeness as he marked time during the "Long Armistice." A Colonel and Acting Brigadier in 1918, who was severely wounded in the Argonne, Patton had to contain himself in garrison life for twenty-one years before his full rank was restored.

Mr. Ayer adds up the family memorabilia in an attractive way, and he does not let his hero worship blind him to his uncle's peculiarities. Patton, as he shows us, could be brutally rude even to his sisters, but he had other qualities — and a wife — which soon led to forgiveness. He was a student of military history endowed with extraordinary foresight: his detailed projection which he made in 1937 of how the Japs could make a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was of course pigeonholed by his incredulous superiors, but it was accurate. Like every brave man in line of fire, he was superstitious, and he quoted the story General Allenby had told him that luck "is like a sum of gold . . . which must be spent." He was easily moved to tears, and his tribute to his aide Dick Jensen, who was killed, is touching. His two deepest ties were to his wife, Beatrice, and to his brother-in-law Fred Ayer, Sr., and the devotion of these three provides the finest pages in his nephew's book.

CANADIAN MORNINGS

To readers from ten to ninety *The Incredible Journey* by SHEILA BURNFORD opened up a vista on the North and developed a relationship with a golden retriever, a bull terrier, and a Siamese cat so plausible and touching that her book, which had been declined by the first publishers to whom it was shown and was eventually sponsored by the *Atlantic*, became one of the most widely and affectionately read of any in this decade. Mrs. Burnford writes about nature with grace and insight. She spent her girlhood in the Western Highlands of Scotland and now lives with her husband and three children in Northwest Ontario, snowbound for six months of each year but never inhibited in her love for and discoveries in the natural world.

Her new book, *THE FIELDS OF NOON* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50), is a selection of her personal adventures. They establish at once, as good essays should, a degree of trust, of intimacy between the writer and the reader, and an expectation for the self-reliance, the quiet humor, and the lively sense of observation so characteristic of this at-

The fine art of non-fiction

"Thumbing the pages of this book, the reader will find thoughtful essays on the Cold War and the economics of spending for defense; on consumers, the future of suburbia, the uses and abuses of leisure, the motor car complex... and the limits of conspicuous consumption." The book under discussion is **David Riesman's** *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? AND OTHER ESSAYS*; the critic is Stuart Chase, in the *Saturday Review*, who calls the book a "king-sized collection... important not only for America, but for all high-energy societies..." Reviewers coast to coast echo Mr. Chase's enthusiasm. The *Washington Star* comments: "Riesman is one of our genuinely great social thinkers... *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT?* penetrates more deeply into more crucial problems of both the present and the future than any other single recent volume. It is as close to the 'essential' as a book can be." \$6.50



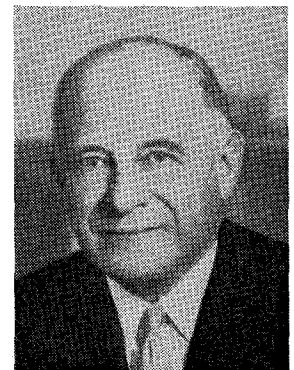
Robert C. Weaver tackles some of the 1964 campaign's most controversial issues in *THE URBAN COMPLEX*, a book that is essentially a study in depth of the multiple, interlocking problems that have followed America's phenomenal urban growth. President Johnson's chief advisor on urban affairs analyzes the effect of urbanization on American society; the problems of urban government; the middle-class flight to suburbia and how the trend may be reversed; the urban-suburban transportation situation; the state and federal aid squabble; the abysmal failures of certain renewal projects; and the dangerous but distinct possibility that American cities may become complete non-white ghettos. Equally important, *THE URBAN COMPLEX* explains in impressive detail what is being done — and can be done — to make America's cities more attractive for living and working. \$4.95

"If the Russians did not exist, would it be necessary to invent them?" In *THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SPACE AGE*, **Edwin Diamond**, *Newsweek* editor and veteran science reporter, delivers a blistering, hard-facts analysis of the American space program—its political and big business shenanigans, its multi-billion dollar economics, and its show-business psychology. The *Chicago Sun-Times* calls his book "a primer in space age disenchantment... the year's sharpest piece of space literature." And the *Washington Star* sums up much of the critical reaction by adding, "Mr. Diamond says in this book a great many things that have needed saying for a long time." \$3.95

"China is quite capable of seeking to destroy a world with which she cannot live on satisfactory terms..." In *THE CENTER OF THE WORLD: Communism and the Mind of China*, **Robert S. Elegant** moves from one province's "Four-togetherness and Five-love Inspection Day" to a penetrating analysis of the motivation behind Chinese behavior in Southeast Asia. He traces the psychological and historical reasons why the "mass mind" of Red China is unshakeably convinced that their mainland is still "the center of the world." Mr. Elegant, described by William J. Lederer as one of the six best foreign correspondents in

the world, has written a book that is both myth-shattering and compellingly readable. \$5.95

James P. Warburg has been a successful international banker; public servant; extraordinary propagandist, and one-man task force for peace. (Adlai Stevenson places him "in the great tradition of the 18th-century pamphleteers.") Now, in *THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick*, he describes his boyhood in Germany and America; his early financial successes; and a turbulent, changing association with FDR. (Mr. Warburg left the "Brain Trust" in 1933, wrote an anti-New Deal bestseller in the late '30s but came back to serve Roosevelt during World War II.) In the words of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, "THE LONG ROAD HOME enriches the historical record at a number of points; and it is a valuable testament of one of the engaging and useful citizens of our time." \$5.95



from Doubleday

tractive woman. Not since Anne Lindbergh's *Gift From the Sea* have I read essays so swift in transporting one to a world of privacy and perception.

Mrs. Burnford has the hardihood of her Scottish forebears, and the walking which she did as a girl in gumboots throughout the Highlands was a sturdy preparation for what she was later to do in the Black Forest, the High Pyrenees, and the Dinaric Alps of Yugoslavia — and for what she does today, at twenty degrees below zero, in moosehide moccasins made by the Swampy Crees of northern Saskatchewan, the finest walking boots in the world she declares, even though her family complains about their "kippery" smell when she wears them in the house. Many of her expeditions are made in company with her friend Susan, whose children, like Sheila's, have reached an age which gives mothers more freedom. Susan is a painter whose eye as a professional has aptitude for variations in color and texture, very helpful in their quest for mushrooms in the deep bush. Both are gourmet-voyageurs, and the mushroom yields which they slice and sauté at day's end are varied and delectable.

They do their hunting in the company of Raimie, Mrs. Burnford's aging golden retriever, who has been their "bear-scare" for years, and who also has a wonderfully acute nose for mushrooms, though he is likely to paw or sit on a succulent specimen. Whether she is opening a cabin on the day the ice is going out of the lake, or responding to her Scottish-inherited inclinations to fish, or sounding her duck calls with her rubber decoys off in a slough by herself, Mrs. Burnford and her shadow, Raimie, transport us to a Canadian experience which is almost as much fun to read about as it was to live.

THE SPIRIT TAKES WINGS

In any writing about race relations the quality most difficult of achievement is that of balance. In a book like *Native Son* by Richard Wright, the overload of dark hatred and despair threw everything out of proportion; even the author's relations to his own family were distorted. But in the novels of Alan Paton or the short stories of Nadine Gordimer, which are no less deeply felt, there is balance and a far clearer sense of reality, because in each case the writer, however indignant, has set himself to interpret the two sides, the white and the black. Only the best are capable of striking this balance when writing about the peoples of Africa, and MARGARET LAURENCE is one of the best.

A Canadian writer, born in Manitoba in 1926, she went with her civil-engineer husband to live in Somaliland, where she studied the language and began translating Somali folktales and poetry.

Then they moved, and in *This Side Jordan*, her first novel, she wrote of the emergence of Ghana. Now, in *THE TOMMOROW-TAMER* (Knopf, \$4.95), Mrs. Laurence has brought together ten short stories, stories of the West Africa she has seen in that time of transition when the white authority was leaving and the native spirit was struggling against the old superstitions and toward a new and risky freedom. In the title story she tells of how a bridge was built at the ferry village of Owurasu, of how the river god was propitiated, and of how Kofi, the leader of the young men, is sent to sample the work and to learn what the bridge with its humming cables might portend for the future. Kofi's transformation as a mechanic's helper striding lightly over the catwalk is the story, but in its telling, through a dozen deft disclosures, we have come to know the communal life and the old ways that Kofi must give up in his new gamble.

It is Mrs. Laurence's intent not to take sides, and she can pity even when she does not like. So, in "The Drummer of All the World" we see an idol-breaker of the old school, a missionary driving himself and his wife to distraction. But we see him through the eyes of his skeptical son and not without compassion. There is comedy, bizarre and tender, as in "The Perfume Sea" with its light-touched account of Mr. Archipelago, the hairdresser, and of how he and his assistant, Doree, survive after the European ladies have left. And in stories like "The Merchant of Heaven" or "The Pure Diamond Man" the buoyancy and the gratification come not from any victory of one side over the other, but from the realization that when old chains and old arrogancies have been broken, the spirit takes wings.

NEW WIND IN A DRY LAND (Knopf, \$5.95) is Mrs. Laurence's account of her life in Somaliland. Her husband's assignment was to direct the building of a series of dams that would provide water during the terrible months of drought that periodically struck Somaliland, killing stock and the nomadic, desert-dwelling Somalis in droves. Inevitably, there were collisions between the modern machines and the proud, tough tribesmen.

Mrs. Laurence's book about the whole enterprise includes a number of matters that have become standard in books about Africa: scorn of the pukka sahib types, rough journeys, strange wildlife, misunderstandings with Africans, consciousness of the European's ignorance in the face of a vast, unfamiliar, intricate tribal world. I do not mean that Mrs. Laurence's story is derivative or commonplace. She lived in a most stimulating and unusual region, and she writes about it extremely well, for she is a good observer who contrived to remain sympathetic in a climate designed to sour the disposition of an angel.

The Peripatetic Advertiser



A book publisher learns — sometimes the hard way — to be wary of the clamant superlative in his advertising copy. Every book on his list has its own well-defined market and since civilization is moving ever onward and upward each book deserves to acquire readers beyond those boundaries. All the same, a superlative glows most brightly when set within quotation marks. So the publisher stands back, allowing the cool-eyed critic to assess the product, remembering only to quote him in context and at whatever length the budget will allow.

In the first week of publication the judicious phrasemakers said of **The Rector of Justin** by Louis Auchincloss (\$4.95)

"Last year I made the flat statement that I considered Louis Auchincloss the best living American novelist. **The Rector of Justin** confirms me in that opinion. I don't think any American novelist of his generation has matched it either in technique or in content." — J. DONALD ADAMS

"An extremely fine novel . . . It gives the fullest scope of Auchincloss's talents of any book he has so far written . . . and his ear for the moral pitch of human relationships has never been more acute." — PAUL PICKREL, *Harper's*



"**The Rector of Justin** — smooth as cream and as nourishing — is not only the best novel that Louis Auchincloss has written, but will assuredly have a place among the best American novels written in the 1960's." — MAURICE DOLBIER, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

" . . . not only a passionately interesting, but a spiritually important study of the American character of, and for, our time." — VIRGILIA PETERSON, *N.Y. Times Book Review*



"The author's finest gift to his readers is the clear water of his literacy. . . . The men and women in this book do not study the classics; they live and talk them.

A casual passage of raillery between the rector and his wife lights up a dusky corner of a story by Henry James; a gibe by a drunken virago is silkily edged with a reference to 'Clarissa.' . . . This book is alive with paragraphs that catch a reader by the sleeve and say, Wait! . . . **The Rector of Justin** is not just a great school story or even a great novel. It is a great book." — *Chicago Tribune*

And from the non-fiction table **Before the**

Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr. by Fred Ayer, Jr. (\$6.00)

"This beautifully written memoir is the most authentic portrait of General Patton I have seen in print. More than a picture of the general, it is a privileged view of the man within his intimate circle of family and friends."



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"Anecdotal material . . . enrich the story and reveal the general's character as nothing else has done." — *New York Times Book Review*

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"A most revealing and readable memoir of perhaps the most colorful American general since Robert E. Lee . . . This is no whitewash job." — *Chicago Tribune*

Sometimes a book is presented to the experts in its own special field long before the literary critic has a glimpse of it. This was so with **Dying to Smoke** by Robert



Osborn and Fred W. Benton, M.D. (\$4.95) The factual background, made unforgettably graphic by our contemporary Daumier, Osborn, is a book that the older and the wiser may well present to a generation that has so much more to lose in the tobacco habit gamble.

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This — at last a publisher's superlative — is the most eloquent statement to date of why to stop and how to stop smoking.



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Editor-
at-
Large



In an age when our engines of destruction are so highly developed, it is curiously reassuring to look at certain figures in history who remind us by their lust and cruelty and carnage of how far we've come.

A new book by E. L. Withers titled, innocently enough, *Royal Blood*, was sent to me in manuscript for a second reading. This calm collection of typed pages housed one of the most blood-curdling chronicles I have ever read. The book might easily be subtitled grim fairy tales for adults except that, heaven help us, they are history, not fantasy. In nicely mannered chapters, Withers leads us through a gorgeous procession of murderers and maniacs, perverts and monsters, all of whom occupied one throne or another.

From Caligula and Nero through the charming group called the Borgias, Withers traces a river of red among the titled. He gives politics scant notice, concentrating instead on groaning board and groaning bed. But he is obviously familiar with all aspects of the lineages and he treads the gory ground with style.

There is a knowledgeable primer on poisons in Lucrezia's story, an unbelievable study in the ability of people to overlook outrage in the account of Ivan the Terrible, a barely credible narrative of incest and savagery in the chapters on Pope Alexander VI, Catherine de Medici, and Catherine the Great.

It would require Robert Graves to write a proper description of *Royal Blood*. But I can say that there is a point in looking backward into the private lives and deaths of kings, queens, and despots, our noble ancestors.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Royal Blood: Gory Path to the Throne (\$4.50) by E. L. Withers is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 19190 Livernois Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

Since letters never represent more than a part of the writer's life, selected letters are necessarily a fragment of a fragment, more or less tantalizing according to the interest of the invisible whole. **THE SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.00) are extremely tantalizing because, despite the careful editing of Frost's old friend and official biographer, **LAWRENCE THOMPSON**, they raise as many questions as they answer. Mr. Thompson refers, for instance, to Frost's "destructive and suicidal tendencies, particularly when crises drove him to violent outbursts of rage." Nothing in the letters indicates that Frost's temper was remarkable. He could be waspish about Ezra Pound, whom he never quite liked, although he acknowledged Pound's services to poetry and, however clumsily, to Frost himself. He could roar against fate or compose a sizzling diatribe against the academic landlady who accused him of damaging a chamber pot. He could pass along gossip with an air of perfect innocence, making sure that information discreditable to an enemy went where it would do the greatest possible damage.

Well — who doesn't? Except unfortunates who can't write.

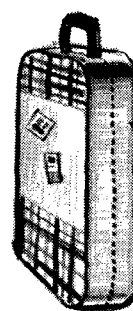
Frost could write, although he had reason for the prayer "May God amend my spelling." His letters are beautiful examples of idiomatic, conversational prose which looks as easy and simple as a boiled egg. But try to revise one of his sentences to get the same meaning and emotional tone with other words, and the casual surface is discovered to be a fraud disguising a most precise, calculated rhetorical structure. It seems un-

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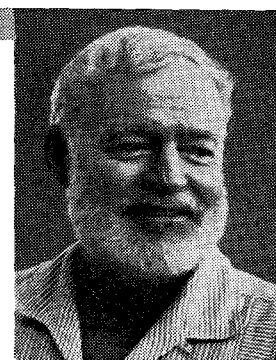


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likely that a fit of rage, or any other unconsidered emotion, could ever have controlled the writing of such letters.

Like any civilized correspondent, Frost adjusted his manner as well as his subject matter to his audience, with the result that his opinions are not always consistent. Perhaps, as his editor suggests, they were not consistent anyway, but Frost seems to have been amiably willing to temper the wind to certain shorn lambs of his acquaintance. He is quite consistent on two points: the importance of poetry and the right to reticence.

His opinions cover a great range of subjects and are invariably intelligent. This is, I think, the most striking impression produced by these letters — the extreme acuteness of understanding that Frost was able to apply to any topic that caught his attention. His conclusions were often unorthodox, or mischievously distorted to stimulate his friends' wits, or put in fanciful, burlesque terms to conceal his own feelings, but they were never frivolous or foolish. This condition is by no means something to count on among authors, who are subject to blind spots like other people.

The book includes a number of letters to Frost, which is an excellent device for setting the poet's ideas in their original context, and brief interpolations in which the editor tells where Frost was living during a particular period, how he was employed, and what was going on among his relatives. It is on affairs within the family that Frost's letters are noticeably unsatisfactory, through no fault of his. He could hardly be expected to write pages of domestic detail and financial difficulty to literary friends who no doubt had problems of their own. Consequently, the impression is that Frost never foresaw disaster until it struck, yet his account of his son's suicide, beginning bluntly, "I took the wrong way with him," indicates that he had known something was seriously wrong with Carol.

There was, in fact, a great deal wrong with the Frost family, from two cases of tuberculosis to the suicide of the son and the insanity of Frost's sister. Frost himself was continually ill with a variety of diseases, some of which he catalogued, ruefully, as imaginary. One child died young, and one daughter died in childbirth. Frost's wife is fre-



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THE AGE OF ANXIETY

is not ours alone. In *FEUDAL SOCIETY*, the late celebrated French historian, Marc Bloch, wrote this about the temper of feudal times:

"... behind all social life there was a background of the primitive, of submission to uncontrollable forces, of unrelieved physical contrasts...

"Among so many premature deaths, a large number were due to the great epidemics which descended frequently upon a humanity ill-equipped to combat them. Added to the constant acts of violence these disasters gave life a quality of perpetual insecurity. This was probably one of the principal reasons for the emotional instability so characteristic of the feudal era...

"The despairs, the rages, the impulsive acts, the sudden revulsions of feeling present great difficulties to historians who are instinctively disposed to reconstruct the past in terms of the rational. But the irrational is an important element in all history."

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quently mentioned as not well and on more than one occasion is out of action with what Frost calls "nervous collapse."

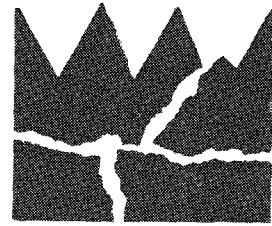
There is no clue in the letters to how much of this was bad luck and how much the result of interacting physiological and psychological morbidities among the members of Frost's family. In one moment of misery, Frost wrote, "All this sickness and scatteration of the family is our fault and not our misfortune . . . we ought to have stayed farming when we knew we were well off," but later he repudiated any claim to positive knowledge of how any life should be lived. It is natural that the letters do not tell what Frost himself could not know with any certainty, but Mr. Thompson's comments might have thrown a few glimmers of light if he had seen fit to tell something of the material conditions in which the Frosts lived. "Nervous collapse" in comfortable urban circumstances is not the same thing as nervous collapse on a farm without running water or kindred conveniences. I have no idea what any of Frost's farms were like, and without this information, there is no knowing whether Mrs. Frost was nervous or simply overworked.

I would not complain of Mr. Thompson's failure to provide a detailed background for the letters if he himself, in his introduction to the book, had not invited "any thoughtful and imaginative reader to 'roll his own' biography of Robert Frost." The facts presented do not warrant any such undertaking.

VOICE FROM LIMBO

As a contrast to the wide-ranging, outspoken Frost letters, there is *ISAAC BABEL: THE LONELY YEARS* (Farrar, Straus, \$6.75), a volume of unpublished stories and of letters written by Babel in Russia to his mother, sister, and wife, who were scattered about Belgium and France. The stories are few, good, and much like Babel's published work. The letters run from 1925 to 1939. The collection has been edited by his daughter, *NATHALIE BABEL*.

In 1925, Babel was a popular and well-regarded Soviet author. In 1939, after years of publishing almost nothing, he was abruptly arrested and disappeared into a silence from which no report has ever emerged except the terse, long-de-



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layed announcement of his death. Presumably he was executed, but how and on what charge remains unknown.

Throughout the fourteen-year period of separation from his family, Babel wrote faithfully to his women-folk abroad. He sent advice and money, reported the doings of old friends and an army of kinsmen, prattled the kind of family jokes that no amount of explanation can make funny to an outsider, and told absolutely nothing of what was going on in Russia. Neither did he tell much about his work, for he was unable to write anything that satisfied him. Occasionally he appealed to his wife to come home — it seems never to have been admitted that she had in fact left him for good — and complained because she paid no attention.

Babel was an accomplished author, an artist of distinction. It would be daft to take these letters as any sort of measure of his abilities or any indication of his opinions or feelings. I doubt that it is safe to assume his absolute sincerity even on the nonpolitical topics, which fill up most of the space not given to family news. If he couldn't afford to mention the latest political purge, could he afford to speak frankly of anything? Who knows what a suspicious censor might make of the most innocent reference?

Thanks to the eye of Big Brother watching Babel, the ultimate effect of this author's correspondence is that of a voice from limbo, crying irrelevancies.

THE DEEP SEA

C. P. IDYLL, professor of marine science at the University of Miami, has written a book about the deep sea, calling it *ABYSS* (Crowell, \$6.95). Because the author has thought it necessary to explain the origin of the sea, his first fifty pages are slow going — a compendium of geologists' speculations well peppered with scholarly reservations and qualifications. The upshot of all this is, one does not learn about the origin of the sea from Mr. Idyll, because neither he nor any other scientist knows for sure how all that water came to be where it is.

Regardless of history, the sea is there, it is deep, and things live in it. On these points, Mr. Idyll has some definite information, and once he

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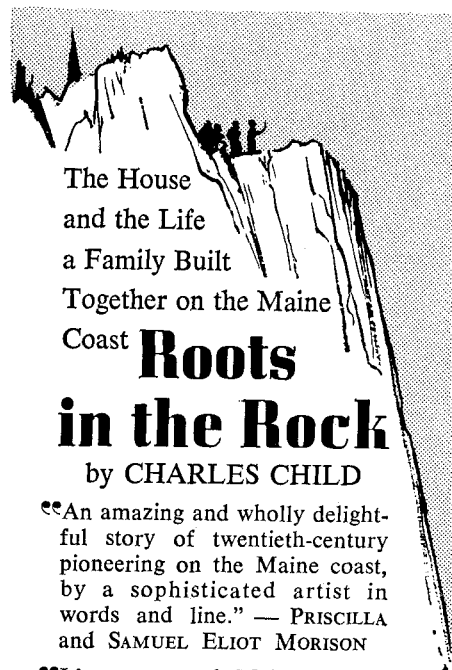
starts rolling out the catalogue of fish, currents, migrations, and discoveries, *Abyss* becomes engaging reading. The text is not purely ichthyological. The author throws in bits of history and takes time to discuss the revulsion aroused in most observers, even sober scientists, by octopuses, and to consider the reason for it. He admits to an interest in sea serpents. He describes a forest of luminescent polyps activated by the passage of a fish and setting acres of sea bottom alight with cold rainbow fires. The desire to see this glorious display would be irresistible if one did not notice that Mr. Idyll has never seen it himself; he is imagining, vividly and persuasively, the whole entrancing picture.

There is no suggestion that everything in the book arises from the author's personal study. Mr. Idyll has assembled a great pile of information about life in the deep sea, and explains carefully where his facts come from, who discovered them, and sometimes, if it makes a good story, exactly how. There is an appendix listing books for readers who wish to follow the subject further. Although Mr. Idyll is no great stylist, he is eloquent on the need for continued study of the deep sea, which he considers, with understandable bias and for very convincing reasons, far more important than exploration of the moon.

PRISONER OF THE PERVERSE

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD'S A SINGLE MAN (Simon and Schuster, \$4.00) is a grim, witty novel about an aging homosexual professor of literature and his battle with the normal world. George is English, long settled in California, where his accent has proved a decided social and professional asset. His housemate and lover, a man considerably younger, has recently been killed in a car smash, leaving George stranded in heterosexual, child-infested suburbia. Mention of his genuine, painful grief is so unthinkable in these surroundings that George has arranged a deception, telling his neighbors and his university colleagues that Jim has gone East for a long visit.

This odd, unnecessary maneuver is typical of George's whole life, which has been a succession of evasions, deceptions, fears, and grudges, all controlled by his unacceptable erotic



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habits. George is a prisoner of his perverse physical appetites; Mr. Isherwood constantly describes him in terms of purely physical functions, and George thinks of his body as an alien structure over which he has only nominal control. The creature's illegal tastes cause George much danger and difficulty. The problem of finding a new partner, for instance, is going to involve far more wariness and diplomacy than is ever required of a man courting a woman.

Not that George longs to be normal. He despises normal men and hates women with real fury, although the only friend he has is a hard-drinking divorcée. George merely wants to be left alone to go his own way with his own kind, and the ironic truth is that he has been permitted to do just that. George's suburban neighbors avoid him but pay him no real attention. In the academic circles where he works, nobody is likely to be concerned about his peculiarities unless he is fool enough to assault a schoolboy in broad daylight. It is George who makes his own persecution, worries about the opinions of people who hardly know he exists, lies without need, and runs from imaginary enemies. George appears to be no great shakes as a teacher, but he is wholeheartedly dedicated to the profession of homosexuality.

Mr. Isherwood is agreeably unsentimental about his hero from the moment he sets George before a mirror to see what "isn't so much a face as the expression of a predicament." Mr. Isherwood does not suggest that George would be a brighter and better man if his tastes were either normal or legal. The question is much more basic. George is not a man, in the sense of being a true individual, at all. In every circumstance, he is first of all a member of a deviant minority, and both George and his creator find this a boring and hampering condition. But Mr. Isherwood has made the description of it very interesting, part funny, part melancholy, and inoffensive through the matter-of-fact acceptance of George as part of the way of the world.

STRANGER ABROAD

THE OFFENSIVE TRAVELLER (Knopf, \$4.95) is V. S. PRITCHETT's title for his recollections of a trip, or trips, through Czechoslovakia, Poland,

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You see her walking down the street ...and you wonder about her.

She isn't fashionably dressed like other women. She wears no lipstick, no makeup, no high heels or nylons. Instead of a "perky" hat her head is covered by a hood and veil. Her dress is a billowing, full-length habit that bears little resemblance to feminine fashions.

And as she passes by, you realize that here is a woman different from others not only in dress ... but in her entire way of life. Here is one who has deliberately turned her back upon the worldly pleasures which other women seek and enjoy. And perhaps you wonder why a woman should give up all this to become a Catholic nun.

Is it because she is afraid to face the world and its responsibilities? Is it because she lacks talents that other women possess and therefore seeks shelter in the convent? Is she devoid of maternal instinct? Or does she choose the life of a nun because she thinks it is easier and more secure than life in a world of fluctuating economic conditions?

No—a nun who will knock at your door asking for alms for the poor surely is not afraid of the world. A Catholic sister competent to teach in a school ... and often highly gifted in the arts and languages ... is surely not lacking in talents. Nor can anyone who has seen a Catholic nun mothering the sick in a hospital believe that she is

lacking in the maternal instinct.

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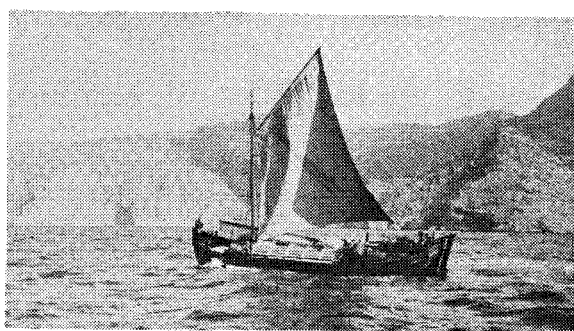
Hungary, Bulgaria, Romania, Spain, Turkey, and Iran. This is a terrible lot of territory for one book, but the author does not dig deeply in any of it and so proceeds without delay along his route.

Mr. Pritchett is a tolerant traveler with a sharp eye for the shape of a landscape or a town and a kindly ear for the opinions of the locals. This equipment serves him well in Iran, where everybody is talkative, or Poland, where debate is like breathing, but severely limits his discoveries in a place like Romania, stronghold of a Communist doctrine rigid beyond discussion. Mr. Pritchett was annoyed by the political smugness of his Romanian guides (he was annoyed at being saddled with a guide in the first place), but he is a fair man; reluctantly but honestly he reports that Romania has style, that the buildings and the people are elegant far beyond the call of Communist duty, and that the food is superb.

It would be unreasonable to look for profound revelations in this book. Mr. Pritchett is simply describing what a traveler may expect to find in Warsaw or Teheran, and he does this in a gentle, unpretentious fashion. If the chapter on Czechoslovakia is a bit dull, it is because Mr. Pritchett thought the country dull and refuses, although courteously, to lie about it.

Why, then, does the honest, easy-going Mr. Pritchett call himself an offensive traveler? He repudiates the usual bad habits of the breed. "I do not refuse to drink the water; I do not see bacteria everywhere. . . . I do not suspect everyone who speaks a foreign language of being a thief. I do not scream that I cannot get a good steak in Morocco — steak travellers are the hypochondriacs of motion — a decent haggis in Naples, or an edible chop suey on Ascension Island. I do not complain of the lack of Night Life in English villages or the absence of thatch in Ohio. One thing, of course, does annoy me: other tourists. . . . To the inhabitants I am as obliging as a Portuguese. By 'being offensive' I mean that I travel, therefore I offend. I represent that ancient enemy of all communities: the stranger."

This is true as well as amusing, and I wish that Mr. Pritchett had applied wit of this sort to Bulgarians and Turks instead of confining it, so very politely, to his own affairs.



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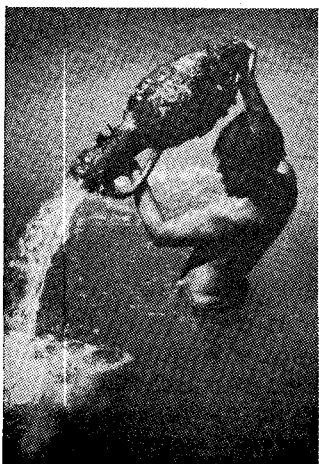
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

A LETTER TO MYSELF (Farrar, Straus, \$4.95) by FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS is a leisurely extended essay in which the French novelist meditates on the conditions of her life and art. She is trying to decide why she writes at all and finally admits that she does not know, but on the way to this conclusion she discusses publishers, literary friends, critics, publicity, and life in the country with an amusing mixture of good humor and savagery.

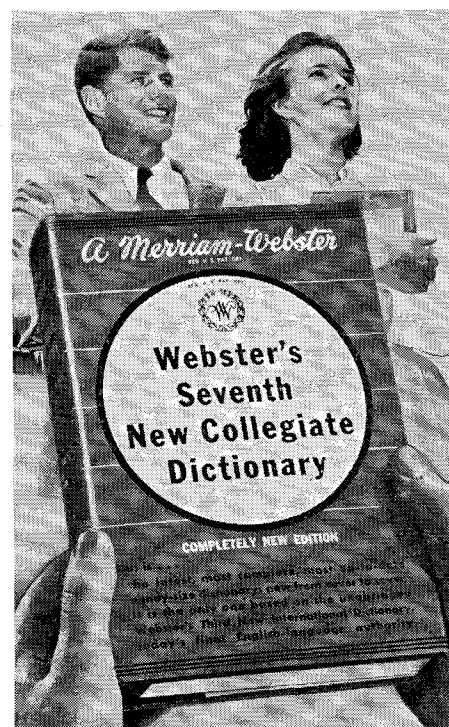
Somewhat by accident, PETER THROCKMORTON, an impassioned diver, became an important part of an expedition sent by the American Council of Underwater Archaeology and the University of Pennsylvania to the south coast of Turkey. Off Cape Gelidonya the expedition found and studied the wreckage of a Bronze-Age ship, the oldest ship yet recovered from the past. It was an accident in that Mr. Throckmorton was not an archaeologist, but no accident at all in that he had been prowling around for months with the Turkish sponge fishermen and knew where old ships were to be found. His account of the adventure, *THE LOST SHIPS* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95), is a continuously fascinating saga of dealings with Turkish fishermen, contention with wind and sea and lack of fresh water, and struggles with the neurotic vacillations of the Turkish port authorities at Bodrum, who seem to have been quite mad. Provincial Turkish officials generally strike Westerners as mad, I believe; there is probably some failure of communication between the two groups. Actually, only about a third of the book is devoted to the formal expedition. The first and larger section describes Mr. Throckmorton's life in the decaying port of Bodrum and on the sponge boats, and it is full of strange tales of diving accidents, old seaside legends, funny and horrible events.

Retired from colonizing Virginia and mapping New England, Captain John Smith wrote his memoirs, probably in the hope of arousing further interest in the New World and some sort of commission for himself. He was a naïve author, and

described his youthful service in the Transylvanian wars with such swash-buckling confusion that generations of historians have called him a liar. PHILIP L. BARBOUR is not the first to suspect that Smith was as truthful as most old soldiers, but he has done a particularly thorough piece of defense and rehabilitation in *THE THREE WORLDS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH* (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50). The explanation of the weird names and weirder geography in Smith's memoirs turns out to be simple and reasonable: he knew no German and spelled by ear. On the New World his narrative was always treated with more respect, and here Mr. Barbour has not been required to do elaborate linguistic detective work. Instead, he has tried to figure out who really financed the Jamestown colony, and cannot get beyond probabilities. This life of Smith is careful and complete but lifeless; neither Smith nor anybody else ever recorded anything distinctive about the man, and his character eludes research. Smith remains an abstract figure, a symbol of the explorer and colonial organizer, a type but not a person.

THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN (Macmillan, \$6.95) is an anthology of "tall tales of American animals," collected and edited by ROBERT B. DOWNS, dean of library administration at the University of Illinois. There is absolutely no reason on earth for this book except that about half of it is prostratingly funny.

In *STALKING THE BLUE-EYED SCALLOP* (McKay, \$4.95), EUELL GIBBONS, who did an attractive book on how to find, cook, and eat wild plants, pays a similar compliment to the creatures of the seashore. The book contains much exotic information: the octopus uses stones as tools, and the geoduck clam is to be hunted only at midnight "two days after the full of the Mad Moon." Mr. Gibbons' recipes sometimes assume that the reader is already an adept seafood cook (see his reckless instructions for oyster stew), but his principles are reliable. "At one time I added such things as chopped parsley, minced onion, chopped peppers, chopped celery, bread crumbs and other things to my Crab Cakes, but by experimenting I gradually made the amazing discovery that Crab Cakes are much better when made of crab."



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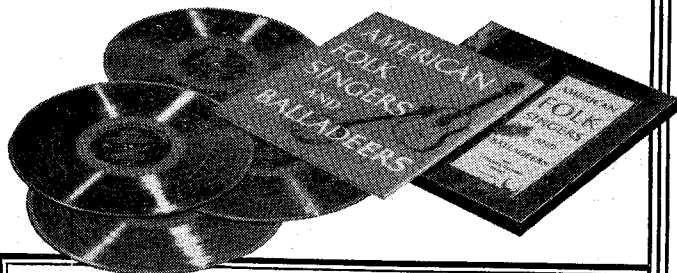
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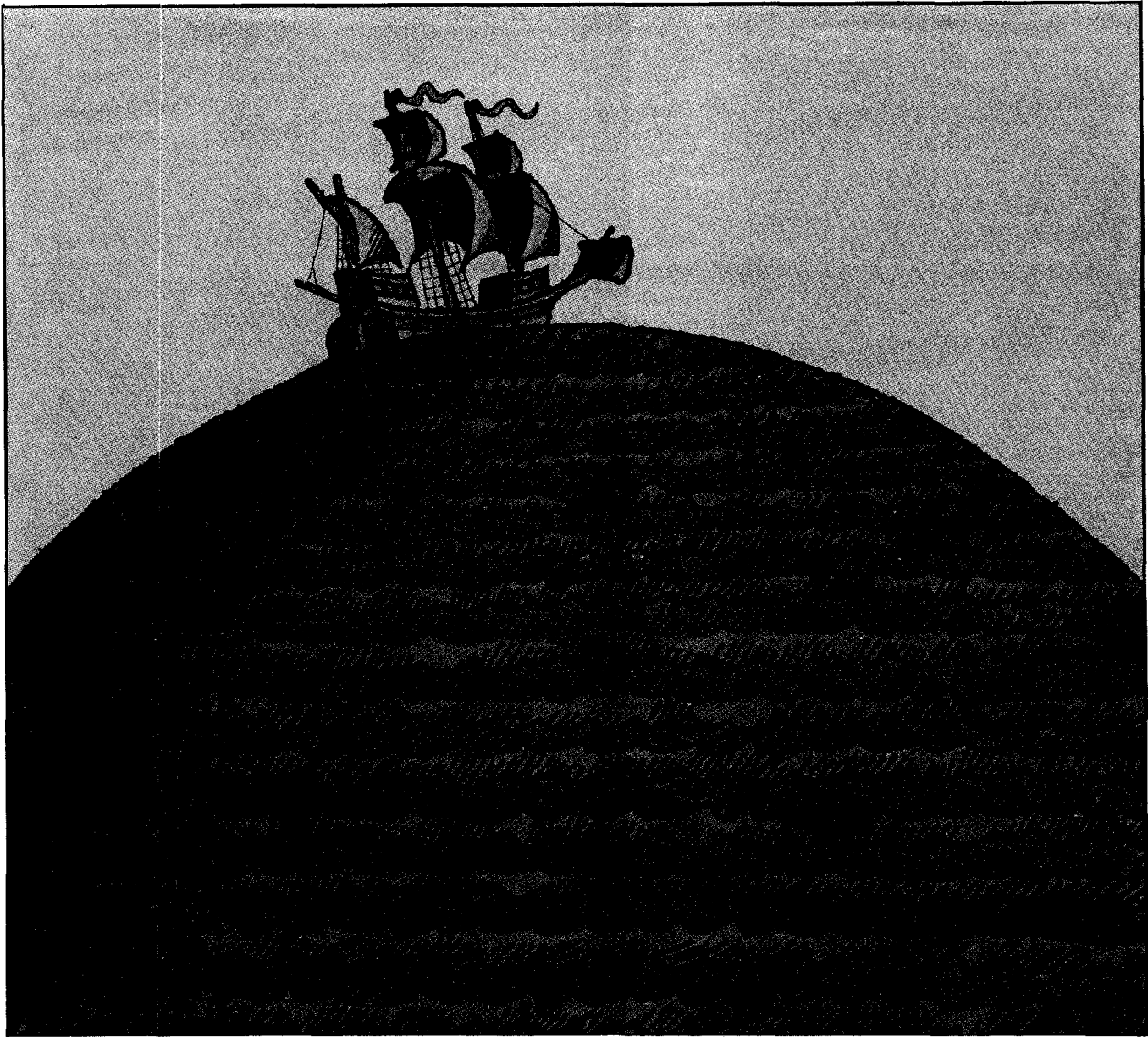
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